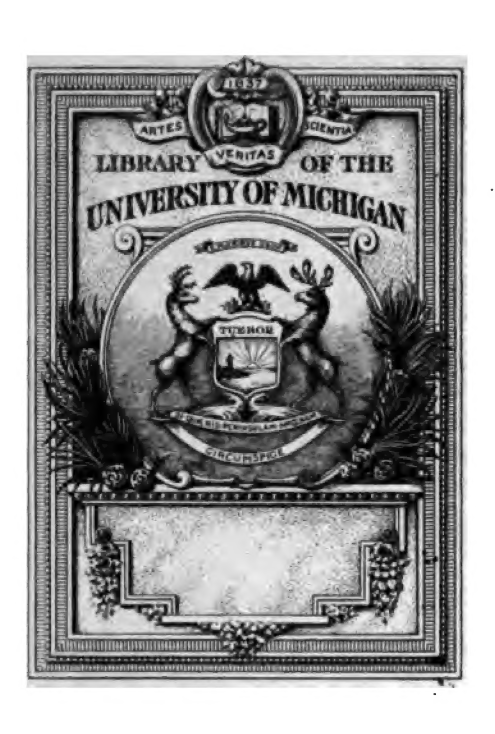



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The Shaikhs of Morocco

In the XVIth Century

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The
Shaikhs of Morocco
In the XVIth Century

By

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With Preface by

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With a Map

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Preface

I HAVE been asked to write a few words by way of Preface to this book. Of the manner in which Mr Weir has performed the task he set himself it is unnecessary to say more than this, that any one at all conversant with this kind of literature will acknowledge the skill with which he has presented, in an appropriate English dress, the quaint, naïve and somewhat rugged features of the original Arabic. It may be proper, however, to say a word or two as to the nature and significance of the work itself.

The reader is not to suppose that this is a collection of old-world tales translated for his amusement. To the original writer the matters herein contained were of very serious moment, and the reader must bear this in mind in estimating the book.

The traveller in Mohammedan lands very

soon learns that it is one thing to see the country, and another thing to know the people. He may see what the people do, but he little knows what they think. Underneath their strange garb, and behind their uncouth utterances, there lies a whole world of unseen things, things which are the sustaining power of life, to which he cannot penetrate. Especially in lands that have been less affected by western civilisation, where in the quiet mosque the student may be seen poring over some lives of the saints, and the blind devotee in some narrow lane may be heard fervidly chanting a litany in honour of his sheikh, and crowds in thousands gather from all quarters to visit a venerated shrine, the thoughtful observer becomes aware that he has before him, if he could read it, the secret of that devotion, or fanaticism, whichever he may call it, that has given to Islam its wonderful power in the past, and presents a most difficult problem for the solution of the future.

From this point of view the present work is to be estimated. In many respects it is more valuable than a formal disquisition. There is no attempt to express the views or

conclusions of the editor. The Introduction will serve to indicate the historical background of the narratives, and the chronological arrangement gives more coherence to the story. Beyond this the original author is allowed to speak for himself. The reader is thus brought into direct contact with the native mind, in its simplicity of conception and sincerity of conviction, and put in a position to understand in some measure the power behind Sultans which has, while producing an apparent confusion and overturning of society, still maintained an unbroken influence with which the most advanced modern civilisation finds it no easy task to cope. The student of world-politics, and the student of religions, may both find much food for reflection in what I venture to call a book of travels in an unseen land.

JAS. ROBERTSON.

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Introduction

THE following pages afford as vivid a picture as it is possible for an outsider to obtain of the everyday life of the learned classes of Morocco in the sixteenth century, or, for the matter of that, at the present day. The interest of these sketches is enhanced by the fact that they are from the pen of a contemporary writer who knew those whose stories he relates, either personally or by first-hand information. IBN ASKAR is a Moorish Boswell, or Jocelin of Brakelond, credulous and conscientious, and not hesitating to exalt his heroes at his own expense. All those whom he notices in his book were, like himself, Soofees or Mystics, and have much in common with the mystics of modern India or Persia, or, indeed, of almost any country and any age. Mysticism does not vary much with variation of place or time

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or creed. It will be enough to mention here a few of the salient points which are referred to in these sketches.

The received theology of the Muslims takes its origin from four 'roots'—the Korán, Tradition, General Agreement, and Analogy.

The Korán is, of course, the same for all, and is universally accepted as the composition, not of Muhammad, which it undoubtedly is, but of the Almighty. It is the Book of God (p. 218), in the sense of possessing literal and plenary inspiration. Consequently it cannot be translated into any other language, for then it would no longer be the Word of God. The utmost which is conceded to those Muslims who do not know Arabic is to print an interlinear translation in Urdu, or other vernacular, along with the inspired Arabic text. In many of the villages in the south-west of Morocco the imám, or preacher, alone is acquainted with Arabic, yet the Korán is not translated into Shilhah, or any other Berber dialect.

The practice of writing commentaries upon the text of the Korán began early—one even being ascribed to the uncle of the Prophet; but the standard works in this

department—those of Zamakhsharee, Baidáwee, and Suyootee—belong to the twelfth, thirteenth, and even the sixteenth centuries. These commentaries explain the meanings of words, the syntactical construction of the sentences, and the occasions to which they refer; and thus are exactly parallel to the Rabbinic commentaries of David Kimchi, Rashi, and Ibn Ezra on the Jewish Scriptures in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Such commentaries are, from the nature of the case, written, as a rule, from the orthodox scholastic point of view, and consequently do not enter largely—and then generally by way of unfavourable reference (p. 257)—into the following pages, which deal with another phase of Muslim religious thought.

The Korán may be interpreted literally, or in accordance with the methods of the Jewish Kabbálah, of which an example will be found on p. 45. A somewhat similar manipulation of letters consisted in transposing the letters of a word in such a way that for the first letter of the alphabet there was put the last, for the second, the second last, and so on. The earliest occurrence of this is probably that in the book of Jeremiah,

li. 1, where the words rendered "in the midst of them that rise up against me" are really the name 'Chaldeans' thus 'translated.' So, too, in the same chapter, 'Babel' becomes 'Sheshach.' By reckoning the numerical values of words, it is, of course, possible to find anything in the Korán or in any other book which one wishes: as, for example, that Muhammad is referred to in the Bible, because a particular word in a suitable context has the same numerical value as the name 'Muhammad.' This method is in vogue at the present day in Moorish pamphlets issued with the purpose of converting the ignorant Jews of the country to Islám.

The Korán is the beginning and end of primary education in Muhammadan schools. On the first morning on which he enters school, the boy—girls rarely attend school in Morocco, and then only in the mountain districts—is set to copy on his slate the first expression in the sacred book, "Praise be to God," an elder scholar naming for him the letters, and showing him how to form them. The method pursued is thus deductive or analytic, the reverse of ours. Having copied

out correctly the first chapter, which contains no more than twenty-five words (p. 224), he begins at the end of the book, where the chapters are even shorter, and then gradually works his way back to the second, which is the longest of all, containing no less than 286 verses, each of them longer than many of the later chapters. As the book contains 114 chapters in all, it is obvious that before the scholar has acquired the whole by heart, which is his first business, many a year will have flown (p. 5). Clearly, anyone who has spent some ten of the most precious years of his life in committing a book to memory must either believe that that book contains the sum of human knowledge, or else that he has wasted his life. This religious obligation to spend so many years in a task which, for all earthly purposes, is worse than useless, puts the Muhammadan at a disadvantage in regard to competing with Christians or Jews, compared to which the difference between a free-trade and a protectionist country is a mere bagatelle.

Fortunately, the necessity of earning a living, natural stupidity, and a healthy aversion to books and schoolmasters save

the majority of scholars from learning more than a fraction of their task, and that little they speedily forget, except perhaps the short first chapter. To those who go on to the bitter end, the Korán becomes the mainspring of their lives, enabling them to perform feats of daring such that others can but stand and admire. From the first days of Islám until now, the brave Muslim has rushed to meet wounds and death, chanting words from his sacred book. Nay, so deeply is the pious believer stirred by its majestic cadences, that a small book has been composed telling of those who have listened to its music and therewith been slain.

It is proper to mention here a second well of inspiration from which the Muslim soldier draws—the ancient, or even modern, poetry. The shaikh Alee (p. 99) dies chanting the "Poem of the Scarf" of Booseeree (d. 1279 or 1295). This ode has been translated into German, French, Tartar, and English. In the recent disturbances in Morocco it is said that the battle-cry of one of the tribes was a verse from the poem of the war-poet Antarah, who lived before the Flight of

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Muhammad from Mecca to Madeenah in the year 622.

The second of the four roots or bases of Muslim faith and morals mentioned above was Tradition. This consists of the sayings and doings of Muhammad or of his companions, as they had been handed down orally from one generation to another, until they were collected and written down in the ninth century. There are six famous old collections of these traditions. The best known of these is that of Bukháree (pp. 143, 144), who was born in Bokhára in 810, and died, it is said, in Bagdad in 869. He travelled over Khorasan, Irák, Syria, Egypt, and the Hijáz, collecting traditions of the Prophet, much as a modern entomologist will cover half the globe in search of butterflies or beetles. His journey occupied sixteen years, and he returned home laden with no less than 600,000 traditions. Of these he rejected by far the greater number as spurious, and retained in his work as genuine only 7275.

The contemporary and friend of Bukháree, Muslim (p. 289), a native of Khorasan, also travelled in Egypt, Syria, and the Hijáz, and gathered a collection of 3000 traditions.

The oldest of all the available books of traditions, however, and the one which is especially connected with Morocco (although it is not one of the six mentioned above), is that of Malik ibn Anas (716–795), who was born, lived and died in Madeenah (pp. 39, 138, 147).

The motive for making these collections was the desire to regulate life, even in its most trivial details, by the precept or example of the Prophet. They treat not merely of concerns more strictly religious, such as the pilgrimage, almsgiving, vows, the times and manner of prayer, and the like, but of the most ordinary matters of everyday business and concerns of domestic life.

Many of these traditional sayings have a fine ring about them, like that in which Muhammad, being asked for a golden rule of life, replies, "Be not angry" (p. 255). The antithesis of this is, for example, the question, What is to be done with butter in which a dead mouse has been found? May it be eaten, or must it be thrown out? "Malik states, on the authority of Ibn Shiháb, who related it on the authority of Obeid Allah the son of Abdallah the son of Otbah the son of

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Mesaood, who related it on the authority of Abdallah the son of Abbas, who related it on the authority of Maimoonah the wife of the Prophet—may God bless and save him—that the Apostle of God—may God bless and save him—was questioned concerning the mouse which falls into the butter. He replied, 'Remove it along with what is round about it and throw it out.'"

The books of traditions are mines in which is much earth, but also much gold and many precious stones. A few of these pearls of great price are the following :—

Whoso knoweth himself knoweth his Lord.

The true believer desireth for his brother that which he desireth for himself.

The true believer payeth no heed to that which concerneth him not.

Say not, "Such is life!", for God—He is life.

The upper hand is better than the lower hand (that is, It is more blessed to give than to receive).

Charity is the refuse of mankind.

Give to him that asketh thee, an if he come to thee riding upon a mare.

The Prophet was asked, "Can a believer

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be a coward?" He replied, "Yea." "Can he be a miser?" "Yea." "Can he be a liar?" "Nay."

Ever speak the truth, for truth leadeth to piety, and piety leadeth to Paradise; and shun lying, for lying leadeth to wickedness, and wickedness leadeth to Hell.

The worst of mankind is the man with two faces, who cometh to these with one face, and to those with another face.

God requireth of you three things—to worship Him alone, to hold fast by the rope of God, and to be true to your rulers; and He is angered by three things—gossip, waste, and curiosity.

A man once asked the Apostle of God, What is backbiting? He answered, Stating about a person what he would not care to hear. And what if it be true? said the questioner. Muhammad replied, If it be false, it is calumny.

Whoever calleth his brother an unbeliever, one of the two is an unbeliever.

Two men came from the East and discoursed until men marvelled at their rhetoric; and Muhammad said, Some rhetoric is sorcery.

Jesus was wont to say, Do not talk much without mentioning God, or ye will harden your hearts, for the hard heart is far from God; and look not into men's faults, as if ye were superiors, but look into your own faults, as if ye were slaves.

Travelling is an instalment of the punishment [of Hell].

When a man giveth alms let him conceal it, so that his left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth.

Of traditions dealing more particularly with the ceremonies of the Muslim faith, the most important are those occupied with the pilgrimage to Mecca. To circumambulate the holy house there (p. 153) is the last act of piety. Second to the pilgrimage in importance is prayer. Besides the five daily prayers, which are said before sunrise, about noon, in the afternoon, at sunset, and some two hours after sunset (pp. 98, 103), special prayers are said on special occasions. A prayer for rain (p. 171) is the following, which Muhammad is said to have used: "O God, water thy servants and thy cattle, and shower thy mercy, and make the dead land to live."

The following prayer for the dead (p. 62) is attributed to Aboo Hureirah (d. 679): "O God, thy servant and the son of thy servant and the son of thine handmaiden was wont to testify that there is no God save Thou, and that Muhammad is thy servant and thine apostle, and thou are best acquainted therewith. O God, if he were well doing, add to his well doing, and if he were ill doing, pass by his ill deeds."

During the days of the pilgrimage hunting is forbidden (*cf.* p. 42), and it is better that a pilgrim should eat what has died of itself (*cf.* p. 181) than that he should hunt during those days. On the other hand it is better that he should eat of any fruit trees he passes (unless he fear to lose his hand as a thief, if discovered) than that he should eat of what has not been duly killed.

Muhammadans are thoroughgoing fatalists (p. 144). In regard to epidemics, Muhammad's rule is, "If the plague break out in a country, go not to that country, and if thou art there, depart not from it." It is related that Moses once taunted Adam with having brought sin into the world and procured the loss of Paradise for the human race. Adam's

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reply is, "Dost thou blame me for that which was decreed concerning me before I was created?"

The social questions dealt with in the Traditions of Malik are the same as are mooted at all times, not least at the present day. Such familiar topics as a living wage, employment of children, cruelty to animals, rabies, the drink question, gambling, speculating, combines, corners, retaliation are settled, though it be without an inquest of the nation.

Malik records how a Muslim and a Jew went to law with one another in the khalifate of Omar. The Jew was in the right, and Omar pronounced sentence in his favour, to his no little astonishment. In the end, however, both Jews and Christians had to give way before the cry, "Arabia for the Arabs"; and the shaikh Magheelee (pp. 6–10) was only acting in the spirit of the tradition, in his anti-Semitic crusade.

A considerable proportion of the matters dealt with in the traditions bear upon Muhammad's personal habits, and their preservation is due to the desire of the pious Muslim to resemble the Prophet even in his toilet and his dress. Hence we have regula-

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tions concerning the use of the toothpick, on spitting, and on dyeing the hair. Muhammad ordered his followers to clip their moustaches, but to allow their beards to grow (*cf.* p. 216), and gave them rules of propriety in such matters as saluting one another, in asking leave to enter even one's own house, and in shaking hands (*cf.* pp. 38, 39).

The obligation of hospitality is not overlooked, and the stories in the present volume about feeding multitudes with a very small quantity (pp. 113, 183) have their origin in the tradition of Muhammad feeding eighty persons with a single loaf, and his saying, "The food of two is enough for three, and the food of three is enough for four." He said also, "Let him who believes in God and in the last day speak what is right or else be silent, and let him honour his neighbour and his guest. Hospitality is for three days (p. 28), after that it becomes charity."

Even the claims of the lower animals are not forgotten. If any person, after slaking his thirst at a well, see a dog panting and eating the dust for thirst, he should think, "There has come upon this dog, of thirst,

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the like of what had befallen me," and he should descend into the well, and, filling his hands, water the dog.

The third and fourth roots of the Muhammadan faith—Agreement and Analogy—are of secondary importance compared with the other two, and may even be rejected (p. 285). 'Agreement' means the agreement of the learned on points not settled in the Korán or the Tradition. But it is obvious that the expression 'agreement of the learned' is something in the nature of a contradiction in terms, and in any case the individual has still to decide who the learned are. To Malik the term meant the learned men, not of the whole Muslim world, but only of Madeenah.

Analogy is the least important of the four roots. It denotes reasoning from what is expressly mentioned in the Korán or Tradition to what is not mentioned. In the interior of Morocco the more straitly religious persons will not smoke tobacco. To smoke in Arabia is to 'drink smoke,' and 'drink' is illicit.

Even in regard to the Tradition there is not uniformity in the Muslim world. The

Muhammadans of Persia—the Sheeah (p. 125)—reject the whole six collections referred to above, and replace them by five other books of traditions in which Alee figures as the immediate successor of the Prophet, to the exclusion of Aboo Bekr, Omar and Othman.

Thus, in the end, the Korán alone is the universally accepted element of Muhammadanism. Even here, however, there are differences of interpretation upon debatable points. Hence even the Sunnees—those who accept the six books of traditions, as opposed to the Sheeah, or schismatics—are divided into four schools or systems. In the same way the Jewish Rabbis of the first century were, in their interpretation of the Law, divided into schools, of which those of Hillel and Shammai are the most familiar.

The four Muslim systems are those of Aboo Haneefah (700–767), which is that which prevails in the Turkish Courts and in India; of Shafiee (767–819), which is followed in Egypt and Arabia generally; of Ahmad ibn Hanbal (780–855, *cf.* p. 262), which holds sway only in Nejd and some other parts of Arabia; and of Malik ibn Anas.

The last-named rite is that which pre-

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vails in Morocco, Algeria and North Africa generally, outside of Egypt. The system of Malik is embodied in his book of traditions cited above called the 'Muwatta,' but it has, since the fifteenth century, generally been studied in an abbreviated form in the 'Epitome' of Seedee Khaleel (d. 1366, *cf.* p. 11); and also in the 'Mudauwanah' of Ibn al Kasim (p. 149), on which Iyád ibn Moosa, a famous Kadee (d. in the city of Morocco, 1149), wrote a commentary. Ibn al Kasim was a contemporary of Malik, and the 'Mudauwanah' consists of traditions concerning religious observances which he wrote down to his dictation. Ibn al Kasim died in Egypt in the year 807.

The book of Traditions itself, indeed, is not classified amongst similar works, and is not one of the six collections referred to above, but is considered to be a work on jurisprudence, although in form and matter it resembles that of Bukháree.

The important point to note about both the theology and the history of Morocco is that they are essentially Alid. Both shaikhs and Sultans are partisans of Alee, like the Sheeah of Persia, and in contrast to the

have held sway in Morocco
assertion of the claims of
descendants to be the succe
Prophet, a claim which dates f
of Othman (p. 200), if not fr
day on which the Prophet die

Less than a hundred years aft
settlement in Morocco under
Ziyád (p. 94), Idrees (p. 193)
great-grandson of Alee, arrived
as a fugitive from Arabia, and
first Moorish dynasty. Spain ha
first member of the huge Emp
away from the main body, and it
that Morocco should follow next.
dynasty in Morocco was of the
religious revival, and it generally
a century, or a little

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founder of the former, Ibn Tashfeen, belonging to the Lemtoonah tribe, and of the latter, Ibn Toomart, to the Masmoodah. The Almohads were succeeded by the Mareenids, whose long line of Sultans survived until near the end of the fifteenth century, when they were supplanted by a collateral branch—the Benee Wattás.

Contemporary with the Mareenids in Morocco were the Hafsids in Tunis. They were at first merely lieutenants of the Almohads, and received their name from Aboo Hafs Omar, who was chieftain of the Hintátah (p. 59) and the principal ally of Ibn Toomart. By the sixteenth century they had lost their independence, and the country became the prey now of the Christians and now of the Turks. In the reign of Hasan, to whom allegiance was sworn in 1525, the town of Tunis was seized by Kheir ed Deen, the Turkish governor of the city of Algiers, which had been captured by his brother Arrooj in 1516 (p. 48). Hasan appealed to Spain, and was immediately reinstated. Shortly after, however, he was deposed in favour of his son Ahmad (1529). He in turn was driven out

by the Turks as his father had been, and again the Spaniards re-took the town. They deposed Ahmad, however, in favour of his brother Muhammad, the last of the Hafsids. The Spaniards maintained a protectorate over the country until the year 1574. In that year the Ottoman Sultan Murád III. fitted out an expedition under Sinán Pasha, who took the place by assault (p. 279). Muhammad was taken prisoner, and the Hafsid dynasty came to an end.[1]

During the last three hundred and fifty years Morocco has been ruled by Shereefs, or descendants of the Prophet Muhammad through Alee and Fatimah. These fall into two series, the Hasanee or Saadee Shereefs (1525–1660), and the Shereefs of Sijilmása or Filálee Shereefs, represented by the present Sultan Abd el Azeez.

The descent of the earlier series is disputed (p. 2). Those who admit their claim assert that their line joins with that of the Shereefs of Sijilmása in Al Hasan (p. 3 and Appendix D), who is also said to have been the first of their ancestors who came from Arabia to Morocco in the thirteenth century.

[1] Ahmad Dahalán.

The name Saadee, on the other hand, rather points to their descent from the Benee Saad, the tribe of Muhammad's foster parents, and not from his own tribe of Koreish. Others, again, declare that they were called Saadee, only because people were glad (*saad*) when they came to Morocco.

The Shereefs of Sijilmása are believed to have come to Morocco, as has been said, in the thirteenth century, and settled in Sijilmása or Tafilálet, from which they have received their name Filálee. They have ruled the country for the last two and a half centuries.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century the fortunes of the Moorish Empire were at their lowest ebb. Compared with what it then was, the country at the present day is strong and prosperous. The Mareenid dynasty had worked itself out. The Shereefs had not yet appeared upon the scene. The Wattásees were a mere stopgap. The first half of the sixteenth century is taken up with the rise to power of the Shereefs. Beginning in the south-west, they gradually spread over the country, driving the Wattásees before them, and at the same time clearing the

Portuguese out of the coast lands, until, by the year 1550, they held supreme sway, with the exception of a few fortified towns on the sea, over the whole of north-west Africa as far as Tilimsan. During the second half of the century there is no further advance, but neither is there any going back. The attacks of Turk and Christian alike were repelled.

Since the eighth century Morocco has been an independent power, and under the Almoravids and Almohads her Empire extended over the greater part of North Africa and Spain. The country never was overrun by the Turks, as all the rest of North Africa has been, and the Khalifate of the Ottoman Sultan is no more recognised by the Sultan of Morocco than by the Shah of Persia.

The shaikhs, whose stories are told in the following pages, are Soofees or Mystics. A Soofee is one who seeks to know God directly, not through a third person nor through a book. No person who is content with the theology of the schoolmen (p. 268), or who is satisfied to accept his faith on the authority of others (pp. 231, 233), will feel the need for anything higher. He who refuses

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to accept the popular faith on mere credit, and demands a personal knowledge of religious matters, before they are anything to him, is called a *mureed*, which is the equivalent of the Latin *studens*, 'one who wishes to know,' 'an enquirer' (pp. 33, 230, 234), or else a *talib*, or 'seeker,' 'student' (pp. 78, 121, 225). He is represented as having set out upon a journey or *path*, the goal of which is the knowledge of the Truth —that is, of God.

The first care of the seeker after truth, who is setting out upon this journey, is to find a shaikh who will act as guide (pp. 65, 177, etc.). Having found his shaikh, the disciple or 'companion' must cease to have any will or initiative of his own, becoming in the hands of his shaikh, to use the grim formula, "like a corpse in the hands of the washer." His obedience must be absolute, and he must be able to endure any test to which his shaikh chooses to subject him (pp. 66, 176, 178). The instruction of the shaikh is given by means of text-books (p. 73), or orally, or by a sort of hypnotism (pp. 230, 236). The object aimed at is not to impart information, although that is implied

(p. 231), but to produce an elevated and semi-ecstatic condition of mind; and the knowledge of God which is hoped for is not so much a mental or sensuous perception (p. 123) as a sense of union of soul with God. Union with God (*wisál*, translated 'atonement' on p. 236) is the highest aim of the Mystic, and he who attains to a sense of it is said to 'know God' (p. 242), or simply to *know* (p. 238).[1]

In Soofee parlance phenomenal existence is conceived of as a veil (p. 230), which conceals the Truth from man's view. What Ibn Askar saw when the veil was rent (p. 230) was that Archetypal Beauty, of which every impression of the beautiful which the mind experiences in this life is only a reminiscence. In the realm of dreams, too, it is possible for the soul to cast off this veil of existence, and to behold reality with unclouded eyes. According to a traditional saying of Muhammad, the only revelation vouchsafed to men after his time was to

[1] See the late Mr E. J. W. Gibb's *History of Ottoman Poetry*, vol. i.; also Professor E. G. Browne's *A Year Amongst the Persians*; D. B. Macdonald's *Development of Muslim Theology*.

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take the form of 'true dreams.' And, accordingly, certain kinds of dreams are accepted as equivalent to visions or revelations (pp. 36, 146, 296).

The highest station on the mystic path is named 'polehood,' and he who attains to it is called a 'pole' or 'axis' (pp. 72, 153). Many mystics are recognised in different countries as having reached this station, but in Morocco four saints are specially acknowledged to have earned the title. These four are Abd el Kadir the Jeelánee, Abd es Salém ibn Masheesh, Shadhilee and Jezoolee, all of them Shereefs or descendants of the Prophet (see Appendix D).

Abd el Kadir (p. 122) was a native of Jeelan in Persia, where he was born in 1078. At seventeen years of age he journeyed to Bagdad to study there, and rose to such eminence in the ranks of saintship that when he one day declared, "This foot of mine is on the neck of every saint," all the shaikhs bowed their heads in acknowledgment of the truth of his claim. Abd el Kadir founded one of those orders or societies of mystics which hold the same relation to the state functionaries of religion as the monastic

orders did to the official ecclesiasticism of Rome. Many of his descendants were living in Granada in the fifteenth century, and, on the fall of that state in 1492, they removed to Fez. Abd el Kadir, the Algerian patriot, also claimed descent from this saint. The name of the Persian Abd el Kadir is heard from one end of Morocco to the other at the present day, all the beggars asking alms in his name. He was the author of several treatises on Soofeeism, and died in the year 1166.

Abd es Salém ibn Masheesh the Idreesee (p. 26) was, as his name implies, a descendant of Idrees, the founder of the first dynasty in Morocco. Unlike Abd el Kadir, he is a local saint, and his tomb is a famous object of pilgrimage once a year from all parts of Morocco. It stands on a mountain called Al Alam, about one day's journey from the town of Shefsháwan. These companies of devotees might be Chaucer's famous pilgrims on their way to visit the shrine of St Thomas a'Becket at Canterbury. The occasion is one for merry-making rather than a religious function. In the present case the pilgrims encamp at the foot of the hill and race one

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another up to the tomb, many of them filling their mouths with water, the object being to retain it until they gain the summit. Abd es Salém died in 1223.

Aboo 'l Hasan Alee the Shadhilee (p. 133) is so named from the village of Shadhilah, where he lived. He was a native of Ghomárah and a descendant of the Prophet through Idrees. He died in the year 1254. He is the founder of a school called the Shadhileeyah, and the author of some very beautiful prayers called the "Litanies of the Sea," for he used to cross the Red Sea once a year in making the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Muhammad the Jezoolee (p. 26, etc.) was also a descendant of the Prophet. Unlike the other three who have many descendants bearing their name, Jezoolee's only child was a daughter. His name is famous over the whole Muslim world as the composer of a book of prayers on behalf of the Prophet called the "Signs of Good Works" (p. 26). His mantle descended upon his disciple Aboo Faris, called Et Tebbaa (p. 65), who in turn was the teacher of several of the shaikhs who are mentioned in the following pages. Jezoolee is so called from the Berber tribe of

Jezoolah or Gazoolah in the Soos. It was he to whom the Apostle appeared and declared, "I am the glory of the apostles, and thou art the glory of the saints." It is said that in Fez he once saw a woman perform an unwonted miracle. Upon his asking her by what means she acquired this power, she replied, "Through constant invoking of blessing upon the Prophet." It was this that led Jezoolee to compose his book of prayers for Muhammad, and he collected the material from books in the library of the Karaweeyeen mosque in Fez. Making much prayer for the Prophet is a great matter with his followers, as it is also a feature of the Shadhileeyah. On account of his being author of this book of prayers, Jezoolee's grave ever smelt of musk, and copies of the book also diffused a sweet smell wherever they were carried. It is said that a certain man owned a copy of the "Signs of Good Works," and also of the "Admonition to Mankind" (p. 55). When he went out from his house he would put them both past, placing the "Signs of Good Works" under the other book, but on his return he would find their positions reversed. Jezoolee died

about the year 1466, some say of poison. His disciple and heir, Aboo Faris, survived until the year 1485. He acted as herdsman and man-of-all-work to Jezoolee, just as his own disciple Ghazwánee for ten years did to him (p. 65).

It may not be out of place to add a short description of Jezoolee's famous liturgy. The opening chapter enumerates the benefits to the Muslim which come from praying for Muhammad, such as forgiveness and the acceptance of such prayers as good works. From every such prayer is created a bird having seventy thousand wings, in every wing seventy thousand feathers, on every feather seventy thousand faces, in every face seventy thousand mouths, in every mouth seventy thousand tongues, every tongue praising God Most High in seventy thousand languages, and the reward of all this praise is written down to the believer; and no one is a true believer unless Muhammad is dearer to him than parents and children and money and life. The greater part of the book is taken up with the repetition of one or two phrases with some slight variation in the wording: "O God, bless and save Muham-

mad and his family as thou didst bless Abraham." "O God, bless Muhammad and the family of Muhammad, his wives and his progeny, the prophets and apostles, and the angels and those brought near, and all the pious servants of God, with blessings as many as the rain-drops which have fallen since the heavens were built, and as the seeds which have grown since the earth was spread out." "O God, bless our Lord and Master Muhammad according to the number of the nights and days, of the stars of heaven, of the grains of sand, of the souls that have breathed since the world was, of the leaves which are upon the olive-trees." Some of the confessions of sin and prayers for guidance which the book contains are very beautiful.

In addition to what may be called the four orthodox systems mentioned above, and in addition to the Sheeah, there are others which, not numbering so many adherents as these, may be considered heterodox. The only one of these which is mentioned with any frequency in the following pages is that of the Mulámateeyah (pp. 156, 164, 174, 244). This sect is thus named from the

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Arabic verb meaning to *blame*, because one of their tenets is that good works ought to be kept out of sight, and they thus expose themselves to public censure. Thus Aboo Rawain, although he gave away all he had, spoke as if he were a miser (p. 164). They make a show of having thrown off all the rules of politeness and usages of ordinary civility. Of fasts and prayers they practise only the irreducible minimum, and allow themselves all legitimate pleasures. They refuse to amass wealth, or lay up store for future days. They perform no outward acts of self-mortification, and make no show of asceticism, yet their lives are lives of self-abnegation and good works, their reward a heart at peace with God.[1]

The name Zahiree (p. 284) denotes an 'externalist,' and is applied to those who reject analogy and agreement as sources of doctrine, and stick to the strict letter of the Korán and Tradition. The school originated in Persia in the ninth century. One of its best-known exponents was Ibn Hazm the Zahiree (p. 284), a native of Cordova of the eleventh century, who was

[1] De Sacy, *Chrestomathie Arabe*, i. 263, 266.

noted for the fierceness of the invectives which he launched against his opponents, and the virulence of the diatribes he hurled at them.

The people of the Zab (p. 185), a valley some ten days' journey due south of the town of Algiers, and containing five oases, seven walled towns, a population of 40,000, and 100,000 date-palms, have a peculiar rite called the Ibádee (or Ubbádee, p. 124). The Ibadeeyah were an offshoot from the original seceders of the early days of Islám, who held that the watchword of the Islámic government ought to be 'Efficiency,' and not descent from any particular tribe. They have a mosque in Algiers, where many of them are engaged in trade, and where they are recognised as a 'fifth rite,' alongside the four better-known schools.

On a much higher level than any who left a name and a school behind them stand those theologians whose aim was to reconcile Muslim theology as a whole with mysticism. The greatest of these philosophers was Muhammad el Ghazálee (pp. 217, 219), a native of Khorasan, where he was born in the year 1058, and died there in 1111.

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The teaching which the shaikhs imparted to their disciples was not their own. It had been handed down by a sort of apostolic succession from the Arabian Prophet. The two masters upon whom Ibn Askar mainly relied were Aboo 'l Hajjáj Yoosuf of Figuig (p. 29, etc.), whom he met for the first time in the year 1548, shortly after which he went to Madeenah, and Ibn Askar did not see him again; and Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee (p. 217 ff.), the disciple of Ghazwánee. From the former of these Ibn Askar received a diploma or permission to quote him as his authority, as Aboo 'l Hajjáj had received it from his shaikhs. Thus the thread of authority came to Ibn Askar through Aboo 'l Hajjáj, Ghazwánee, Aboo Faris, Jezoolee . . . . Shadhilee, Abd es Salem . . . . and so on to Hasan, Alee and Muhammad.

Many of the sayings and doings of the shaikhs recorded in the following pages are not a little worthy to be chronicled—none the less so because they are so far removed from our modes of speech and action. Others again strike a familiar key.

The advice of the unnamed shaikh (p. 132) to his diligent scholar, "Throw away thy

book, and dig in the soil of thy soul," is not inferior to Wordsworth's often-quoted lines:

> "Come forth into the light of things,
> Let nature be your teacher."

Ibn Askar's book was composed only a year or two before his tragic death in 1578. In the original the biographies are disconnected, and the only arrangement that he follows is roughly geographical. It has been thought, however, that this want of connection might be obviated, and the interest of the tale enhanced, by stringing the sketches upon the thread of the history of the period. To this end use has been made of the history of the Saadee Sultans by Muhammad the Yefrani, who probably died about the year 1730.

Many of the persons mentioned in the following pages are to be found also in the Biographical Dictionary of Ibn Al Kadee, which he composed towards the end of the sixteenth century, and which is therefore a nearly contemporary authority. Of those who belong rather to the fifteenth than to the sixteenth century, some account is given in the biographies of Jezoolee (p. 25) and

Tebbaa (=Aboo Faris, p. 65), and their disciples, by the great-grandson of Yoosuf of Fez (p. 293).

From the editions of these works, lithographed in Fez, the material in the following pages has been taken (see Appendix E). Yefranee's history has also been published in Paris, by M. Houdas, 1888–9, accompanied by a French translation with useful notes.

As to the credibility of Ibn Askar's narratives, there can be no question at least about the author's conscientiousness. He writes in all sincerity, and when he is in doubt as to the standing of one of his characters, he suspends his judgment (p. 155). When he is uncertain or ignorant of a fact or a date, he is not afraid to say so (p. 274). If he is wanting in the sense of historical perspective, that is only what one would expect of a writer of his time, or of an Arab at any time. In the Korán, Mary the mother of Jesus is identified with the sister of Moses of the same name; and Haman of the Book of Esther becomes the wazeer of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. So in the following pages Bekkár (p. 251), the grandfather of a contemporary, is also

contemporary with Aboo Madyan, evidently the twelfth-century saint whose shrine is still shown to visitors to Tilimsan (Tlemsen) in Algeria; and Ibn Askar's mother converses about him with Imrán, who was the grandfather of her own great-grandfather (p. 91). He appears also to identify Arrooj Barbarossa the Corsair with his brother Kheir ed Deen (p. 52).

The interest of these sketches, however, is not historical. They depict men whose learning of its kind was enormous, and was not treasured in books, like the learning of to-day, but in the heads of its owners, where it ought to be; and whose learning was equalled by the earnestness and rectitude of their lives.

It is curious that no account of Ibn Askar's father Aboo 'l Hasan Alee is given either by himself or by the other chroniclers of the period, although he gives an elaborate narrative of his mother, as also does the last-named author. This is probably due to the fact of his father not having been a shaikh, whereas his mother was a religious person.

The proof-sheets of this book have been

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most kindly read by the Rev. Professor Robertson, D.D., University of Glasgow, and the Rev. W. W. Fulton, B.D., Battlefield Church, Glasgow, who, however, are not responsible for any inaccuracies there may be in the text.



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CHAPTER I.

THE RISE OF THE HASANEE SHEREEFS TO THE DEATH OF MUHAMMAD KAIM IN 1517.

ONCE upon a time the palm-trees in the south-western district of Morocco were smitten with blight, so that their dates fell off before they were ripe. Then it was said to the people of that country: "If ye would but persuade a descendant of the Prophet Muhammad to come and settle in your land, as the people of Sijilmása did, your palm-trees would recover." They sent accordingly to Arabia to find a descendant of the Prophet who would be willing to leave his home and migrate to Morocco and settle in their land—which lies on either bank of the river Draah, to the south of the Atlas mountains.

Now there is in Arabia, at a distance of four days' journey from Madeenah, upon the pilgrim way leading to Egypt, a small village called Yembooa, famous for its corn patches, its palm-trees, and its one hundred and seventy fountains. In this hamlet there dwelt a family who claimed to be descended from Muhammad, who were willing to emigrate to Morocco and to settle in the Draah country, and by their presence heal the palm-trees. This was the cause of the coming of the Hasanee 'Shereefs,' that is, descendants of Muhammad, to Morocco, where in the sixteenth century they rose to be Sultans, and undisputed masters of the country.

The Shereefs who had settled in Sijilmása, however, denied that the Hasanees were Shereefs, or descendants of Muhammad at all, and declared that they belonged to the Arab tribe of the Benee Saad, and not to Koreish, the tribe of Muhammad. For this reason they called them Saadees; whereas those who admit their descent from Muhammad call them the Hasanee Shereefs, after the name of Muhammad's grandson Hasan.

It is related that the Saadee or Hasanee Sultan Mansoor was one day sitting with a fakeeh, or learned man, of Sijilmása, eating out of a pot which was placed between them, and into which they were both dipping their hands, and lifting the food to their mouths, as is the way with the people of Morocco to this day. And, as they ate, the Sultan happened to ask Abdallah the son of Alee, as the learned man of Sijilmása was called: "Where do we two unite?"—meaning, where did his pedigree unite with that of the shereefs of Sijilmása, whose descent from the Prophet was unquestioned. "We unite," replied Abdallah, "in this pot."

The Sultan smothered his wrath and cast a veil over his indignation, but he took a grim revenge, which led at last to Abdallah's drinking the Cup of Destiny. For he continued to invite the fakeeh to sit with him upon the marble floor of his court during a season of bitter cold, taking care, however, to fortify himself with thick flannel underneath his clothes. Abdallah wore only his ordinary clothing; but when he saw the Sultan apparently so hardy, he was ashamed to rise up himself from the cold floor. And

so they sat, discussing problems in theology, one day after another, until the cold entered into the bones of the fakeeh, and he ceased not to complain of it, until his fate was sealed.

After the Saadee or Hasanee Shereefs had left Arabia and settled in Morocco, they continued to live quietly in the district watered by the river Draah until towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was about this time that there arose of them a certain Muhammad, who was surnamed Kaim. This Muhammad resolved to visit the home of his ancestors in Arabia, and journeyed as a pilgrim to the sacred cities of Mecca and Madeenah. During his stay there, one of the people of those parts dreamed a dream, in which he saw two young lions issue forth from the breast of Muhammad Kaim. The people pursued them until they took refuge in the minaret of a mosque, whilst Muhammad mounted guard at the door. The dream was interpreted to signify that two sons of Muhammad would one day play a high part in the world, and become rulers of nations.

Muhammad set out shortly afterwards on

the return journey to the West; and in each place through which he passed he put forth large claims, and declared publicly that his children would live to be rulers of Morocco. And his hopes were confirmed by an incident which befell his two sons, who were afterwards known as Ahmad the Lame and Muhammad the Shaikh, when they were children. For, one day, as they sat in school learning by heart passages from the Korán, a cock flew in at the open door, and perched first on the head of one and then of the other, crowing lustily. This incident also was interpreted as an omen of the good fortune which the future held in store for the lads.

At this period the whole country of Morocco was nominally subject to the first of the Sultans of the short-lived Wattásee dynasty—Muhammad "who is called the Shaikh." The oath of allegiance had been sworn to him in the city of Fez in the year 1470 A.D., and his sultanate lasted thirty-five years, until his death in the year 1505. His reign was one long struggle against the encroachments of the Portuguese in the neighbourhood of Tangier and the northern

half of the kindgom, so that his authority in the South and West was little more than a name. But, just in proportion as the power of the state waned, the influence of the religious leaders of the people became all-powerful; and they played a part in the life of the nation which they could not have done under a dynasty of strong sultans.

One of the religious leaders, or shaikhs, of Morocco, whose name came into prominent notice during the reign of this Sultan, was known as "The Magheelee," from the name of the tribe to which he belonged. He was one of those who "took the bit in his teeth" in the matter of denouncing everything of which he disapproved, and forcing his own way upon men. One of the peculiar tenets which he held and strange doctrines which he taught was that Jews have no right to protection under Muslim law, and accordingly he denied that their blood was sacred, and declared their goods to be forfeit; and taught that it was more of merit in a Muslim to rob and kill the Jews, than to wage war upon Christians or any other unbelievers. He based this peculiar tenet of his upon a

text which occurs in the Korán, in which Muhammad forbids his followers to make friends of Jews or Christians, or to have any dealings with them:—"O ye who believe, take not Jews nor Christians to be your friends, for they are friends one of another. Whosoever, therefore, among you shall take them to be his friends,—surely, he is one of them;" and taking this passage as a text, he composed a book of considerable size on his favourite theme.

When this work of Magheelee's came to Fez and the fakeehs in that city had mastered its contents, there was much difference of opinion amongst them concerning it, and keen disputes arose, some pronouncing it to be a good book, and others saying the contrary of that; whilst some, again, did not know what to make of it.

When, therefore, the fakeehs could not agree about the book, Magheelee himself came to Fez, in order to have the matter settled in the presence of the Sultan who is called 'the Shaikh.' As he approached the town and drew near the walls of Fez, the fakeehs of the city saddled their mules and went out to meet and welcome him. Now

Magheelee had with him six Soudanese slaves, every one of them a man of learning and well-read. When, therefore, they had sat together and conversed for some time—the fakeehs of Fez and he—Magheelee said to one of these slaves, whose name was Maimoon: "Speak to the fakeehs about the matter of the Jews." But the fakeehs thought shame to hold discussion with a slave: their pride was injured and their feelings bruised, and they returned to their homes forthwith.

On the next day the fakeehs saddled their mules once more and rode over to the palace, and presented themselves before the Sultan who is called 'the Shaikh.' Moved by the jealousy inherent in their class, they poisoned the mind of the Sultan with their envious words, and filled him with suspicion of the shaikh Magheelee.

"As for this man," said they, "his only desire is to gain notoriety, and to acquire influence and power; and for the promoting of virtue and the suppression of vice he cares nothing at all."

When, therefore, the shaikh Magheelee himself shortly afterwards came into the

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presence of the Sultan who is called 'the Shaikh,' and appeared before him, and began to talk with him of the evil case in which he found religion to be, and to discuss the position and rights of the Jews, the Sultan at once interrupted him and cut off the flow of his discourse.

"Thou hast no other thought," said he, "but to overthrow this house,"—meaning the Wattásee dynasty,—"and thou shalt not succeed."

"By Allah," cried Magheelee, "my opinion has always been that your house is no better than a dunghill!"

And he went out from him, and did not turn back nor look behind him, but fled away to the Sahára, vowing to God Most High that he would never visit a sultan again for ever, nor enter into the presence of a prince.

He came at last to the Oasis of Touat, and there he began to publish his doctrines and disseminate his ideas. Soon he became known in all the country of the blacks, and famous over the Soudan, and the Sultan of Timbucktoo was converted by his teaching, and became a Muslim at his hands, together

with all the people of his kingdom ; and the desert was drenched with Jewish blood, until not a Jew remained. Nor was their profession of faith a temporary movement only, for religion is in a flourishing state there at the present time. Nay, even long after the Shaikh was dead, the people of Timbucktoo were famed for the high esteem in which they held learning and the generous treatment which they extended to the learned, as well as their veneration for any who belonged to the house and lineage of the Prophet, and the honour which they paid to strangers. Jews were not admitted into their country, any more than into any of the other countries of the Sahára. If a Jew did venture there, he was put to death and his property confiscated ; and if any invested the money of a Jew in merchandise, that money also was confiscated, in accordance with the rite of the shaikh Magheelee, and in conformity to his commands.

This shaikh was taken away about the year 1516, in the country of the Oasis of Touat, and his descendants long remained there, being held in the extreme of honour by the people of those parts. And many of

them clung to the doctrine of the shaikh which he taught concerning the Jews, and conformed to his rite.

Whilst the Magheelee shaikh was preaching Islám to the blacks of Timbucktoo, and robbing the Jews of their goods, and spilling their blood like water, another famous shaikh, known as *seedee*, that is 'master,' Abdallah, was defending the territory of the faith at home from the onslaughts of the unbelieving Portuguese in the regions about Tangier and the north-west of Morocco.

Master Abdallah was one whom men would travel far to see, and he also travelled far in quest of shaikhs more learned than himself. Once he journeyed to the city of Tilimsan in Algeria, in order to study there under the shaikh Ibn Marzook—he it is who is known as 'the man with the two beards,' and who is the author of a commentary on the far-famed "Poem of the Scarf," as well as an exposition of the epitome of Malikite law composed by the jurisconsult Khaleel of Cairo in the fourteenth century.

When the shaikh Abdallah attained his journey's end and entered the gate of Tilimsan, he waited not more than one night

nor lost a day, before he made his way to the goal at which he had aimed, and directed his steps to the lecture-room of Ibn Marzook. There no one recognized him, nor did any know who he was. But in the course of the discussion a difficult matter arose, and a hard question was put to Ibn Marzook, to which he was unable to give an answer or offer a solution. He, therefore, made short work of breaking up the meeting and dismissing the students. Then, descending from his place, he came to where master Abdallah was sitting, and having said "Peace be upon thee," sat down by his side, and asked him whence he was, and from what part he had come. Abdallah told him who he was, and how he had journeyed to Tilimsan with the purpose of studying under him.

"By Allah," returned Ibn Marzook, "the like of thee shall not study under the like of me."

"Speak not so," replied Abdallah, "and cross me not in my purpose; for it is an object from which, please God, there will be no escape."

Ibn Marzook therefore yielded to his

wishes, and consented "upon one condition."

"And what is that?" demanded the shaikh.

Ibn Marzook answered, "That thou shalt study under me, and I will study under thee."

The two shaikhs then studied together upon these terms, and learned from one another as they had agreed, until the shaikh Abdallah began to inquire whether there were not any of the learned in the countries of the East to whom he might take his journey, and under whom he might study; but the only reply which he received to his inquiries, and the only response to his questioning, was to be told, "There is none living who can instruct thee, for there is no man more learned than thyself."

Abdallah therefore bade farewell to Ibn Marzook and took his departure from Tilimsan, setting out for his own country, and directing his steps to Morocco. There he soon learned that the unbelieving Portuguese had become masters of much of the country, and had possessed themselves of the towns of Aseela and Tangier. He therefore settled

in the Hibt country, and took up his abode in the Kasr, or Castle, of Ketámah, which faces towards Spain and looks over to the Rock of Gibraltar, in order to be near the scene of battles fought for the Faith, and close to the seat of war waged in the way of God; whilst at the same time he did not let go the rein of learning, but spent part of every year in study and instruction. One of his students called Wadih gives an account of his master's manner of life at this time, and thus describes a curious incident which befell him.

"My master, Abdallah," he says, "was kadee and muftee of the Hibt district, and gave lectures in theology in the Castle. He lectured in the same building in which he lived; and his practice was, during the winter and spring months to occupy himself in teaching, and during summer and autumn to join the camp on the frontiers and take his share of duty as a common soldier.

"One year he went out to the field of war according to his wont, and returned again to the Castle just as the rains began to fall, going back to his former quarters in the college, and settling down in his old abode.

Early the following morning he arose, and took his seat in the teacher's chair in the western court of the mosque, expecting the assembling of his scholars and the gathering of the people to hear him; but none came nor drew near, save only the reader who was to read before him. Of him, he demanded to know what had become of his scholars, and why the people did not appear.

"'Thy scholars, sir,' he replied, 'have departed, and the rest of the people have gone with them, and they have joined themselves to another master, and give ear to one who is now lecturing in the large hall of the mosque. This man came to the town when thy back was turned, and he puts forward mighty claims, and declares himself to be Jesus the son of Mary—upon Him be peace—and wonders and signs are done at his hands. Tables descend before him laden with food, and none can tell whence they come.'

"Then said the shaikh Abdallah to his reader, 'Come thou along with us'; and these two went out of the shaikh's room, and came into the hall where the new teacher was, surrounded by scholars in hundreds,

and thronged on by men and women in thousands. The shaikh pressed forward until he faced his rival. Then he sat down.

"'Tell me all thou knowest concerning the necessary, and the possible, and the absurd in respect of God Most High, and in respect of the apostles — upon them be prayer and peace,' said he, without drawing breath. But the man answered never a word. Next the shaikh went on to question him concerning himself, and to cross-examine him closely.

"'I,' replied he, 'am Jesus the son of Mary'—and his name all the time was Barzeez—'and here,' he added, 'is the paper which testifies to me,' and the minaret of the mosque wailed and cried, 'Ay!'

"'I seek refuge in God from Satan accursed,' cried the shaikh; and springing up, he smote Barzeez upon the face, and, seizing him by the hair of his head, called upon his students to beat him; and they beat him until they thought he was dead. Then they dragged him to a dunghill and cast him upon it, even as carrion is cast out to rot.

"But the common people kept aloof from the shaikh and drew away from him, fearing

a terrible vengeance, making sure that some dire calamity would fall upon him because of what he had done to Barzeez.

"The shaikh, however, ordered them to lift Barzeez up and cast him into the prison; so they carried him thither, and he remained in it four months. After four months he sent to the shaikh.

"'I repent unto God,' he said, 'therefore open to me a way.'

"So the shaikh commanded them to let him go free, and he went, and remained absent from the Castle of Ketámah for two full years.

"After two full years had come and gone, as the shaikh Abdallah was riding one day with his disciples by the pool which is outside the River Gate, he saw a man, who carried a wallet, and a slate hung over his shoulder, drawing near and coming towards him. When he had come up, he saluted the shaikh, and stooping down, began to kiss his horse's hoofs.

"'Who art thou, my brother?' the shaikh asked, humbly.

"'He who became a Muslim at thy hands,' replied the newcomer. 'I am Barzeez.'

"'Make known to me the truth of thine affair,' said the shaikh, 'and tell me all thy case.'

"The man answered, 'I was one of the *jinn*, in league with Satan, and his confederate, and he imposed upon me the task of claiming to be a prophet, and incited me to pretend to the working of miracles; promising, on his part, to provide me with everything I should require to that end, and to furnish me with all that was necessary. He was to enter into the walls, and address the people from thence in support of my claims, so that the people might imagine that the lifeless thing had spoken, and that the inanimate had uttered words. But since the day on which thou didst beat me and cudgel me so soundly, I have never seen him, nor has he come near me; but I have clung stedfastly to the teaching of the truth, and I have repented unto God. And now I come to thee, to receive of thee my religion, since God hath favoured me with Islám at thy hands.'

"And ever after that Barzeez clave to the shaikh, and his condition became sound, and he was one of the most



devoted of his disciples and most attached of his followers."

The incident which follows shows that the shaikh Abdallah joined to his wide learning, respect for the claims of his contemporaries and fairness towards his colleagues. It is related by the student whose duty it was to read before the shaikh:—

"One day, whilst the shaikh was teaching in the midst of his disciples, and I was engaged in reading before him, a person, who was evidently a man of learning and a student of theology, entered the room and saluted the shaikh. The shaikh returned his salutation, and inquired whence he came, and of what city he was.

"'I come,' replied the stranger, 'from the community of Tilimsan.'

"The shaikh, therefore, began to ply him with questions, and to multiply inquiries concerning the learned fakeehs of that city. The visitor praised their virtues and extolled their learning, but exalted above all the rest the shaikh Senoosee; and he produced from his pocket a small volume, containing that shaikh's 'Shorter Article,' and handed it to the shaikh Abdallah.

"'God is most great!' exclaimed the shaikh Abdallah when he saw it; 'and has Muhammad Senoosee arrived at the stage of composition, and it was only yesterday that I knew him a boy at school?' And having gone carefully through it from beginning to end, 'By Allah,' quoth he, 'such words have not gone forth but from an enlightened breast. Surely thou wilt not grudge me the possession of this,' and he put it into his bosom; and that was what led men to value that book, and to learn it by heart."

When the reconquest of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella was brought to an end by the taking of Granada in the year 1492, a certain shaikh named Muhammad undertook the redemption of the captive Muslims. With this purpose he travelled to Fez in order to meet with and consult the Wattásee Sultan Muhammad, who is called 'the Shaikh.' The Sultan received him kindly, and taking him by the hand led him to the palace, asking of him his blessing, which also the saint bestowed upon him. In the palace the Sultan called together his wives and all his slave-girls, and bidding

them salute the shaikh, explained to them the purpose of his coming and the object of his visit.

"'The shaikh,' he said, 'is desirous of redeeming the captive Muslims; therefore, whoever hath an alms to give let her give it.' And immediately they threw down clothes and jewels and gold and precious stones in heaps.

"Thus furnished with means unreckoned for accomplishing his mission, the shaikh took his journey. He embarked upon a ship in order to cross over into Spain, but the wind blew and the sea roared, and the ship foundered, and the shaikh was drowned, a martyr, and those vast sums were lost, and as the book of God saith, 'God was conqueror in His affair.'"

Muhammad had made his home in the country of the river Draah. He was an excellent learned seiyid, or gentleman, well versed in the more recondite of the sciences. He stumbled upon wisdom within and without. It is said that he was an adept even in the science of augury, and a proficient worker in alchemy. He was the contemporary and friend of the shaikh

Ibraheem, and there were exchanged between them addresses and epistles, which ought to have been written in letters of gold, such was their elegance and the beauty of their style.

The Sultan Abdallah, the son of the Hasanee Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh, relates the following incident, which shows that the shaikh Muhammad had not devoted himself to the study of alchemy to no purpose.

"My grandfather," he said, meaning Muhammad Kaim, "once, meeting with the shaikh Muhammad, bewailed before him his poverty, and his consequent inability to do as much as he wished to assist the two princes his sons in their struggle for the sovereignty of Morocco, greatly as he longed to further their interests and to advance their cause.

"'The people of the household of the Prophet are ever worthy of assistance,' replied the shaikh. 'Bring me any iron which thou hast by thee.'

"My grandfather went away and returned shortly after with a little iron hand-anvil, which was all the iron he could find.

" 'Hast thou no more than this?' asked the shaikh.

" 'I cannot find save this,' my grandfather replied.

" 'Wait here for me until I return to thee again,' said the shaikh; and he entered into his house, and after an hour he returned with the anvil in his hand and said to my grandfather, 'Take it.' And, behold, it was pure gold.

"And," added the Sultan Abdallah, "I have an anklet made from that anvil still in my possession."

A younger contemporary of these shaikhs was the shaikh Ahmad, who commonly went by the name of 'Shuwaikh,' or 'the Little Shaikh.' He was, as they say, a 'full-blooded' servant of God, a man whose prayers were answered and his intercessions heard, and by whose hands wondrous miracles were wrought and mighty deeds were done. One of the fakeehs, whose name was Kasim, and who knew the Little Shaikh personally, tells of one instance of his wonder-working, of which he himself was the subject and the witness.

"I went one day to the weekly market in

Ceuta," he relates, "and, having bought and sold and accomplished my business, was returning home in the dark, driving before me a mare which I owned, carrying a load of fruit on her back. But as I was crossing the saddle known as the Hunter's Back, the mare slipped on the steep and went rolling over and over, now on her back, now on her side, now on her belly, until I gave her up as lost. And, therewith, I prayed, and said: 'O my master Ahmad, the Little Shaikh, upon thee be my shame; for I rely upon God, and, after Him, upon thee.' And I sat down upon the ground, and what to do I knew not.

"Then, all at once, I heard a low sound behind me, and, behold, a man leading my mare.

"'Thy horse hath taken no hurt,' said he, and he vanished and disappeared and was gone. And so my mare and I reached home in safety that same night.

"On the following day I fell in with master Ahmad, the Little Shaikh.

"'Son of my master,' he said—such was his humble address—'did the servants help thee?'

"I answered, 'Yea, lord; and may God

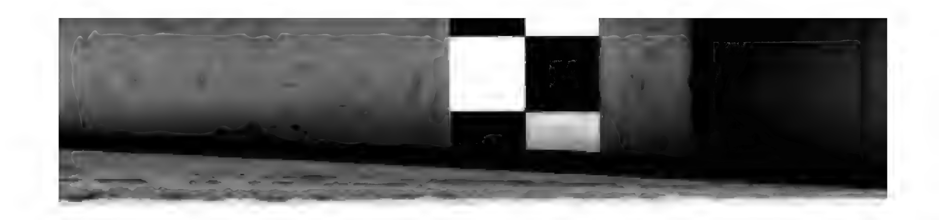
reward thee with blessing on account of thy goodness to me.'

"'See thou tell no man,' said he."

Now when the rapacity of the kaid, or governor, Talhah, who had been set over the tribe of the Sareef, to which Ahmad the Little Shaikh belonged, had gone quite beyond bounds, and had passed all endurance, the tribesmen came in a body to the shaikh, and besought of him that he would curse for them the kaid, and lay his malediction upon him; but he answered, 'I meant, indeed, to have cursed him, but I have been commanded not to do it, because he is the best of the wicked,' and for 'wicked' he used the word ***talkah***, playing upon the name of the kaid Talhah.

Ahmad the Little Shaikh died about the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and for many years after sick folk would visit his grave, to be healed there of every bane, and God Most High would heal them by His grace and of His great liberality.

The fifteenth century in Morocco had been illuminated by the light of Muhammad of Jezoolah in the Soos country. He was the full moon, and other shaikhs the stars; and



he excelled them all, as a thousand nights are excelled by the night of Al Kadr. He is known wherever the Faith of Islám is professed as the author of the prayer-book called the "Signs of Good Works"; and many of the shaikhs who flourished in the earlier part of the sixteenth century had been his disciples and had learned of him.

One of these was the saint Aboo 'l Abbas, the Harithee, whose home was in the town of Meknes. This man never for one moment suffered his tongue to cease from mentioning the name of God, and testifying to His unity. He earned his living by sewing trays of straw and baskets, and he never inserted the thread nor drew it out without pronouncing at every stitch the words, "There is no god but God."

One of Ibn Askar's own shaikhs told him the following anecdote concerning the shaikh Harithee.

The shaikh Harithee once went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of seedee Abd es Salém, the eminent saint of the twelfth century, whose tomb stands upon one of the hills close to the town of Shefsháwan. On

his return home, accompanied by his disciples and some of the principal citizens of Meknes, his way lay by a certain village called Izájin, and, as he approached it, the head men came out to meet him and offer him hospitality. At the same time, one poor woman of the place adjured him by God Most High, that he would alight at her dwelling. The shaikh wished to accept the invitation of the poor woman and to partake of her hospitality, but the rest of the villagers would not hear of it and refused to allow him.

"Sir," said they, "she is a poor woman; she is not able to provide for other poor."

The shaikh's own disciples also sided with the villagers.

"It is not possible, sir," they urged, "that we should leave the chief men of the village and the people of wealth, to be indebted to this woman, and to receive the hospitality of a pauper." So the shaikh fell in with their wishes and yielded to their desires.

On the following day they continued their journey towards Meknes, and evening found them upon the banks of the river Warghah, where they halted for the night. But, as it drew towards the dawning of the day, the

shaikh became much distressed in mind, until at last he called to him his disciples.

"There is nothing for it," he told them, "but to return to the village of Izájin."

"And why, sir?" they all demanded.

The shaikh replied: "Verily, God hath closed against you the doors of blessing, until ye may well fear for your faith, on account of the poor woman who asked us to her house, in His name and out of love to Him, but ye preferred before her the people of substance."

The shaikh therefore retraced his steps, and his disciples with him, and as they approached again, towards evening, the village of Izájin, they found the poor woman waiting for them by the side of the way. As soon as she saw the shaikh, she kissed the ground and covered her face with its dust; and thanked and praised God because He had hearkened to her prayer, and had caused the answer which she desired to agree with His good pleasure. The shaikh and his disciples abode with her three days, and when they departed he informed them that she also was of the saints.

The shaikh Harithee died in the early

years of the century. His grave is much resorted to by the people of Meknes; and a mosque has been built over it for the use of the devout and the ascetic.

One of the disciples of this shaikh was the shaikh Ibn Eesa, of the town of Meknes.

When I was living in Meknes, says Ibn Askar, I heard people speaking of many prodigies which this shaikh had performed, and mighty works which he had wrought. My master and his pupil Aboo 'l Hajjáj used to say of him: "My master, Ibn Eesa, is the Elixir which has no peer;" and he related to me an anecdote concerning him in the following terms:—"One day, whilst I was sitting conversing with the shaikh Ibn Eesa, one of his disciples, whose name was Aboo Rawain, came in.

"'O sir!' exclaimed the newcomer, addressing the shaikh, 'did not I place the bridle of my soul in thy hand? And now, behold, I have fallen into the love of women, and unless thou be master of a divine providence, then thy disciple (meaning himself) will set God at defiance this very night; and, by Allah, but I will.'

"Ibn Eesa replied, 'Go, and do as thou hast said. Yet God is powerful to prevent thine action, and thou hast no power, even if thou wouldest, over the providence of God. Praise be to Him!'

"And when the next day came, there came also Aboo Rawain, and he was in the last extremity of weakness, and his face was yellow.

"We all demanded, when we saw him, 'What has befallen thee, that we see thee like this?'

"'I witnessed yesternight a prodigy,' he replied.

"'And what was that?' we asked.

"'I went to a woman of the Arabs,' he answered, 'and I spoke with her that I should spend the night with her, in fulfilment of my oath of yesterday. But as I was about to go in to her I became paralysed, unable to move hand or foot, but lay upon my back like one dead, neither could I utter a word nor move until the dawn went up, and then I heard the voice of my shaikh Ibn Eesa.

"'Dost thou repent unto God?' the voice was saying.

"I replied in a muffled voice, 'I do repent unto God.'

"Then the voice said, 'Begin the morning prayer.'

"I arose, therefore; and, lo, I was standing as if I had but lately been released from fetters. Then I came to the shaikh.

"'O Aboo Rawain,' said the shaikh, when he saw me, 'what is this that thou hast done?'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'he whose soul is in the keeping of one like thee need fear no evil therewith.'

"Then the shaikh said, 'Praise be to God for His mercy and His help!'

"Afterwards Aboo Rawain said to us, 'He who does not give his soul into the keeping of a shaikh like Ibn Eesa is guilty of grievous negligence.' After that we ceased to wonder at that which had befallen him."

The shaikh Al Basree once said, "There are three shaikhs who have no peer in Morocco, nor any equal there: my master Ghazwánee, my master the Hibtee, and my master Ibn Eesa."

This shaikh Ibn Eesa died about the year

1530, and his grave is a place of pious resort without Meknes, on the west side of the town.

The city of Tilimsan in Algeria was in the sixteenth century a centre of learning, and the home of many a famous shaikh. Two of these, who belong rather to the fifteenth than to the sixteenth century, were the shaikh Senoosee and the shaikh Ibn Zekree, of whom it would be hard to say which was disciple and which master, or whether they were not rather fellow-searchers after the truth.

Ibn Zekree was considered by the people of his time as a very sea of knowledge, and chief among the people of understanding. During the early years of his life he followed the craft of a weaver, for he was an orphan, having lost his father when a child; and he was in the habit of carrying to his mother day by day, for her support, the earnings of each day's labour.

Now it fell on a day that a certain shaikh in Tilimsan whose name was Aboo Abdallah Muhammad—though it is not certain which of two shaikhs of that name is intended—was teaching his disciples, and in the course

of their discussion a very difficult question came up to be solved, and a knot hard to be unloosed. Thereupon the dispute waxed hot, and the contention grew until it spread from his students to the people of the town. But when the matter came to the ears of Ibn Zekree, "This question," quoth he, "into which the learned dive so deep, is very easy of solution."

"How?" his fellow-apprentices asked him.

Ibn Zekree proceeded to explain the matter to them; and a certain student who overheard him was so pleased with his solution and delighted with his answer that he reported it to the shaikh Aboo Abdallah. The shaikh was equally delighted with it, and, accompanied by his disciples, he hastened to the weaver's shop where Ibn Zekree was employed. When Ibn Zekree was brought before him, and had repeated to him what he thought of the matter, the shaikh exclaimed, "The like of this should not be found save in a professed seeker after truth."

"Thou canst not," replied Ibn Zekree, "force me to undertake any line of life except with the consent of my mother; nor

will I give up my present occupation except with her permission."

The shaikh Aboo Abdallah, therefore, sought out his mother. "How many dirhems does this thy son bring to thee each day?" he asked her; and when she had named the amount, "That will be paid to thee, please God, as long as I live," said he, "and thy son shall lodge with me, in order that he may have leisure to devote himself to the study of the truth, and to give his whole time to the elucidation of questions."

"With pleasure and gratitude, sir," his mother replied. And after that Ibn Zekree clave to the shaikh until there was of his affair what was.

Ibn Zekree is the author of an ode in iambic verse, which is one of the most perfect in the Arabic language, and stands unrivalled, a chaste virgin, no one having had power to break its seal until this day. For one of the students of that time carried it to the imâm Senoosee, and begged of him that he would write a commentary upon it.

"None is able to comment upon this poem save its author," Senoosee replied; and therein he but spoke the truth—may God

accept him—for to write a commentary upon that ode, one would require a number of books such as very few can ever hope to bring together.

The shaikh Ibn Zekree sometimes spoke of the shaikh Senoosee as being one of his disciples. But when that came to the ears of Senoosee his wrath kindled and his anger flamed up. "By Allah," he exclaimed, "I never learned from him more than the answer to one single question." But when the shaikh Senoosee died in the year 1489, Ibn Zekree bewailed his loss in dirges well becoming their close intercourse, and lamentations not unworthy of their friendship.

Senoosee, therefore, really belongs to the fifteenth century, but he was such an exceptionally great man and such a towering intellect that he may be mentioned shortly here, and some of the facts concerning him recorded. He was reckoned one of those who are sent from God to revive to the Muslim nation the affair of their religion at the beginning of every hundred years, according to the saying of the true and trusted One: "Verily God—blessed and exalted be His name—will send to this nation, at the

beginning of every hundred years, one who will renew to them their faith."

Senoosee was, in truth, one of the saintliest of the saints, and one of the most learned of the men of learning. His writings prove the accuracy and extent of his researches, and his five "Articles," with their commentaries, are among the best of their kind which Islám has produced. They are named the "Introductory," the "Smallest," the "Smaller," the "Middle," and the "Larger." There are also his commentaries on the odes of Jezairee and of Haudee, the latter of whom was one of his disciples. All his works met with a very good reception and great acclaim among men. One of the shaikhs who was a younger contemporary of Senoosee used to say, when speaking of the mystical sciences:

"I have not seen anyone who put these sciences through the sieve as this man did," —meaning the shaikh Senoosee.

Another of the saints used to tell how he once saw the father of Senoosee in a dream, and met with him in the visions of the night, and asked him, "What hath God done for thee, O shaikh?"

The father of Senoosee replied that "God had forgiven him."

"For what?" demanded the other, in astonishment.

"For my son," returned the elder Senoosee, "because, at the moment when I was being laid in the grave, he was thinking about the mountain."

When the younger Senoosee was asked what this saying of his father could mean, he replied, "Yea, I was thinking about the mountain which stood over against me"—meaning the mountain which overshadows the city of Tilimsan—"and I was thinking how many precious stones it contained, and what gems were hidden in it; and how the wise man, through his worth and his wisdom, surmounts it far."

Senoosee studied the path of saintship under that sultan of the shaikhs, Ibraheem of Tazah, and afterwards under the Wahránee; and his shaikhs and the shaikhs of Ibn Zekree were one, and among them was the shaikh and learned traveller Ayulee.

And, in a word, the learned of Tilimsan adore the shaikh Senoosee, and magnify him for his spiritual experience, his unworldliness

and his saintliness; and they praise the shaikh Ibn Zekree for his ocean-like knowledge, and for his extensive acquaintance with tradition, and for the height of his attainments in matters both of faith and of science; and they declare him to have been the most learned man of his time. And the people of the farthest West extol Senoosee for his great experience, and his separation unto God; and, as for Ibn Zekree, he had far fame and high renown there with kings, and with other than kings.

Ibn Zekree died of the plague in the year 1500, and his grave became a famous place of pious resort in the city of Tilimsan. One of Ibn Zekree's works was named "The Perfecting of Endeavours," on which the shaikh Ibn Ibraheem, of the Jezoolah district of Soos country, began to write a commentary, which would have been very valuable had not fate cut him off before his task was done.

This shaikh Ibn Ibraheem forbade Muslims to shake or kiss hands, as the common practice is, and he himself set the example, by refusing to do either. When a visitor entered his house, he would apologize, saying,

"He who says 'Come in,' in answer to the request for permission to enter, should only welcome his visitor with the words 'Peace be upon thee,' and should not shake or kiss his hand." He sheltered himself under the authority of the great imám Malik the son of Anas, whose collection of traditions as to the conduct of the Prophet Muhammad, in these and other matters, is one of the oldest which has been preserved.

Ibn Askar met the shaikh Ibn Ibraheem on two occasions, once outside the New Tower of Fez in the year 1561, and once again in the city of Morocco. He describes him as a man who had abandoned the world and its folk, always pious and austere in his words, as well as in his actions. All the most excellent folk of the country of the Soos were at one as to his learning and worth, and were agreed that he was one of the true guides of mankind, strong in the faith and in the truth. They say that he wrought miracles, and an upright life is a sufficient proof of it. He died in the year 1562, and is buried in a village called Tamart, in the Jezoolah district of the Soos country.

Another of the disciples of the shaikh Senoosee was Ibn Ahmad the Andalusee. He was the author of a Biographical Dictionary of eminent saints, which he named the "Shining Star," wherein the names are arranged according to the letters of the alphabet, in imitation of the great lexicon of Ibn Khallikan. It is in four volumes, and is a good and accurate book in its subject, and the headings of the chapters are written in letters of gold.

The Hasanee Shereefs continued to live quietly in the Draah country until the year 1509. By that time the Portuguese invaders had almost surrounded the country of the Soos, even as the sea surrounds it, and held settlements along its coast lands in every direction, whereas the Muslims, for want of a leader, were in evil case. For, as for the Wattásee Sultans, the breeze of their authority had fallen, and their government was no longer aught but a name in the Soos; for they had their hands full, fighting with the unbelievers in the northern parts of their kingdom, about Aseela and Laraiche and Tangier and Badis, and the other coast towns.

When, therefore, the people of the Soos saw with what grave dangers they were threatened, and how the enemy lusted to possess their country, they asked counsel of the shaikh Ibn Mubárak, and besought him to become their chief. But Ibn Mubárak declined to gratify their wishes, and refused to accede to their request.

"There is one in Tagmaddart, in the Draah country," he told them, "who declares that he and his two sons are destined to accomplish your desire and achieve your end." To him, therefore, they sent; and he came, and there was of his affair what was.

The shaikh Ibn Mubárak was a worker of miracles. On one occasion a number of tribesmen arrived at his abode (so it is related), and he ordered gruel to be cooked for them all in baskets made of palm-boughs, which they placed upon the fire, for all the world, as though they had been pots of iron.

When fighting broke out between the tribes and civil wars arose, Ibn Mubárak would send to them, bidding them desist and lay down their arms. And condign punishment overtook all who ventured to set at naught his commands. Moreover, he set

apart three days in every month in which the carrying of arms was prohibited altogether, and a man was forbidden on them to quarrel with his neighbour.

The people called these days "the days of Ibn Mubárak," and on them a man would forgather with the murderer of his father, and with the murderer of his child, and not be able to speak with them. This was the recognised custom, both amongst the Arab and amongst the Berber tribes of the Soos, and the country towards the south. During these peaceful days, even the beasts of the forest were safe from the hunter. It is said that an Arab found a jerboa on one of these days, and his companions bade him "Let it go, for this is a day of the days of the peace of our lord Ibn Mubárak." The Arab, however, could not desist, and shooting at the jerboa, wounded it in the foot. But, at that same moment, the Arab shrieked with pain, for his own foot was broken, and he never walked upon it more.

One of the shaikhs who belonged to the great Berber tribe of the Masmoodah, to which Ibn Mubárak also belonged, used to relate the following instance of his wonder-

working skill. He told it to his son, who, in turn, recounted it to Ibn Askar:

"I was once," said he, "encamped in a grove of palm-trees, along with thy mother, and I went aside to perform the legal ablution, leaving thy mother where she was, amid the palms. As she sat there, her eye fell upon a cluster of dates, at the top of a lofty palm, far beyond her reach, so tall and straight was the palm-tree trunk. Thereupon she said aloud —and she was drawing near to be delivered of a child—'By thy leave, O my lord Ibn Mubárak, I would to God, He would send me one who would cut off for me yonder bunch of dates.'

"And, therewith, she turned herself, and, behold, behind her a man, who stretched forth his hand towards the head of the palm-tree, and the palm-tree bowed down its head towards him; and he cut off the bunch of dates, and, casting it towards the spot where the woman was sitting, 'Eat,' said he, 'thank God, and honour thy husband.' He then vanished from her sight, like a glance of the eye; and the palm-tree returned as it had been before, erect and tall.

"Thy mother," continued the narrator,

"remained speechless with astonishment. 'This is a miracle which I have witnessed,' at length she exclaimed; and when she had related to me the adventure, I asked her what manner of man he was that had appeared to her; and when she had described him, 'It was master Ibn Mubárak,' I said, 'by the Lord of the Kaabah!'—for I knew him."

Ibn Mubárak's virtues were, indeed, more than can be numbered, and his graces were beyond description. It was by his counsel and influence that the tribes of the Soos were led to adopt as their chief the Hasanee Shereef Muhammad Kaim, and his two sons Ahmad and Muhammad, as will be related below. He, too, it was who exhorted them to act justly towards one another, and to carry on the holy war against the infidel; for he saw how the Christians were seizing upon the coast-lands of his country. He was taken away in the second decade of the century.

One of the less known shaikhs of Morocco at this time, called Ibn Haroon, used to declare that the sovereignty of the Hasanee Shereefs over the Draah country was predicted in the Korán, in the verse which runs:



"And we have written in the Psalms, after the Law, that my pious servants shall inherit the land."

The same verse had already been employed in order to encourage the contemporary Turkish Sultan Saleem to proceed upon that expedition which ended in the conquest of Egypt by the Ottoman Turks in the year 1517.

The grounds on which the verse was put to such a use in the latter instance were these: If the numerical values of the Arabic equivalent of the words 'and we have' be added together, the result is 140, which is also the number obtained by subjecting the name 'Saleem' to the same process; similarly, the Arabic word which is here translated 'the Law,' yields the number 920, which is the Muslim year corresponding to 1515 A.D.; and, lastly, the 'land' referred to in this verse was believed by several commentators to be the land of Egypt. By this process, the verse was interpreted to mean: "Saleem we wrote in the Psalms after the year 1515 will inherit Egypt." But, except for the date being the same, it is not easy to see how the verse can be made to be a pre-

diction of the rule of the Hasanee Shereefs in Morocco.

In the year 1509 Muhammad Kaim came to the Soos, and met with the shaikh Ibn Mubárak, and returned again to the Draah.

In the following year the shaikhs and fakeehs of the Soos sent for him again, and this time they put their whole case into his hands, and made him master of their affair. Muhammad Kaim responded to their call, and complied with their request, and met with them in a small town called Tedsee, not far from the city of Taroodant. And there the people swore allegiance to him with one heart and with one purpose—war against the Christians. Muhammad thereupon proclaimed war, and the people came out willingly. God gave them the victory, and Muhammad returned to Tedsee.

Before long, however, rivalry broke out between him and the chiefs of the place, and jealousy parted them asunder. He was compelled to leave the Soos, and go back once more to the Draah; but only to return to Tedsee for the third time in the year 1512. After that, Muhammad lived peacefully in

the Soos, and made his permanent abode in it; and called upon the people to take the oath of fealty also to the elder of his two sons, Ahmad the Lame.

After Muhammad and his family were thus firmly settled in the country, and securely planted in it, the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes of Hahah and Sheeazmah, having learned of the beauty of his life, and seen the victories of his flag, appealed to him to help them also against the unbelieving foe. Muhammad therefore removed, accompanied by his elder son, to a place called Fugal in the country of Hahah, leaving his younger son Muhammad the Shaikh in the Soos to settle their affairs there, and build up their authority in it.

Their father Muhammad Kaim remained in Fugal until his death in the year 1517, the same year in which the Turks captured Algiers and Tilimsan, and annexed the neighbouring country, to the east of Morocco.

The coming of the Turks to Algiers was due to the representations of a certain shaikh whose name was Aboo 'l Abbas of Zawáwah. This man was, with one exception, the most fanatical person living, as far as the duty of

waging war upon the unbelievers was concerned. When, therefore, he saw how the Christians were encroaching upon the territories of the Muslims, and how powerless the Muslims were to resist their onslaughts, he wrote to the Turks, as being the most formidable nation of the period, and the most warlike people of that time. The Turks arrived, accordingly, under the leadership of their Bey, Arrooj; but they turned in the end against the shaikh, and were the cause of his martyrdom, sometime after the year 1523.

The shaikh who rivalled Aboo 'l Abbas in fierce devotion to the religion of Muhammad, and passionate zeal for the glory of Islám, belonged to the country of Hahah, and his name was Aboo Othman. Ibn Askar's own shaikh, Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee, once expressed to Ibn Askar his opinion concerning these two men.

"I have not seen," he said, "of all those whom I have overtaken of the shaikhs, or of any whom I have met of the saints, any who was upon the main road, and who displayed the mystic life, according to its original pattern, set forth in the person of the Apostle of God,

save two men—the shaikh Aboo Othman in Hahah, and the shaikh Aboo 'l Abbas in the mountains of the Zawáwah."

The fanaticism, however, of these men defeated its own ends, and their zeal made void their own purpose; for they made use of force in the reformation of religion, and appealed to the sword as the arbiter of ideas; whereas the use of force is the privilege of kings, and the sword should be left in the hand of the Sultan.

Thus the consequence of their actions, and the outcome of their conduct, was that the civil power turned against them, and the rulers of their country became their enemy. Some they killed and some they imprisoned, and the rest they compelled to flee the country. Nothing of all this, indeed, befell in the lifetime of the shaikh Aboo Othman himself. Nay, his followers were drinking draughts of the gall of impatience, and biting their finger-ends, because he dissuaded them from the paths of rebellion, and forbade them to walk in the way of insurrection.

The grave of the shaikh Aboo Othman, who was taken away during the fourth decade of the century, was still, when Ibn Askar

wrote his book, a place of pious resort in the country of Hahah.

Ibn Askar continues: "I met his son Abdallah, who had come from his own country, in order to study under my shaikh Aboo Muhammad. I perceived him to be a man of great intellectual attainments and vast knowledge, joined to the strictest asceticism; and our shaikh Aboo Muhammad used to make much of him, and was loud in his praise.

"'Never,' he would say, 'have I seen the like of the understanding of this man, nor anything to equal the correctness of his opinions.' Yet, he was hidden from his generation, for he had no desire for fame, or to be known of men.

"The Hasanee Sultan Abdallah, and those who came after him, used to correspond with this shaikh as with an equal, and counted themselves among his disciples. Yet would he not turn aside for aught of that. And, as far as I know, he is yet in the bond of life in the Dran Mountains."

The inhabitants of the parts about the city of Tilimsan fared worse under the Turkish occupation than they had done, even when

subjected to the onslaughts of the Christians. They were treated with every indignity, and Arrooj rubbed them as the mill-stone rubs the skin that is spread beneath it. But when he had thus carried things with a high hand, and lorded it over them for a time, committing every iniquity, and becoming insolent in killing and taking captive, the citizens at last, driven to desperation, made an attack upon him; but Arrooj cut his way through them and withdrew to the mountains of the Benee Iznásen, from which the people of Tilimsan awaited in trepidation his return.

In their distress, they turned for counsel to the shaikh Ibn Malookah, and poured out their complaint before him, the wrongs they had suffered in the past, and their fears for the future. The shaikh was deeply touched, and falling into an ecstasy, smiting the ground with his hand, he exclaimed, "No return to Tilimsan for ever! I rely upon God—exalted be He."

And as he said, even so it befell, for Arrooj the Turcoman was killed, with all his adherents, both Turks and other barbarians, perverts and renegades. For the shaikh Ibn Malookah was of the number of those of

whom the Truth-speaker said: "There be men who, whatever they swear to in the name of God, He will clear them of their oath, by fulfilling their threats and bringing their promises to pass."

"This Arrooj," writes Ibn Askar in his book, "is Kheir ed Deen the Turcoman, the first of the ameers of the Ottoman Sultans to hold sway in Algiers."

The shaikh Ibn Malookah died in the year 1530; and his grave is much frequented by the pious of Tilimsan.

Even the Turks, however, were not past being impressed by the virtues of the shaikhs, or touched by their beauties of character. Many years later, in the year 1560, when they expelled them from Tilimsan, they not only gave them a safe-conduct to Fez, but made presents to each, according to what they deemed his worth; and to one—Ahmad, of the village of El Ȯbbád—they gave a thousand pieces of gold and a splendid outfit.

"We are not going to put *him*," they said, "on a level with common fakeehs, and such like folk."

The Sultan Muhammad Kaim had been

buried beside the grave of the famous saint Muhammad of Jezoolah, already referred to, who had died in the year 1466.

It was commonly reported that this saint had been poisoned, and a fanatic called Omar of Sheeazmah, generally known as 'the executioner,' arose to avenge his murder. He called the people together, and disinterring the body of the saint from its resting-place, carried it about with him wherever he went. Accompanied by it, God gave him victory over his enemies. In the end, however, he was killed.

When, therefore, the Hasanee Shereefs became powerful shortly after the death of Omar, they also carried the saint's body about with them, and finally Ahmad the Lame buried it in the city of Morocco; and, at the same time, he disinterred the body of his father, the Sultan Muhammad Kaim, and buried it in the same place. All this was not until the year 1524.

According to another account, however, it is said that there was treasure hidden in the grave of the saint, and so the Shereefs invented an excuse for disinterring him and seizing it. But God knoweth best.



CHAPTER II.

THE REIGN OF AHMAD THE LAME TO HIS DEPOSITION IN 1539, AND HIS DEATH.

The Sultan Ahmad the Lame was born, it is said, in the year 1486; and allegiance was sworn to him, as has been already mentioned, by the direction of his father, in the year 1512.

The Sultan Ahmad's first care was the settlement of the affairs of the country, and the raising of troops to carry on the war against the Christians in Talmast and Asfee, for the enemy was strongest on the seaboard. When, however, they saw how the Christians in the Soos had been killed or taken captive, they evacuated Azammoor and Aseela without striking a blow.

Upon that a number of the bravest Muslims, amongst others the two shaikhs Ibn

Sasee and Al Koosh, hastened to Azammoor, to hold it against the Christians, in case they should return to retake it. And, in the predestination of God, the Christians did return, and captured them all, these two shaikhs included. Later on, however, they were ransomed.

It is said that the shaikh Al Koosh, when he was redeemed, was owned by a woman of the Christians. As he was on the point of leaving her, she informed him that she had in her possession a quantity of the books of the Muslims, and she presented them to him. The shaikh placed them in a basket, which he carried on his head. One of these books was the well-known prayer-book of Kairawánee, called the "Admonition to Mankind"; and that was the first copy of this book which was ever brought into the country of Morocco.

The shaikh Al Koosh was one of the disciples of Abd el Kareem the Peasant, and he belonged to the city of Morocco. He was a black man and extremely fat, but an intelligent, intellectual and religious person withal. His office was to superintend the kitchen of his master, the shaikh Abd el

Kareem just mentioned, and to act as his steward in the purchase of stores. He played his part so well that, when stranger shaikhs came to visit his master, he could set before them a most excellent service, and one which passed beyond the bound of custom.

"One of his companions informs me," relates Ibn Askar, "that each one of the larger pots in his kitchen would serve to cook an ox or two oxen at one time. Large cattle and sheep and camels were slaughtered daily. There was also a wide whitewashed pavement on which kooskoos, the national dish, was cooled on platters. Al Koosh had under him also a separate steward for every one of the different kinds of food, and he had merely to say "Bring me so-and-so," and the steward named would come to him anon, bringing with him the particular kind of victuals over which he was superintendent, whether it were roast or boiled, fruit, honey or sweets, cooked in all imaginable ways, and that at any hour of the day or of the night."

Some years later, when the fame of the shaikh Al Koosh had spread abroad, and

numerous disciples attached themselves to him, and men talked of the virtue which proceeded from him, then was the mind of the Hasanee Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh filled with anxiety for his kingdom, and he commanded the shaikh to quit his cell and to leave the city of Morocco. The shaikh, therefore, removed to the city of Fez, and lodged there in a house which stood hard by the mosque of the Karaweeyeen. Yet he did not approve of praying in that mosque, because its niche had deviated slightly from its original line, and no longer indicated the true direction of prayer.

He never forgave the Sultan for having forced him to leave his home, but constantly repeated to his disciples: "Verily, God will thrust forth this Sultan from his palace, even as he has thrust me forth from my home." And his prediction was fulfilled, for the Sultan quitted his palace that same year, either in the month of December 1552 or in the month of January 1553, in terror and haste, on account of the approach of the Wattásee Sultan Aboo Hassoon, who was supported by the governor of Algiers, Sạliḥ Pasha, the Turcoman.

When Aboo Hassoon entered Fez, the disciples of the shaikh said one to another: "Now will we go back to the city of Morocco, with our master."

"As for you," said the shaikh, overhearing their talk, "you will, no doubt, go there soon enough; but as for me, I will remain in Fez."

And after seven days, he purified himself and put on his finest clothes and most gorgeous attire, and, mounting a horse which he owned, rode out by the city gate in the direction of the halting-place, which is at a distance of about three miles from Fez; but of his disciples there did not arise to go forth with him save two men.

When he came to the halting-place, he dismounted and sat down on the ground. And, lo, a party of horsemen of the Arabs of those parts passing by and seeing him seated there, ordered him to give them his clothes, not knowing who he was. The shaikh pulled off all his clothes except his breeches, and cast them on the ground.

Then said one of the Arabs, "Give up the breeches also."

The shaikh answered: "Verily, God has

forbidden us to go naked." So the horseman thrust his spear into his belly, and wounded him to death.

And as he was being carried home, one of his disciples said to him: "O sir, what led thee to ride out to such a spot?"

"The martyrdom, which I was commanded to rush upon," replied the shaikh.

These things came to pass in the beginning of the afore-mentioned year, 1553.

Now, as to the fortunes of the Sultan Ahmad the Lame, the son of Muhammad Kaim, the people flocked to him from all directions, and crowds attached themselves to him from all quarters. The ameers of of Hintátah wrote to him from their mountains, and the kings of the city of Morocco came under his sway; and so he entered the city of Morocco in the year 1524.

Meantime, the first Wattásee Sultan had, in the year 1505, been succeeded by his son, whose name was also Muhammad, but who is generally known as the 'Portugálee,' from his having been captured as a child by the Portuguese, and educated by them. He reigned until his death in the year 1525.

Throughout his reign, he played a losing game against the Portuguese. The seat of war was mostly in the north, in the neighbourhood of Al Kasr and Aseela.

One of the shaikhs who took an active part in these hostilities was Muhammad, called Bahloolee from the name of his tribe. He was one of those who clave to the door of the war against the Christians, and the door was opened to him. In praise of the holy war he composed many poems and odes. When the Sultan Muhammad the Portugálee died, and his son Ahmad sat in his place, the latter, finding that he was being strangled by the Hasanee Shereefs, who were rising against him in the Soos, in his extremity, concluded an armistice with the Christians who lay upon his frontiers in the parts round the town of Al Kasr, and with their master the King of Portugal.

When the shaikh Bahloolee heard of this armistice, he swore upon his soul that he would not meet that Sultan, nor go near him again. And ever after he refused to receive at his hands a pension paid out of the poll-tax levied upon the Jews and protected persons in Fez, which the Sultan

Ahmad's father had assigned to him for his maintenance. And this vow he kept until the day of his death.

And when his last hour had come, as his disciples stood round about him, one of them said to him, " Sir, the Sultan ordered a raid, and it miscarried, and our people had staked much upon it, and now the Muslims are in great straits." The shaikh opened his eyes, and his face beamed with joy, and he praised and glorified God, and his soul flowed out whilst he was exulting thus over the defeat of his friends and the victory of his foes.

This shaikh was the author of some very beautiful odes, which he composed in praise of the holy war. One of the most famous is the poem, every line of which rhymes in *âlee*, addressed to the Sultan Muhammad the Portugâlee. It begins :

> " Say ye to the Ameer Muhammad, O face of the full moon,
> One short night in the plains is the most excellent of nights."

And there are many more, too numerous to mention.

Ahmad, the notary of the town of Al Kasr, tells how the shaikh Bahloolee was

wont to declare: "I never yet went out with a foray against the Christians, or joined in an attack upon them, but, in the course of it, I would have a vision of the Prophet, and he would inform me of all that would befall myself and my companions in that raid."

On one occasion the shaikh marched out upon an expedition in the direction of Tangier and Aseela, and returned home only to find that his wife, the daughter of that good saint and shaikh Yahya the son of Bekkár, whose story will be told below, was dead; and that the people had said the customary prayers over her in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, the *imám* or leader of the prayers having been the shaikh Ghazee, the son of the shaikh Ibn Ghazee. When the shaikh Bahloolee came up, the bier rested upon the ground, and the people were about to place the body in the grave.

"Not so fast," exclaimed the shaikh; and, stepping forward, he began to recite the prayers for the dead over the body of his wife. The people attempted to prevent his repeating the prayers for the dead a second time in public, seeing that they had been said once already, but the shaikh insisted.

"Your first prayer," said he, "was of no account, seeing that it was performed in the absence of the imám."

"What meanest thou by that?" they demanded.

"I mean," retorted the shaikh, "that one of the necessary qualifications of an imám is that he must be a *man*, and your friend there"—meaning the shaikh Ghazee—"does not fulfil that condition; for he who never girded on a sword in the way of God, and never struck a blow with it, and who never saw war, like as our Prophet saw it, nor wearied himself with the prophetic life—with what right can ye call him a manly imám? Rather, your imám, by Allah, is of the company of women!"

Now when the Wattásee Sultan in Fez heard of the success of the Hasanee Shereefs in the West, and how they had at last entered the city of Morocco, he determined to take means to drive them out of his country. Accompanied by his wazeer, who was his cousin, Mesaood the son of Nasir, he marched in the direction of the city of Morocco. But when the Hasanee Sultan Ahmad the Lame perceived that it would be impossible for him

to encounter the Wattásees in the open, he shut himself up in the city, fortifying it with artillery and lining the walls with men.

Now there was dwelling in the city of Morocco at that time a shaikh of the shaikhs, one that knew the majesty and beauty of God, and who was calling men into the presence of the Divinity, by every word and state, Abdallah son of Ojal the Ghazwánee. He was indeed a sign of the signs of God, and the midmost pearl of the necklace of the saints. The tongue fails to express the due of his praise, and experience alone could teach the loftiness of his glory. He was of the tribe of Ghazawán, one of the Arab tribes of Morocco, and there are not wanting those who believe him to have been a descendant of Alee, the nephew and son-in-law of the Prophet.

He was engaged in study and in the acquisition of knowledge in the city of Fez, when he heard of the fame of a certain teacher whose name was Alee Salih. To him he went and adhered for some time, until he saw of his blessing what dispersed his confusion, and raised to the realm of holiness his state. He besought him, therefore, to travel with him

the path of the mystic training, but Alee Salih declined.

"O my child," said he, "the Master of the Age thou wilt find in the city of Morocco," and he directed him to the shaikh Aboo Faris, commonly known as Harrár—the silk-worker.

Ghazwánee journeyed to the city of Morocco, in order to be trained under this shaikh, and he abode with him some months. At first Aboo Faris laid upon him menial tasks only, such as that of carrying wood for the use of the cell, and herding the cattle of the society. After he had passed some time in the discharge of these duties, his master set him the task of constructing a wall round his garden, and of working in the garden itself. But after he had continued at that also for a time, one day the shaikh called to him his other disciples.

"Arise," said he, "and let us go up to Ghazwánee's garden, and all that ye may find therein of fruit, beat down; and plunder the orchard of all that is in it."

They went as they were bidden, and they were about an hundred men, and the shaikh followed at some distance behind them. But

when they came to the orchard, they found it guarded, the gate barred, and the wall impassable. And when they were not able to break through the wall, they spoke with Ghazwánee that he should open to them the gate."

"To you, no!" replied he from within.

So they waited until the shaikh Aboo Faris should come up, and when he saw them standing there he was angry.

"What hinders you from going in?" he demanded.

"Because we cannot find a way!" his disciples answered.

The shaikh replied, "He who is true to himself is like Ghazwánee"; and to Ghazwánee he said, "Go: thou art perfect."

Ghazwánee went; and he directed his steps to a tribe in the country about Al Kasr, which was called the Benee Fezkár. The people came out to meet him from all directions, the earth cried out with his praise, and his wonderful works were known far and wide.

When rumours of these doings spread through the land, and reached the ears of the Wattásee Sultan Muhammad, one of

his ministers, the fakeeh Abd el Kareem, whispered suspicious thoughts into his mind, and poured poison into his heart concerning the shaikh; and the Sultan, fearing for the stability of his throne, and anxious about the security of his kingdom, commanded that Ghazwánee should be seized, and brought to Fez. Accordingly, he was put in chains, and carried off to the capital.

Now there dwelt at that time in the city of Fez a shaikh whose name was Ibn Ghazee. He was muftee of Fez, and leader of the prayers in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen. He was an authority in nearly every department of study, and the author of many standard works. One of these is a history of the town of Meknes; whilst another contains biographies of all the shaikhs with whom he had met. He died about the year 1515, and is buried in Fez.

Ibn Ghazee was at this moment on military service, having taken the field along with the Sultan, in an expedition against the Christians, who at that time held Aseela. He was seized with illness, however, and had to be taken home to Fez. When he was being carried up the Prisoners' Ascent outside of

the city, his condition became critical, and he begged his companions to set him down, and allow him to rest for a little there. And, lo, as they waited so, there passed by them the shaikh Ghazwánee, in chains, surrounded by his guards. As soon as Ibn Ghazee saw him, he begged of the guards to turn aside with their prisoner, in order that he might look upon him in his sickness. And when Ghazwánee stood by him, Ibn Ghazee besought of him his blessing, and Ghazwánee blessed him and departed.

When he was gone from him, Ibn Ghazee said to his companions: "Keep my charge, for, verily, I am travelling away from you unto God Most High, without doubt or question."

"O sir," said they, "there is nothing with thee but good: all is well with thee."

He replied: "Verily, God had promised to me that He would not take my spirit to Himself, until He had shown me a saint of His saints, and He has but now shown him to me, and by that I know and am sure that the appointed time is come." At that, they carried him straightway to his home, "and," says Ibn Askar, "we saw him no more."

Take him for all in all, he was a leader amongst men, whom other men followed; and the people of the eastern regions and of the West praised his actions with the last meed of praise. His was a nature which is not often attained, his virtues were more than can be reckoned, and his information boundless. The shaikh Ghazwánee was also carried into the city and immured in the citadel of Old Fez, being placed under the charge of the captain of the guard, whose name was Ibn Shakroon.

When, shortly after this, the Sultan himself came to Fez, Ibn Shakroon met him and told him strange tales concerning his prisoner. For the inmates of the prison had assured him, that at the beginning of each night, the shaikh would throw off the iron collar which was round his neck, and would go forth until the break of day, when he would return, take up the place assigned to him in the prison, and fasten the collar upon his neck again. The Sultan, therefore, commanded that he should be set at liberty; and he sought to excuse himself to him, praying him for his blessing, and begging that he would make his home henceforth in Fez.

The shaikh did as the Sultan desired for a time, and he built himself a cell on the inside of the Futooh Gate of the city—that is the cell in which his disciple Muhammad, known as 'the Student,' is buried—and there he abode for a space, until he removed to the city of Morocco, as we have mentioned. As he was leaving the city of Fez, he took his mantle in his hand.

"Come along with me, O Sultanate of Fez," he cried, "to the city of Morocco!"

And it was in reference to this journey that he was in the habit, in after years, of declaring: "The kingdom departed from the Wattásee dynasty when I departed."

When the Wattásee Sultan and his cousin arrived at the city of Morocco, they found it held by the Sultan Ahmad the Lame and his brother Muhammad the Shaikh. And when the cannon opened fire against the wall of the town, it was said to the shaikh Ghazwánee: "Verily, the people of the city cry out, and are in terror for their lives."

The shaikh took with him certain of his disciples, and riding out by the Gate of Faris—which was afterwards called the Gate of the shaikh Aboo 'l Abbas of Ceuta—

suddenly came upon the artillerymen of the Wattásees, who were in charge of the cannon. He stopped to consider what he should do next, when a ball of lead from one of the cannon struck him fair upon the chest, tearing an old woollen garment which he was wearing, but not penetrating the flesh, for all the world as though it had struck upon the solid rock; only that a cicatrix formed over the place. The shaikh caught the ball in his hand, before it fell to the ground.

"This is their last shot," cried he, and he turned and rode back with his disciples into the city.

In that same night the Wattásee Sultan received word that his cousins had risen against him in Fez, and had thrown off their allegiance. The next morning he set out on his return to Fez;—and from that day neither he, nor any of his house, found whereon to stand. For "the affair was of God, after and before."

After these events, Ghazwánee continued to live in the city of Morocco until his death in the year 1529. He was buried in his cell there.

Ghazwánee took a deep interest in the temporal well-being of the people, and was a prime mover in questions of agriculture and irrigation. Yet over himself the world obtained no mastery, and the food which was eaten in his cell was unmixed, except with water or salt. Every worldly matter which was brought before him for decision, he would refer to those who have to do with temporal affairs. He gave himself wholly to the word of God, and to the preaching of righteousness and denouncing error. And he taught more with the tongue of intuition, than with the tongue of utterance.

"I once," says Ibn Askar, "questioned my shaikh, the imám Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee—may God sanctify his secret—concerning the shaikh Ghazwánee.

"'Sir,' I said, 'what aileth the other shaikhs—all save thyself—who were disciples of the shaikh Ghazwánee; for they proclaim with one voice that that shaikh attained in the mystic path to the station of Polehood; and assert that thou thyself fallest short in giving him his due, since thou dost not say like them?'

"My shaikh replied: 'Thou knowest the

meaning of eye-witness in legal matters, what it is?'

"I answered, 'Yes.'

"'How then,' demanded the shaikh, 'could I bear testimony to anyone, as being in a particular station, when I myself have not traversed that station? Were I to do so, I should be bearing false witness.'

"Then I asked: 'And what witness dost thou bear to the shaikh, sir?'

"He answered: 'I bear witness that he was one of those who know God Most High; and that he answered with the tongue of intuition, more than with the tongue of utterance."

It was the custom of some of the shaikhs in leading their disciples along the mystic path to make use of a text-book for that purpose. Thus, the famous saint and 'Pole' Muhammad of Jezoolah, who has been mentioned above, in training his disciples, employed an ode, written by a certain shaikh called Aboo 'l Hajjáj, upon the foundations of belief. The shaikh Aboo Faris, again, used, in the training of his disciples, a book by another shaikh, Ibn al Banna of Saragossa, called the "Original Investigations,"

Ghazwánee, on the other hand, employed as a text-book an ode by a certain Shereeshee. He was in the habit of reading passages from it to his disciples, and then commenting upon them.

The following incident will show the method which Ghazwánee followed in leading his disciples forward along the mystic way, and what is meant by saying that he taught with the tongue of intuition, rather than with the tongue of utterance. It is related by Ibn Askar's shaikh, Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee.

"One day, in the course of our reading with Ghazwánee, we came to these lines:—

"'In every shaikh are signs; if they be not found in him,
Then is he but a traveller in the night of desire:
If there be not knowledge with him of the outward
And the inward, then is he like to the depth of the sea.'

"'And what,' I asked, 'is the meaning of the outward and the inward knowledge?'

"'As to the outward knowledge,' he replied, 'thou already knowest what it is, both in its roots and in its branches; and, as to the inward, it will come to thee by intuition?'

"'And what,' I pursued, 'is the meaning of intuition?'

"Then Ghazwánee laboured hard to express himself, whilst I said within myself: 'Now will we get to know his secret!' But he only continued to gaze upon me, and he sighed deeply as he gazed. Then my mind became a blank, and he bowed down upon me fainting, and there began to be unveiled before me the wonders of the Kingdom."

Ghazwánee did not scruple to employ a rod as a means of imparting instruction to his students, and of quickening their perceptive faculties. Ibn Askar mentions that his shaikh Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee had a scar over his eyebrow, which was the result of one of Ghazwánee's blows, which had fractured the bone, and he carried the mark of it to his grave. Yet this same Aboo Muhammad was heard repeatedly to say: "All that I ever attained to came by the blessing of my master Ghazwánee." And people and kings marvelled at his so saying, considering the height of his own station, and the extent of his knowledge.

And what shall we more say? For the records of Abdallah the Ghazwánee are too

numerous to be recounted, and his virtues more than can be reckoned; so that if we should give them one by one, volumes would be filled therewith. But we will, please God, give somewhat more of them, in the lives of his disciples and contemporaries. He himself is one of those concerning whose saintship there is no difference of opinion, and his blessing is too well known to require that it should be mentioned. He was taken away in the end of the third decade, that is to say, in the year 1529; and he was buried in his cell in the city of Morocco, in the Kusoor quarter. Over his tomb is a capacious cupola, and it is a shrine of much resort.

Ghazwánee's father, whose name was seedee Ojal, was also one of the pious worshippers and devoted servants of God; only that his fame is entirely eclipsed by that of his renowned son.

He spent his life wandering up and down the countryside, having no fixed abode, nor taking thought for anything of earth. The method which he followed, in order to draw men away from the world, was to enter the markets and places where people most do

congregate, making as though he were seeking a strayed camel, and calling aloud: "It is a she-camel bearing a sack.

> "It is gone, it is gone,
> And woe to him it hath undone."

But by the she-camel, he meant this present world.

Ibn Askar was told as follows concerning him by his mother, who was one of Ghazwánee's disciples:

"Master Ojal was in the habit of visiting my father's house when I was a little girl, and, on these occasions, every woman and child would come out to kiss his hand, and receive his blessing. And when I came to do likewise, he would lay his hand upon my head and say: 'Blessing, blessing; for a blessing thou shalt become.' And before the shaikh his son came to join us, he would ask: 'Where hast thou left him reading? He will yet become a great man, and will have disciples whose numbers will be like the berries which are in a cluster of grapes—the large ones sweet, and the small ones sweet.'"

Ibn Askar continues: "And my mother used to tell me about him, how he arrived

at the gate of the chief Ibn Rashid of Shefsháwan; and Ibn Rashid brought out to him his children, that he might bless them; and seedee Ojal would stroke the head of every one of them, and say, 'This one will have such and such a nature,' partly hinting and partly stating plainly what sort of nature each one would have; and there befell in every case according to his word."

Seedee Ojal died not many years before his famous son, and was buried in the town of Kasr Ketámah, outside the River Gate.

One of the best of Ghazwánee's disciples was Muhammad, known as 'the Student,' who has been mentioned in the account of his master. When Ghazwánee removed from Fez to the city of Morocco, he left Muhammad in occupation of the cell, which he had made for himself, by the Futooh Gate of Fez, and there Muhammad lived, until death came to him in the year 1556.

"I saw him many a time," says Ibn Askar, "and profited much by his goodness and learning. In the year in which he died, I happened to have come to Fez upon a

deputation, and, in company with others of the fakeehs, I visited him in his last sickness. When we rose to depart he begged us to remain.

"'Sit a little while longer,' said he, 'until I say good-bye to you. Peradventure, this is the last time I shall see you.'

"So we sat down again. 'All will yet be well, please God,' we said.

"'Let me have my way now,' he replied, 'for I know of a surety that I am travelling on.' With that we besought of him that he would bestow upon us his blessing; so he prayed for us, and then we went away. And three days had not passed before we learned that he was dead."

Perhaps the most curious if not the most interesting of the sketches in Ibn Askar's book, is the account which he gives of his own mother. It is as follows:—

"The saint of God Most High, the lady, my mother, Umm Ahmad Aishah was descended from Husain, the son of Alee and Fatimah, the cousin and the daughter of the Prophet.

"She was one of the sincere worshippers of God, a woman of strong will, much given

to fastings and to watchings by night, ever mentioning the name of God, strong of hope in Him, and one whose prayers were answered.

"Dame Aishah studied under the shaikh Ghazwánee, but she had also met with other shaikhs, such as my own teacher Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee, and many more besides, who will be mentioned in due course.

"The fakeehs, who came to pay their respects to the shaikh Ghazwánee in the city of Morocco, were constantly questioning him concerning my mother, but he always bade them go visit her themselves. His father Ojal used to lay his hand upon her head, when she was a little girl, and say, 'Truly, this little girl has wonderful abilities.' Her character was, indeed, beautiful, whereby, as much as by her words, she became the means of calling many to God. Whatever she took under her protection was secure from harm; nor could any turn aside her intercession; for they knew how she was blessed, and that she was sound in her relation to God.

"My father—may God have mercy upon

him — once related to me the following incident which befell himself at the hands of the Portuguese in Tangier.

" 'I was once a prisoner in the hands of the unbelievers in Tangier, I and a companion of mine; and their captain had ordered us to be imprisoned in a grain-pit. And the earth was straitened upon us, whereas aforetime it had been wide. We remained in that condition nine nights, but when the tenth night came round, about midnight, there was a loud shout, which appeared to come from the mouth of the grain-pit, "O Alee, O Alee." I answered, "Yes!" for I was in a condition of wakefulness, with all my wits alive and faculties alert. And, lo, it was the voice of thy mother, the mistress Aishah, accompanied by the mistress Raisoon, the mother of the two shereefs Aboo Zaid and Aboo 'l Hasan. For both ladies cried out with one voice, "Is it well with thee? God has accomplished thy deliverance—thine own, and that of thy companion."

" 'Then I said to my fellow-prisoner, "Cheer up! this is a happy hour. God is about to deliver us."

" ' " From whence can deliverance come to the like of us?" demanded he.

" ' But, while he was yet speaking, behold, the mouth of the grain-pit opened, and we heard the voice of the jailer calling in Portuguese, "Sóbe, ó Moro!" that is, "Come up, you Moor!" So when I had climbed out, and my comrade after me, we found a band of Christians standing round, holding lighted torches in their hands. They at once struck the iron from our feet, and carried us into the presence of the captain. And no sooner did we stand before him than he cried, "Get you gone to your country, and at once!" We turned to go, but he shouted again, "Vai depressa!" that is, "Make haste, begone!"

" ' So we fled away in the darkness, and when we had entered upon the country district outside of Tangier, my companion said to me, "To-night a lion will devour us."

" ' "The blessing of the saints of God is with us," I replied, "so that no harm can befall us."

" ' And morning had not yet broken upon us, when we found ourselves in a village,

belonging to one of the tribes in Muslim territory.'

"When I repeated this story to my mother," continues Ibn Askar, "and questioned her more particularly about it, she answered that what my father had related was correct, and no more than the facts.

"'For,' said she, 'when I received word that the enemy had taken thy father captive, I was greatly concerned for his safety. When, however, the third night came round, I had slept but a slight sleep, when I saw the shaikh Ghazwánee, my teacher, and with him the lady Raisoon, and I heard him saying to me, 'Take thou this lady with thee and go, bring thy husband forth.' Thereupon I awoke and called my husband, "O Alee, O Alee," from where I lay in the praying-place; and there befell as God Most High willed that there should befall.'"

On the eve of the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet, on the twelfth day of the month the first Rabeea in the year 957 of the Muhammadan Era, being the 31st March in the year 1550 A.D., the lady Aishah was occupied, according to her wont in celebrating the feast, by the slaughtering of cattle

and sheep, and distributing them to those who had need, for the love of the Prophet, as is the custom with the excellent of the people of the West upon that occasion.

Now as she was standing in the courtyard of her cell, superintending the division of the meat to the women and children, lo, two robber men, of whom strong drink had taken possession, had gone forth by night, armed with knives, according to the practice of the people of corruption, and passed along the road, which runs above the cell of the lady Aishah, from the direction of the town of Shefsháwan.

When they heard the people in the cell chanting, "There is no god save God," they each of them took up a stone and hurled it into the midst of the crowd, and the lady Aishah was standing, as we have said, in the open court of the cell. The women and children were greatly affrighted, but she bade them fear nothing, "There will be no harm done, please God. Have no fear. God will cut off the hands which throw those stones."

And the matter did not end there, for these two robbers had not gone far before

they fell in with a person, who went by the name of Abd es Salém the Renegade, and him they sought to rob and kill.

Now this Abd es Salém was one of the most powerful of all the creatures of God, and he drew a sword, which he always carried with him for defence, for he was a man extremely brave. When, then, one of the robbers, whose name was Othman the son of Othman, advanced to attack him, and made a thrust at him with his knife, the Renegade raised his sword-arm to parry the blow, and the sword, happening upon the wrist of the robber Othman, severed it from the elbow, and the hand flew away still grasping the knife. Othman, thereupon, seized Abd es Salém with the remaining hand.

"God curse thy father, strike him!" cried he to his fellow.

The second robber, therefore, made a thrust at him, but Abd es Salém raised his sword once more, and it alighted upon the hand of the second robber, and cut it off also. This judgment was commonly known to all men. "I am a witness to it," says Ibn Askar, "for I saw it with mine own eyes."

One of the most quaint and curious instances of the lady Aishah's wonder-working was the following :—

The wife of a man called Ibn Idrees—his wife's name was Zahra—acted as servant to Yatt, the daughter of the kaid Muhammad Aroosee, and wife of the wazeer Ibraheem the son of Rashid, and she had her dwelling opposite the cell of mistress Aishah. She was one of the worst of all creatures, a woman who wantonly injured her neighbours to the utmost of her power. The following is an example of the mischief which she loved to do them.

One day she begged her mistress, the wife of the wazeer, to give her, as a loan, a horse, the property of her son Aboo 'l Hasan, her object being to tether it by her, in order that it might become the means of destroying her neighbours' fowls. The horse was lent, and with the desired result. Soon the neighbours complained to mistress Aishah of the destruction of their hens, and Aishah spoke with Zahra, and remonstrated with her.

"Send the horse back," she said, "to the place where it was before, and from which it came."

But this only made Zahra more malevolent and vicious than she had been before, and she reported to her mistress Yatt what the lady Aishah had said.

"If thou wouldest like the loan of a second horse," was her mistress' reply, "thou art welcome to it; but see that no one else knows of the matter besides us two."

But when the lady Aishah came to know of these doings, she declared, "God will judge between the horse and the mistress of the horse; for she has relied upon her own strength and power, and has not acted in submission to the will of God."

On the very next day the horse was seized with hydrophobia, and began to tear its flesh with its teeth, and, gnawing its cobbles, broke loose, and rushed at everyone whom it saw, until certain men threw water upon it, and it forthwith expired.

When news of the fate of the horse came to the ears of Yatt, the wazeer's wife, she exclaimed, "Whoever destroyed my horse shall replace it; I mean, shall pay me the value of it." But she had not to wait more than one day or two when she in her turn became possessed of evil spirits, and tore to

rags all the clothing which was upon her, biting at her own flesh the while. Her friends treated her with every treatment, but she benefited nothing. At last, when the matter grew past enduring, they had recourse to the lady Aishah, and would carry Yatt to her, but they could not obtain from her save the declaration: "The decree of God has gone forth: and there is none that can turn aside the decree of God." Yet when the afflicted woman even saw her she became quiet, and continued in that state for several days. Afterwards, however, the disease returned, and it did not leave her again until it had killed her.

Yet another of mistress Aishah's prodigies was the following, which her son Ibn Askar likewise records. He says:

"There befell between the kaid Ibn Rashid and myself a bitter disagreement, which became the cause of my mother's removing from the town of Shefsháwan. For it happened about the same time that the Sultan Abdallah had bestowed upon me the chains of the two offices of kadee and of muftee in the Castle of Ketámah and the frontiers of the Hibt. I therefore took up my residence

there, whilst my mother continued to live in her cell in the neighbourhood of Shefsháwan.

"Now the kaid Ibn Rashid had begun to suspect the good faith of the Sultan towards him, and, when messengers began to pass between my mother and myself on our own private affairs, he imagined that they must be carrying reports for transmission to the Sultan. He then made up his mind that the only thing that would save him would be that my mother should leave Shefsháwan. Accordingly he sent to her by one of his servants, ordering her either to 'break off all communication with thy son, and let no one pass from him to thee, or else go, and join him in the Castle.'

"My mother replied to the kaid's message: 'As for cutting asunder what God hath commanded to be joined together, no! But as to the journeying, it, surely, is a command from God, from which there can be no escape.'

"Yet, no sooner had she determined upon making the journey to the Castle, where I was living, than the kaid sent another message to her, begging her to remain

where she was. She, however, now declined to remain, and returned answer to that effect by the messenger.

"'Say to the kaid,' said she, 'that necessity is laid upon me, that I should journey; and that a necessity will be laid upon him, that he should journey. And, whereas I shall journey by easy stages, and shall choose my own time for journeying, he shall journey in hot haste, by night, before the break of day.'

"Even after my mother had set out from Shefsháwan he sent to her, seeking to conciliate her, and begging of her that she would go back; but she refused to do so. Upon that, when the kaid saw that he prevailed nothing, he ceased, saying: 'There is no power nor strength but in God, the High, the Strong. We have sinned a sin against our soul. We pray God to bless her.' When these words were reported to my mother, she relented. 'God deal gently with us,' she said, 'and with him'; but she cursed his son Muhammad.

"The fate of the kaid Ibn Rashid is known to all—how the Sultan sent a force of soldiers to arrest him; how he fled away by night

from Shefsháwan; how he passed from one condition to another, until he was finally driven to fly for refuge to the countries of the East; and how he died there, 'wrecked and ruined of every wrecker.' His son Muhammad also came to a violent end in Egypt. His hands and feet were cut off, and he was cast into a well, the property of a Jew. We beg of God salvation and protection, by being numbered among His saints."

Many are the stories which are told concerning the lady Aishah, but we have not space to set them down here. When contraction of heart came upon her, she was wont to invoke the aid of her ancestor, the famous saint Imrán the son of Abdallah the Hasanee, who is buried in the country of the Masmoodah tribe, that is to say, in Izájin. He was one whose blessing and whose curse so constantly brought either weal or woe upon mankind, that he came to be known as 'master Imrán the Tyrant.'

The lady Aishah informed her son Ibn Askar (whose real name was Muhammad) as follows: "He it was who announced to me the glad tidings of thy birth seven full months before thou camest into the world;

and it was he that named thee Muhammad, and prophesied that thou shouldest turn to be something great."

The mercy of God was upon her. When she was struck down with disease, she would be healed forthwith; and when she laid her blessed hand upon sick folk, God healed them by His power.

"We witnessed much of her wonders," writes her son, "and were profited by her prayers. She died on Wednesday, 22nd July, in the year 1562, and is buried outside the Ceuta Gate, one of the gates of the Castle of Ketámah. Her grave is a resort of the pious, and the sick and diseased are healed by its dust."

Many of the shaikhs of Morocco, while engaged in teaching, supported themselves by working at some trade. One of those who followed this practice was Ahmad, generally known as 'the Blacksmith,' from the fact that that was the trade which he followed, whilst at the same time he acted as imám, or leader of the prayers, in one of the oldest mosques in the country, called the mosque of the Sharafát, which was situated in the territory of a certain tribe called the

[redacted]

Benee Falwat, in Akhmás. He was a man given to the mortification of the flesh, and to watchings by night, and was strict in the discharge of all his religious duties, and punctual in the performance of them.

"I went to visit him in his house," says Ibn Askar, "in the year 1548, in the company of my own shaikh Aboo 'l Hajjáj, and other men of note and standing. The shaikh Ahmad made us welcome, and set before us whatever he had in the house, of various sorts of food, waiting upon us himself. When we rose to leave, in order to attend the prayers in the mosque, he walked before us to the door of his house, and stood there.

"'I have sworn to God Most High,' said he, 'that no man of worth, who enters my house, shall leave it until he has placed his foot upon my neck.'

"We replied, that were to put an indignity upon such as he; but he insisted, and the shaikh Aboo 'l Hajjáj said:

"'Grant him his desire: for his desire is nothing but the belittling of himself, and humiliation towards the essence of God—exalted be He.'

"The shaikh Ahmad, therefore, kneeled down, and placed his head upon the threshold, and each one of us, in going out, set his foot upon his cheek. Then we all passed over together to the mosque of the Sharafát; and it is, they say, one of the mosques which Tarik the son of Ziyád built, during the period of the first conquest of Morocco by the Arabs, at the beginning of the eighth century.

"Now when we arrived at the mosque, one of the people of the place made us an offering of some food, which had been cooked with garlic. We all partook thereof, with the exception of master Ahmad, who would not touch it. When, therefore, we had entered within the mosque, we demanded of him, what it was that withheld him from eating of the food, and wherefore he refused to taste it.

"In reply, he told us the following anecdote of what had once befallen himself.

"'I once came to this same mosque,' he said, 'in the very belly of the night, entering by this door here, which is by the side of the niche, and faces towards Mecca. Within, I found two men, who were saints, praying.

Their light filled the precincts; and, when they had finished, they arose, aud turned to go out by the same eastern door by which I had come in. When they observed me, they stood still on this spot'—and he pointed to the place—'and I drew near to kiss their hands, and seek a blessing of them.'

"'"He who would meet with me," said one of the two, "or who would enter into the mosque at all, must not eat garlic."

"'Now I had eaten garlic that night.'

"'"O sir," I cried, "I repent unto God. Verily, I will never eat garlic again for ever."

"'They then said good-bye and went upon their way; and from that day I have not eaten garlic, and will not eat garlic again for ever.'"

Ibn Askar also relates the following story concerning this shaikh:

"I was once sitting," he says, "with the shaikh Ahmad, in the town of Shefsháwan, conversing with him concerning various points of mysticism. Now, I had a wonderful memory, and was constantly repeating, 'It is related upon the authority of the shaikh Such-a-one,' or, 'The shaikh So-and-

so has stated,' until, at last, master Ahmad interrupted me.

"'How long,' said he, 'is it to be, "Such-an-one has said,' and, "So-and-so has stated"? What, then, do WE say—I and thou?'

"'O sir,' said I, 'pray to God for me!'

"'God has endowed thee and me,' he went on, 'with understanding from Himself; and has taught thee and me all that we require to know.'

"And from that day God opened the gate of understanding; and I felt in myself that the shaikh had indeed prayed for me, and that his prayer had been answered."

This shaikh also wrought miracles, as is well and commonly known. He studied under the shaikh Ghazwánee, and also under the shaikh Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee. He died in the year 1554, and is buried in the mosque of the Sharafát, in the country of the Benee Falwat in Akhmás.

In the second decade of the century there suddenly appeared in the town of Shef-hawan, a shaikh, of whom no one had previously heard, nor did any man know whence he was; only that wonderful works did show forth themselves in him, and

mighty deeds were wrought at his hands. He generally went by the name of Ateeyat Allah, which is, being interpreted, the 'gift of God.' He was a full-blooded servant of God, as they say, in calling men to repentance, by his example, as well as by his words; and he attained to a high station in the mystic path. He only lived a few years after his appearance in Shefsháwan, and died in the year 1521.

Ibn Askar says: "My father and mother—the mercy of God be upon them both—gave me the following account of this saint's end:—

"When the shaikh Ateeyat Allah was dying, he called together his companions in order that he might say good-bye to them, and it was the hour of the afternoon prayer. Then he said to them: 'The time for the journey has come, and I am travelling from you on this my day.'

"'All will yet be well with thee, please God,' we said, 'and, indeed, by the help and power of God, thou hast found rest; therefore, be easy in thy mind.' So he sat and talked, charging us to be pious towards

God, and none of us doubted that he had found rest.

"Afterwards he asked us: 'What is the hour?'

"We said: 'The time of the afternoon prayer.' At that he sat up and smote his hand upon his thigh.

"'O soul, hasten on thy journey,' he cried, 'for thou keepest back the people from their duty'—meaning the afternoon prayer—and his soul was poured forth with that very word. And immediately he became as if he had been dead since yesterday, and we conceived astonishment at his case, and saw in him an extreme example of what is reckoned strange."

Yet another of the disciples of the great Ghazwánee was Alee of the province of Shaweeyah. He was one of the saints, and the most extraordinary miracles were wrought at his hands. His master Ghazwánee used to call him the Sun of the Morning. He had a wonderfully sweet voice, so that when he recited the Korán, or repeated the names of God, none could help but listen. He died the death of a martyr—may God accept him—being killed in a battle which took

place about the year 1534, between the Christians and the kaid Abd el Wahid, the son of Talhah the Aroosee, in the neighbourhood of Aseela.

"Of the facts of his death," says Ibn Askar, "I was informed, by more than one person on whose word I can rely, and who themselves took part in that battle, the account given by one narrator fitting into that of the others, even as the key fits the lock.

"They say that when our people were routed, the shaikh Alee alone stood his ground against the Christians, reciting the 'Poem of the Scarf,' sword in hand, and that was the last that was ever seen of him; for when our people returned the next morning to carry away their dead, there was not to be seen of him glimpse nor footprint, only they found in the possession of the Christians a hooded cloak, which he had worn, and which had been torn by a spear-thrust in the breast."

A curious thing occurred in connection with his disciple Aboo 'l Hasan, a man of the Sareef tribe. This Sareefee studied under Alee the Shawee, and continued in his service several years, until at last he too

found himself famous, and his renown was spread abroad, and his followers multiplied.

Now, as soon as he saw that he had surpassed his master, he disdained to be thought secondary to him, and went away to the city of Morocco, taking his disciples with him, in order that he might study under his shaikh's shaikh, who was no other than the shaikh Ghazwánee. To him, therefore, he attached himself, and he ceased henceforth to speak of himself as one of the disciples of Alee the Shawee.

After many days, when Aboo 'l Hasan the Sareefee returned to his own country, his former master Alee the Shawee waited for him, expecting that his old disciple would visit him, but he waited in vain. At last he said to his companions: "Make up your minds to a pilgrimage to the shrine of our lord Abd es Salém the son of Masheesh, which is on the mountain above the town of Shefsháwan;" for that shrine is in the immediate vicinity of the place in which his disciple was now living. When, therefore, the shaikh Alee of Shaweeyah alighted at one of the mosques of the place, he sent to Aboo 'l Hasan the Sareefee, that he should



come and visit him. Aboo 'l Hasan, however, declined, and contented himself with sending the elder shaikh some food instead, which the latter refused to accept.

"Come away," said he to his disciples, "touch none of this food; we only came hither in order to lift a deposit which we had left here, and we have lifted it."

Shortly afterwards the younger shaikh dreamed a dream, in which he saw, as the sleeper sees, a moon come forth from his own breast, and fly up to heaven. And that moon was the plunder of the wisdom which was his; and from that day forth, there did not cleave to him so much as two disciples; and so he continued until the day of his death.

When these things came to the ears of the shaikh of his shaikh, and his own shaikh Ghazwánee, he was astonished. "Such," said he, "is the reward of him who fails in kindness towards his shaikh."

An elder contemporary of the shaikh Alee the Shawee, was the saint Abdallah the Jabiree, who built his cell in the territory of the tribe of the Rahoonah, where also he lies buried.

Now this man was a wonder of the wonders of the ages, and a marvel of the marvels of creation. He wore but one garment of wool, and no other did he wear. He carried a staff in his hand, and ever walked bare-foot. If he set his face to do a thing, it was done by the power of God Most High. If insurrection broke out among the tribes, he would go forth and summon the people to prosperity and peace; and whosoever refused to listen to his call, in a moment did God display in him His regard for His own authority; nor leave him a place whereon to stand.

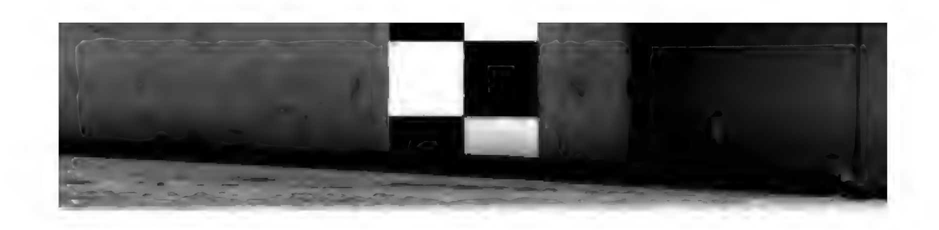
When, therefore, this saint was known to be like this, all men submitted to him, and none were able to gainsay his command, or refuse his mediation; for the answer to his prayers—whether it were blessing or cursing—came like the breaking of dawn. And yet with all this he was ascetic, pious, and humble, poor in spirit, given to mortifying the flesh, not puffed up, calmly waiting upon God in all his states—a marvel of the marvels of the ages.

The fame of more than one of the saints and shaikhs rested like that of the shaikh

Alee the Shawee, mentioned above, upon the sweet tones of the voice, in the reciting of the Korán.

One such was the shaikh Aboo Hafs Omar, who belonged to one of the Arab tribes of the country, but who had taken up his abode in the city of Meknes; and there also he died, about the year 1540. He was a man much given to asceticism, and to seclusion from the world.

Every night he spent the interval between the two evening prayers in the recitation of the Korán, opening and closing the recital with a prayer. He would begin immediately after the sunset prayer, and complete the prescribed portion immediately before the night prayer. And so accurately did he gauge the interval, that the moment he ceased reading, people knew that the hour for the night prayer had come; and the next instant, the call to that prayer would ring out from the minarets. This happened not occasionally, but night after night. He never came to the end of the prescribed portion a moment too soon, nor a moment too late; for all that the call to prayers in that city of Meknes is sounded with the extreme of punctuality.



The shaikh had, as has been said, a very beautiful voice, and in his reading of the Korán, there was neither stumbling nor haste. He was wont, once in the year, to visit the shrine of a famous saint of an earlier generation, called Aboo Yaaza. He would walk to it from Meknes bare-foot, although that was a journey of two days at least; and he used to say, "Whosoever visits the grave of Aboo Yaaza, and there prays to God for any one thing upon each visit, verily, he shall receive it forthwith."

The shaikh Muhammad the son of Abd er Rahman was also famed as much for the sweet music of his voice, as for the charm of his dignified and gentle demeanour. He was originally of the city of Tilimsan, but he migrated to the city of Fez, in the beginning of the reign of the Hasanee Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh. There he rose to be muftee and preacher, first in the Andalus mosque, and, later, in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, and he remained in the latter office until his death in the year 1573.

One of the most noteworthy of the disciples of the shaikh Ghazwánee was that wonder of the age, the shaikh, saint,

and master of miracles, the number of which is not counted, Abdallah the son of Husain the Hasanee, one of the shereefs of the Benee Amghár. The account of him which follows is given on the authority of his son, the shaikh Ahmad.

"One day the shaikh Ghazwánee passed by the grave of the shaikh Ibraheem, who is buried in the village of Tamasloohat, half a day's journey from the city of Morocco. Now the village was deserted, in consequence of a drought, there being no water there. Nevertheless the shaikh Ghazwánee turned to my father, who was one of the company. 'This is the place for thee, O Abdallah,' quoth he; 'God will keep its cultivation alive at thy hands. Therefore, go down thither, thou and thy wife and thy son.'

"'O sir,' cried my father, 'tell me some way, by which I may seek aid against this fortune, and escape from such a fate.'

"The shaikh Ghazwánee replied: 'Verily, God—exalted be His name—will give thee power over every winged pest, and no winged pest shall call unto thee, but He will answer. And, verily, God hath given

mounted beside her. When, therefore, the agent saw him looking at the cow, he called to him.

"'I demand of thee, by Allah,' said he, 'art thou Abdallah the son of Husain, the owner of this cow, or no?'

"My father answered that he was.

"The agent then alighted from his horse, and, going up to my father, began to kiss his hands, and to beg his forgiveness for what he had done. Then my father asked the agent how he came to be waiting there for him with the cow.

"'I was even now sleeping in my house,' explained the other, 'when I saw, as the sleeper sees, a tall man, having in his hand a drawn sword; and he placed his foot upon my breast, and "By Allah," cried he, "if thou do not restore the cow to Abdallah the son of Husain, I will surely slay thee this very hour."

"'"And where shall we find him," I demanded, "seeing I know him not?"

"'"Take the cow out now to the New Gate," returned he, "for he will follow thee thither, seeking her."

"'With that I awoke trembling, and

brought her at once. And when I saw thee looking at her, I knew that thou wast he.'

"'Wait for me with her here,' said my father, 'and I will return to thee presently.'

"And he returned to the house of the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim. 'O sir,' he cried, 'verily my shaikh Ghazwánee has restored to me my cow.'

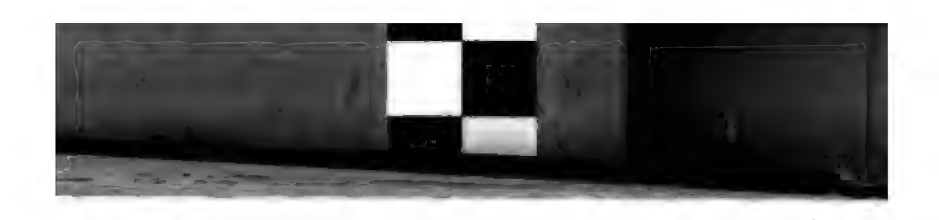
"Aboo 'l Hasan answered, 'That Arab'—meaning Ghazwánee—'had power to do so much.'

"So my father went his way rejoicing, for what had befallen of the miracles of his shaikh, and because the incantation had not failed.

"After many days the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim journeyed with his household to visit the shrine of the shaikh Ibraheem at Tamasloohat; and my father met him, and set food before him.

"'What,' he then asked him, 'is the cause of thy visit to my master Ibraheem?'

"'I have a wife,' explained the shaikh in reply, 'who is childless, and she desireth much to have a son. That was my motive in coming to the grave of my master Ibraheem.'



"'This thing will be accomplished,' replied my father, 'please God, by the power of God and in accordance with His will, through the blessing of my shaikh'—meaning the shaikh Ghazwánee.

"'Do thou whatever he commands thee,' replied the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan, the son of Aboo 'l Kasim.

"The shaikh Abdallah, accordingly, ordered a bag of flour to be brought to him, and opening it, he stirred it with his hand three times. He then prescribed to the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan, that he should have it made into porridge, and that his wife should breakfast from it, three days in succession. This also she did, and she conceived immediately, and brought forth a son, and after that another, and a third.

"Then exclaimed the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim: 'Surely, the equal of Ghazwánee is he, from whose hands come gifts like these.'"

After that the fame of the shaikh Abdallah the son of Husain was spread abroad, and deputations waited upon him, and there appeared at his hands marvellous miracles, more than can be reckoned.

For, when winged pests, such as the sparrow or the locust and the like, settled upon an acre of grain, or in a vineyard amongst the gardens, the shaikh would indite a letter to his dead shaikh Ghazwánee, requesting their removal, and would fasten it upon a stick, which he set up in the field or vineyard affected. And the birds or locusts would remove forthwith.

"The people of Tamasloohat inform me," says Ibn Askar, "that the shaikh latterly became changed towards his own children, and swore that he would journey from Tamasloohat and dwell there no more. Now there were round about the cell of the shaikh large numbers of doves, so that when they flew, they seemed like a little cloud. When, therefore, the shaikh Abdallah went forth, in accordance with his oath, and proceeded in the direction of the river Nafees, the doves followed him, flying over his head, and there did not remain a dove in Tamasloohat. Nay, the people of the village themselves, when they saw that the doves had left, took their wives and children, and hastened after the shaikh.

"'By Allah!' said they, 'we will not



return again to our homes, except thou return with us. Therefore excuse us, for in these birds is an example to be followed.'

"The shaikh therefore returned, and the doves returned along with him."

And, in a word, the virtues of the shaikh Abdallah the son of Husain are past reckoning; and if we should follow them one by one, they would call for an independent deewán. "I am a witness to many of them," says Ibn Askar, "for there befell between myself and the shaikh a firmly grounded and lofty affection. I saw in him springs of blessing, and I benefited by his prayers. For that, praise be to God. But as for the shaikh—God's mercy be upon him—there fell upon him a trembling, and he became lame of his right foot. And if it were not for the object of brevity, and the want of an ending, we would devote to him an independent book. He was taken away—may God accept him—in the year 1568, and may God have mercy upon him."

The shaikh Abdallah's son Ahmad, who gives the preceding account of his father's first coming to the village of Tamasloohat, was himself a notable person. "What a



man he was," exclaims Ibn Askar, "for excellence and liberality, munificence of soul, purity of action, and lofty purpose! His genial manner, his urbanity and love of society, were the qualities which most distinguished him.

"I associated with him," Ibn Askar continues, "for a considerable period, and have reason to feel grateful for his good deeds. I was with him once in his father's cell, when one of the fairs was going on, and I was astounded at the way in which the people thronged around him, and at the number of the deputations which waited upon him.

"He would sacrifice daily for his visitors, seven hundred head of sheep and two hundred head of cattle, besides twenty camels; while the cooking-places for all this food beggar description. They had prepared huge tanks, and there were stewards who marshalled the people to their places, making them sit down in circles, ten souls in each company. The number of them all was twelve thousand and five hundred. This shaikh was still in the bond of life in the middle of the eighth decade of the century, but he was taken away shortly afterwards in the year 1577,

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and was buried beside his father in the village of Tamasloohat.

Not a few of the shaikhs of Morocco were, like Ahmad the son of Abdallah, celebrated for their lavish hospitality. One such was the shaikh Alee of the Masmoodah tribe, who had made his home in the town of Al Kasr, where also he died in the fifth decade of the century, but God knoweth best.

He was a learned, upright and pious man, proficient in the sciences of dogmatics, and of the names of God, as well as of the occult sciences of the letters of the Korán and of astrology. He studied dogmatics under the shaikh Ahmad the son of Jeedah, who, in turn, had studied under the shaikh Senoosee. Alee the Masmoodee had also met with the shaikh Ghazwánee and the shaikh Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee, and with a good many others from among the shaikhs of Fez.

One day the disciples of the shaikh Ghazwánee arrived at the cell of Alee the Masmoodee on a visit. He immediately ordered his wife to go back to her own people, and brought his visitors into the house, and showed them where the wheat

and the barley, the butter and the other provisions, which were in the house, were kept.

"The house," he said, "is yours, with all that it contains—all is yours," and with that he went out to the mosque. And his visitors remained several days, eating and making free with everything, even as the owner makes free with his own, until they departed.

There was living in Fez during this period a certain shaikh who used to summon to his presence the *jinn*, and had complete control over them. His name was Alee, but he was commonly called Hamámoosh. Not the least well-authenticated fact concerning him is, that a party of the jinn were in the habit of studying the Korán with him; and many another unwonted thing was done at his hands.

Ibn 'Askar relates the following curious story concerning him, which he had from a reliable source.

"There lived a man in Fez who had a daughter of such surpassing beauty, that the jinn carried her away, and whither she had gone, he could not tell. Then he was



in a great strait, and where to turn he knew not; until one of the advice-givers bade him go consult the shaikh Alee Hamámoosh. To him, therefore, he went, and related to him his affair, and laid before him his case.

"'It may be that God will yet restore to thee thy daughter,' replied the shaikh, 'but do thou go this night to the outside of the Futooh Gate, and sit there until the first half of the night is gone by. For the jinn, with their kings, will pass by thee in seven companies. But be thou brave and fear not, until the seventh company shall come up. Then go thou to its king'—and he described him to him—'and say to him, "Such an one (meaning himself) sends thee greeting, and commands thee that thou restore to me my daughter."'

"The man, therefore, did as the shaikh had commanded him; and he saw of the glory of the jinn, and of the majesty of their number, what it terrifies the intellect to think of. And when he stood before the king, and had delivered to him the shaikh's message, the king ordered his company to halt.

"'Fetch me such and such a jinnee,' he

commanded, 'and the human creature that is with him.'

"In half an hour they were found, and brought before the king.

"'Take thy daughter,' said the king to the man, 'and give the shaikh my salutations, and say to him from me, "Verily, I am obtemperating to that which thou hast enjoined upon me." And he turned upon the jinnee, and demanded, 'What led thee to do what thou hast done?' But the jinnee answered never a word, and the king commanded that he should be killed, and crucified upon the spot.

"So the man came with his daughter to the shaikh, and gave him an account of all that had occurred.

"'Go in peace,' answered the shaikh, 'and see thou tell no man of what has befallen, so long as I continue alive.'

"So the man departed to his house, and on the way, passing by the spot where the jinnee had been crucified, he found what looked like a dark-green beetle hanging upon a splinter of wood."

"When I went on a deputation to Fez," says Ibn Askar, "in the year 1572, taking

with me household and children, I lodged in the Talaah quarter of Fez, in a house which had previously been the property of the shaikh Alee Hamámoosh. The people of the place informed me, that ever since the shaikh had lived there, they could hear the reading of the Korán going on in the middle of the night, in the chamber in which the shaikh had lived; and yet it was empty and unoccupied, no one being able to live in it, as it was full of voices and the sound of chanting and praying. Even the person who lived in the house did not dare to go near this chamber. Only in the day-time he would stand at the door, to receive a blessing from it.

"Yet," continues Ibn Askar, "I remained in it several days, until one of my household hearing those sounds by day, begged of me that I would remove from it, and, so filled was her heart with terror, that I humoured her in her desire."

The shaikh Alee Hamámoosh died during the third decade of the century, and is buried without the Hamrah Gate of Fez in his cell; and his grave is known to all.

The protection afforded by the residence

of one of the saints in a locality and the blessing which flowed from his dwelling there were not restricted to men alone, but extended even to the lower animals. There lived in Morocco a shaikh called Aboo Othman Saeed, an Arab of the Benee Malik. He was one who had attained to the knowledge of God, having sat at the feet of the shaikh Aboo Faris — he on whom the mantle of Jezoolee had fallen—and of the shaikh Aboo 'l Abbas the Harithee, and others.

The father of Ibn Askar once related to him the following ancedote concerning the shaikh Aboo Othman Saeed.

"I was sitting one day," he said, "with the shaikh seedee Saeed, having gone to visit him at the conclusion of the morning prayer, and as we sat thus and talked a man approached the shaikh, and thus addressed him.

"'Sir,' said he, 'I was living with thee here in these precincts, I and my cow; but yesterday a lion came up the valley yonder, facing us, and seized her and carried her off.'

"'Nay,' answered the shaikh, 'God doth not give any lion power to injure one who dwells in His sanctuary. Therefore go to thy

[redacted]

cow; thou wilt find her, please God, safe and sound, and the lion tending her for thee.'

"The man went; but, immediately, he returned, having found his cow grazing in the valley, and the lion stretched on the ground beside her. But when the owner of the cow appeared, the lion rose up and ran away.

"We marvelled greatly at the occurrence: but the people of the hamlet assured us that, numerous as the lions were in those pasturing grounds, yet they never attacked their cattle."

Many such tales are told of seedee Saeed, for many like miracles were wrought by him.

One of the shaikhs who held familiar intercourse with the jinn was that good shaikh and saint of God, Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim. He commonly went by the nickname of Aboo Sijdah, because he passed the night in one unbroken act of worship (*sijdah*).

He was a worthy and high-spirited man. When he went into the presence of kings, he refused to give them any other salutation than the one word 'Peace'; and, when he was defending the right, or denouncing error, he did not show them any favour, for he feared not the face of man.

The shaikh Muhammad the Andalusee gave Ibn Askar the following particulars concerning him.

"I once happened upon the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan," he said, "and he was sitting in the midst of a plantation, of which he was the owner, and around him sat a company of the jinn who believed, to whom he was teaching the beautiful names of God.

"On seeing me, he looked up and asked: 'Has the matter concerning these been revealed to thee?'

"I replied that it had been revealed.

"'These,' he went on, 'are in search of that which thou art in search of'—meaning that they, too, were seekers after the Truth."

Andalusee used also to say: "There was not in all Morocco, nor in any part of it, neither in any other land, the like of the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim in his time. He had as followers upwards of seventy thousand of the jinn; and, when he died, they were scattered into all the quarters of the earth, but none of them ever found again a teacher like him.

"I had made friends with four of these jinn," he continued, "and once I asked one

of the four, who was the best-read of all, which of the plants, in their opinion, afforded the most useful drugs for the purposes of medicine, so as to cure all maladies.

"'There is not one among all plants,' replied the jinnee, 'more generally useful than the caper; for it unites in itself qualities which are found only separate in other plants; and if the men-folk but knew all that is in it, they would not wish for any other.'"

Andalusee used to claim for the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim that he had attained for a time to the station in the mystic path known as Polehood, even as the shaikh Abd al Kadir the Jeelánee attained, but that he afterwards fell away from it. Whether this were the case, God knoweth best.

The shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim died during the fourth decade of the century, and is buried in the neighbourhood of the Kutubeeyah mosque in the city of Morocco.

One of the sights which is still shown to travellers who visit the town of Milyánah in

the west of Algeria, is the kubbah of that learned shaikh and saint of God, Ahmad the son of Yoosuf, who had his home there, though he spent the latter part of his life in the better known city of Tilimsan.

He was one of the disciples of the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook, who will be referred to below, and he was also one of those who attained to the knowledge of God Most High.

The shaikh Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee was wont to tell his disciples about this shaikh, how he was once questioned concerning the Essence of God Most High, whether it is cognisable by the senses, or by the intellect.

" By the senses," the shaikh replied ; " it is not an object of mental perception."

" And this is an answer," added seedee Aboo Muhammad, " which none had ever dared to give before ; and it shows how firm his knowledge of God was."

Many wonders and signs were wrought at the hands of this shaikh, and the fame of him was spread abroad, and his followers increased. But at last they became imbued with the love of him, until they ran to excess



in it, so that, as it chanced, one of them claimed for him prophetic rank.

This infatuation was fostered and encouraged by a certain man whose name was Ibn Abdallah, from among those who associated with his disciples; for he became a freethinker, and walked in the way of the Ubbadeeyah—may God curse them—according to what men say of him. "This vile sect is followed," says Ibn Askar, "by many of the vilest and most contemptible among the roving Arabs, as well as by the slaves of their own lusts among the settled Arabs. The Ubbadeeyah are sometimes called the Yoosufeeyah. It is the only sect to be found in the country of Morocco at the present time; and it made its first appearance there during the lifetime of the shaikh Ibn Yoosuf."

When these things came to the ears of the shaikh, and he knew what they attributed to him, he waxed wroth, and laid his malison upon all who circulated these reports, and cursed them in this world and the next.

Certain persons among the learned incited the Sultan Abdallah to take means to cauterize the humour of the corruption of

this sect. He, therefore, imprisoned some, and others he put to death. Yet these innovators had nothing in common with the shaikh. Nay, they and their imáms walked in the way of the Rawáfid and the Sheeah, whereas the shaikh associated only with men like Aboo Muhammad the Tailor of Mount Zarhoon, and the shaikh Shotaibee, and others like these, religious persons and people of excellence. Accordingly, the imáms who are an example to others, and a pattern to the rest of mankind, all extolled the shaikh and proclaimed his saintship.

One of the disciples of Ahmad of Milyánah was Muhammad the Shotaibee, sometimes called the Pilgrim and sometimes the Traveller, for he had travelled far. He lived in a village upon the confines of the river Warghah; and he was one of those who knew God—great and glorious be His name.

He journeyed to the East, and spent many years roving about from one country to another, and meeting with many an eminent shaikh; but his reliance in following the Path of the Folk was upon the shaikh Ahmad the son of Yoosuf of Milyánah.

The Shotaibee shaikh was a man of

magnanimous disposition, and an ascetic withal, renouncing the world and its folk, and living as a recluse apart from the rest of mankind. The Sultan sent to him more than once inviting him to visit him, that he might talk with him, but he would not accede to his request, nor gratify his desire. "I am a poor man," he would say; "he has nothing to do with me."

Ibn Askar relates how he was assured on good authority that the Shotaibee used to recount the following incident as having befallen himself.

"When I came from the East and passed by the tomb of that famous saint and shaikh Zarrook of Fez, I swore upon my soul that I would not depart thence, except by a special injunction from God. I remained by the tomb for a space of three years, during which the shaikh Zarrook often appeared to me in my sleep, bidding me continue my journey towards the West. But I did not act in accordance with the visions of the night, until I saw him with my waking eyes, and the Prophet—may God bless him and give him peace—standing at his side.

"'Muhammad,' said he, addressing himself

to me, 'the Prophet doth verily bid thee begone to the West. Otherwise, thou shalt be carried thither by force.'

"'I will go,' I said; but when I was on the point of setting out, he said, 'We shall miss thee, Muhammad.'"

The shaikh Muhammad the Shotaibee was the author of several works, not only upon religious subjects, but upon alchemy and other physical sciences as well. He died about the year 1552.

So frequently did the Prophet appear to this shaikh in vision, that he used to say, "Whoever asserts that Muhammad is dead, is an infidel." But the fakeehs made haste to contradict him, and the fiercest of them in denouncing him was the shereef Aboo Hafs Omar, who went the length of writing to him, saying that whoever asserted that Muhammad did not die, was an infidel.

To him the shaikh replied: "What I said, I said according to the power of my understanding; I found it so stated in the library of the mosque in Damascus, only I did not mean by 'death,' the loss of the bodily presence." But the shaikh Omar persisted in denouncing him; so he held his peace.

There was yet another shaikh who, like the Shotaibee, bore the name of 'Rahhal,' or the Traveller, or, as the term may also be interpreted, the maker of camels' saddles. This person was a negro who lived not far from the city of Morocco, where also he died about the year 1540. He was a saint whose prayers were arrows which hit the mark, and his miracles were common talk. He, too, was an ascetic, living upon the herbs of the field.

Mount Zarhoon, which lies to the north of the way leading from Fez to Meknes, is one of the most sacred spots in all Morocco, and its dark recesses have given shelter to many a famous shaikh. One of these—also a disciple of the shaikh Ahmad the son of Yoosuf of Milyánah in Algeria—was Aboo Muhammad, surnamed Khayyát, 'the Tailor,' either because he followed the trade of a tailor, or because he was in the habit not merely of teaching his disciples, but of repairing their clothes as well; and one of the disciples of the latter was the good shaikh Moosa the son of Alee, who lived in the same mountain.

Moosa the son of Alee was a holy man

of the saints. He exercised his body by tearing large and heavy stones and rocks, which abound in that mountain, out of the ground, rolling them over and casting them hither and thither, to weary himself withal. And after he had torn them from their place and scattered them over the hill-side, he would sit down upon the ground, plunged in reverie and drowned in thought. Such was his humour.

Miracles were wrought at his hands. He was a man of good life and gentle manners, and he bore the brand of goodness and uprightness. He died late in the century, and lies buried, where he had lived, in Mount Zarhoon.

Yet another of the shaikhs of Morocco who lived about the same time was the shereef Ibn Maimoon the Hasanee. He was, by origin, of the tribe of the Benee Abee Zera, one of the tribes of Ghomárah, and he rose to fill the office of kadee in the town of Shefsháwan.

One day of the days of the ameer Alee the son of Rashid the elder, whilst the ameer and the kadee were sitting together, a Jew approached them, and, taking the hand of

the ameer, kissed it. Thereat the shaikh Ibn Maimoon was greatly offended, and his pride stirred.

"Verily, we belong to God," he exclaimed, "and, verily, unto Him do we return. We kiss a hand, forsooth, which the Jews kiss!"

And by reason of that saying divine providence drove him to Fez, where he studied under the learned, and met with the shaikhs. But at last his zeal raised him to the ranks of the Unique, and he secluded himself in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, swearing by his life, that he would not go out thence, until God Most High should show him a saint of the saints.

He continued to dwell therein a space, until one day he sat down by a pillar of the pillars of the mosque, and began to recite the Korán. Now he had a most sweet voice, and the people all of them had gone out of the mosque, and its gates had been locked, before the declining of the sun, and not one remained in it. Then as he read, he heard a weeping and a sighing behind him; and he looked round, and, lo, a blind man; and he perceived that he was of the saints. He drew near to him, therefore, and

gave him the word of peace, and the other returned his salutation.

Then said the shaikh Ibn Maimoon : " I ask thee by Allah, knowest thou any one of the saints ? "

The blind man replied : " Arise and look, whether there be anyone in the mosque ; and give me to know how many people there are in it."

Ibn Maimoon searched the mosque, accordingly, but found no one, and he returned and told the blind man, " There is no one in the mosque, save thou and I."

" Then," said the blind man, " there is not one of the saints in this land, save thou and I."

Ibn Maimoon then asked him : " I beseech of thee, by Allah, that thou tell me where dwells the shaikh of the mystic training ? "

" He is now in the country of the date-palms," replied the blind saint, " therefore see thou find him."

" I therefore went out seeking the shaikh of the training," Ibn Maimoon relates, " and I would hear the report of a man at the distance of the journey of a month, or of two months, and when I came to him, I

would find nothing in him; until, at last, I came to the shaikh of the training, and, lo, the fame of him had not passed beyond the door of his house."

With this shaikh, therefore, Ibn Maimoon abode four months, after which he departed for the countries of the East, and the fame of his learning had overcast the horizon.

It is related that this unnamed shaikh of his once found Ibn Maimoon gazing into a volume, which he held in his hand, containing the treatise on mysticism, called the Kushaireeyah, after the name of its author Aboo 'l Kasim the Kushairee, a celebrated mystic of the eleventh century.

"Throw away thy book," his shaikh called to him, "and dig in the soil of thy soul. There will spring up for thee a well, or, if not, get thee gone from me!"

So Ibn Maimoon threw away the book and betook himself to pure thought, and to the path of good deeds, until there came of his affair what came. When, therefore, he arrived in the countries of the East, and the fame of his learning was spread abroad, he called all men to the Truth, and God guided by means of him those of his servants

whom providence prevented. He left behind him disciples—men of great intellect—such that the Path was studied in his way, until the 'Maimoonee Path' became in the East what the Shadhilee Path was in the West.

He wrote many books against the heresies prevalent in the East, and revived the study of the traditions. He wrought miracles more than can be numbered, not the least of them being the rapid spread of his doctrines in both East and West, and the unanimity of the greatest intellects among the learned, and of the greatest shaikhs among the saints, as to his learning and his saintship, and as to his being one of those by whom God revived the orthodox faith.

He died in Syria, sometime during the first half of the century, and "I believe it was in the third decade," says Ibn Askar, "but God knoweth best, for I am unacquainted with the exact date; but his grave is a place of pious resort."

We will now return to the political thread where we left it, at the point where the Wattásee Sultan was compelled to raise the siege of the city of Morocco, owing to the arrival of bad news from Fez.

Never again did the Wattásee Sultan enter the city of Morocco or approach its gates, but the Hasanee Sultan Ahmad the Lame met him in Tedla, where in July 1529 an indecisive battle was fought, in a place called Anmai, ending in a truce. Once again the two sultans met in battle at Boo Okba, one of the fords of the river Abeed, on the 28th July 1536, and the Wattásees were defeated. But when people saw how blood was being spilled, and the country brought to the verge of ruin by these cruel wars, they patched up a peace between the rival dynasties, on the basis of a division of the land between them.

A large number of the most learned and virtuous men of the time took part in the pacification, amongst others the shaikh Omar the match-making priest, who is buried in Mount Zarhoon, and the shaikh Mahjoob, better known as Aboo Rawain. The latter was a restless, turbulent spirit, and the people charged him to hold his peace, lest the affair should miscarry. When the deputation obtained audience of the Sultan Ahmad the Lame and his brother Muhammad the Shaikh, and had acquainted them with

the object of their coming, they received but scant courtesy or consideration at their hands. Thereupon the shaikh Omar the Priest called out, with an oath, "Ye shall not enter Fez so long as I continue upon the face of the earth." Nor in fact did they enter it until the shaikh had died some time after. And there were some who said, if the Benee Wattás had known their own interest, or been good for anything, they would never have suffered the body of Omar the Priest to be buried at all, but would have kept it in a coffin above ground for ever.

The terms of the pacification were that the whole country should be divided between the rival Sultans, and that each one should have his share; and the Hasanee Shereefs were to have all from Tedla to the Soos, and the Wattásees were to retain from Tedla eastwards. Among the shaikhs who took a large part in the business, and helped to bring the negotiations to a successful termination, were the kadee of Fez, Ibn Haroon, and the imám Abd el Wahid the son of Wanshireeshee, and others of the shaikhs of Fez, and of the learned men of Morocco.

Now when the terms had been agreed upon and the conditions fixed, and the voices were hushed and the wrangling was stilled, ink, pens and paper were brought in, with which to indite the terms, and set them down in black and white. But before whomsoever the paper was laid, and the ink-horn placed in his hands, that he might compose the wording of the deed, and engross the terms in the records, not one of them had the courage to propose the wording of the deed, or the daring to draw up the document; but each one of them in turn would push the paper on to his neighbour and hand the ink-horn to him who sat next him, until at last the shaikh Ibn Haroon arose and stood, and crossing the floor of the room, seized both ink-horn and paper, and going straight up to the son of Wanshireeshee, he set them down before him.

"Write, O son of thy father," said he, "for it seemeth not good to any else that he should write when thou art here."

And the son of Wanshireeshee took the paper and wrote, and he did not pause to think, nor stay to fit word to word; yet

they all marvelled at the eloquence of his style and the correctness of his expression; for he gave to each of the Sultans his due, and paid to every owner of a right his right. And when the composition was finished and the document completed, Ibn Haroon went up to the son of Wanshireeshee and kissed him between the eyes.

"The offspring of one from another," said he, quoting the words of the noble Korán, "may God requite thee on our behalf with good."

For the shaikh Wanshireeshee, the father of this shaikh, was one of the very greatest of the shaikhs of the West, and one of the most learned of the learned men of Morocco. Such was his vast knowledge and the brightness of his intellect, that he has been compared to the all-embracing sea, and to a star of the first magnitude among the stars.

One day Wanshireeshee, the father, was passing through the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, at a moment when the shaikh Ibn Ghazee happened to be there with his disciples. When Ibn Ghazee saw him, he turned to the fakeehs who were round about him, and uttered these words: "If



a man were to swear by the divorce of his wife that my master Abbo 'l Abbas the Wanshireeshee has grasped the whole legal system of the imám Malik, root and branch, he would be clear in his oath, and his wife would not require to be divorced;" for the learning of Wanshireeshee was as deep as the ocean, and as wide, and was well arranged and ready at call. Anyone who will take the trouble to examine his legal decisions or his other writings will admit as much, or regard it as less than the truth. He took the bit in his teeth in all that concerned the religion of God. The blame of those who blame in regard to spiritual matters did not touch him; and he came little into touch with the civil rulers of his time.

"More than one of those whom I have met," writes Ibn Askar, "has told me that the shaikh Wanshireeshee used to keep his books, not in volumes, but in loose sheets. He had an open court to which he used to walk every day, whilst a donkey carried the leaves of his books, of every book two leaves or three. When he came to the court, he would take off his garments, all except a

tunic of wool, which he girded about him with a leathern thong, and he would uncover his head, although he was bald.

Next he would spread out those leaves one by one in two rows like two rows of olive trees, and with ink-horn in girdle and his pen in one hand and paper in the other, he would walk up and down between the two rows of leaves, copying down what he found upon each leaf concerning the subject which he happened to be investigating on that particular day, until he had been round them all. Last of all he would write down his own opinion, and his reasons for rejecting or accepting the other opinions expressed on the leaves of the books. Such was the method he followed, and such the plan on which he worked. His learning and virtue are too famous to require mention, and too well known to need description. He died at the end of the first decade of the century, it is said, in the city of Fez—but God knoweth best.

Of Wanshireeshee's son the shaikh Abd el Wahid many anecdotes are told, and the following is one of those which are related. It shows how he dealt with princes when

they were in the wrong, and admonished them when they required correction. It befell on a feast day, one of the great days of the year, and the son of Wanshireeshee had gone forth to the mosque in the early morning to perform his office as leader of the public prayers and conductor of the service; and it was expected that the Wattásee Sultan Ahmad would be present in the mosque and take part in the ceremony: yet time passed, and the hour of prayer had long gone by, and the people waited, and the son of Wanshireeshee delayed to begin.

At last the Sultan appeared in state, and his retinue arrived along with him. And the son of Wanshireeshee looked at the clock, and noted the time; and ascended the pulpit, and began to address the congregation. "O congregation of the faithful,"—it was thus that he opened the proceedings,—"may God give you a mighty blessing from this feast, which ought to have been held in the morning, but which we are about to celebrate at mid-day," and he bade the muezzin sound the call to prayers, and, beginning the service, he led the people in the mid-day prayer and de-

parted. No further notice did he take of the shameful conduct of the Sultan, nor did he make any further reference to it; but the Sultan felt the sting of his satire, and winced under the lash of his sarcasm; and admitted that he was in the wrong, and confessed that he was to be blamed.

One of the chamberlains of the same Sultan also relates that once forty notaries gave evidence to the effect that a certain citizen of the town of Sallee, named Manjoor, had forfeited his claim upon the protection of the Sultan. The consequence was that the man was put to death, and his property passed into the treasury of the Muslims. But, afterwards, the sons of Manjoor besought of the Sultan permission to pay to him the sum of 20,000 deenárs, on condition that he should cancel the forfeiture, and restore to them their father's property. The Sultan therefore sent the chamberlain, who relates the incident, to ask counsel and obtain advice of the shaikh the son of Wanshireeshee in this affair.

"And let him understand," said the Sultan, "that we are in need of this money, for the purposes of the impending campaign."

"Accordingly," continued the chamberlain, "I went to the shaikh and delivered to him the Sultan's message, and I explained to him the circumstances, and implored of him that he would allow us to accept the money. But the shaikh was wroth.

"'By Allah,' exclaimed he, 'I am not going to cast away the judgment of forty approved notaries, in order to please your Sultan. Go back to him and say, that we do not agree to his proposal, nor do we approve of his demand.'

"So," added the chamberlain, "I carried the shaikh's answer to the Sultan, and he turned back, for his sake, from that whereon he had resolved."

And, indeed, this Sultan took the son of Wanshireeshee as his guide in all his actions, and the resolver of all his doubts.

Many years afterwards, when the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh had taken the town of Meknes, and was engaged in the siege of Fez, that city offered a desperate resistance, which baffled all his efforts to take it. At last a certain man assured the Sultan that the people of Fez would never take the oath of fealty to him, except the shaikh the

son of Wanshireeshee had done so first. The Sultan, therefore, sent to the shaikh, and begged him to take the oath of allegiance to him; but the shaikh declined to do as he asked, and refused to accede to his request.

"The allegiance of this man besieged," said he, meaning the Wattásee Sultan, "is upon my neck (*rakabah*), and to throw off the noose (*rabkah*) were ill done in me, unless for good cause shown, and good cause there is none."

The Sultan, therefore, hired a gang of the robbers who haunt the streets of Fez by night, who should bring to him the shaikh, whether he would or no, to his camp, for he lay outside the walls of Fez, besieging it.

Now the shaikh the son of Wanshireeshee was in the habit of spending the interval between the sunset and the night prayers in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, reading in the book of Traditions collected by Bukháree in the ninth century. But one night his son begged him to remain in his house, and besought of him not to enter the mosque.

"O my father," said he, "I am surely informed that some thieves mean to assassinate

thee this night, in thy lecture-room. Therefore, put off the reading for to-night."

His father's only reply was: "At what point did we leave off in our reading of Bukhâree?"

"At the section on Destiny," replied his son.

"And how can we escape from Destiny?" asked the father. "Therefore come with me to the appointed place."

Now when the students and others gathered round the shaikh, the thieves dispersed themselves amongst the crowd, and when the reading was over, and the class broke up, they surrounded the shaikh.

"Thou must come with us to the Sultan," said they, pulling him from his chair.

"I will go to no one," said the shaikh, and he essayed to go out by the door of the Candlemakers; but the thieves fell upon him, and sought to carry him off by force. The shaikh, however, resisted, and caught hold of one of the door posts. Then one of the robbers cut his hand off, and the rest despatched him there. This happened in the month of January 1549.

When the Sultan was informed of what

was done, it was evil in his eyes, and he was greatly grieved. And it was wonderful how God brought all who took part in the murder of the shaikh to a violent end, until there did not remain alive of them save one man, "who is still in the bond of life, but," says Ibn Askar, "what God doth with him, I wot not."

The shaikh Ibn Mansoor informed Ibn Askar, that he had seen the shaikh the son of Wanshireeshee in the world of dreams, and had met with him in the land of sleep; and had asked him as to his state, and questioned him concerning his condition.

"How hath God dealt with thee, O my master, thou son of Wanshireeshee?" he asked.

"I have found at His hand," replied the shaikh, "much blessing and joy, and He hath forgiven me, and looked upon me for good."

"Thereafter," continued Ibn Mansoor, "he recited to me some verses which I no longer remember."

A similar incident is related of the shaikh Aboo Shamah, for it is said, that he also saw the shaikh the son of Wanshireeshee in a

dream, after his murder, and, asking him how he did, received the following response in verse:

"The favour and kindness of my Lord encompass me,
I find only joy in the loneness of the tomb,
And, verily, I hope that God, in His kindness,
Will succour and preserve me at the Hour of Doom,
From all the sore trials that come after that,
From the opening of the Book, and the crossing of the Bridge,
For the honour of the Hashimite prophet, Muhammad,
His kinsfolk and friends, noble ones all."

It is said that the Sultan Muhammad had a secondary motive in killing the son of Wanshireeshee, besides the one assigned before, for the Sultan had issued a proclamation to the people of Fez, in which he said, amongst other things: "If I enter Fez peaceably, I will fill it with justice; but, if I enter it by force, I will fill it with slaughter." To this the shaikh replied in some verses, which began:

"Thou liest. By the house of God, thou will not do fair justice.
Nor does the Lord mark thee excellent, nor belaud thee.
Thou art nought but a spendthrift and a rebel,
Thou resemblest the fools with the most marked resemblance."

And on account of these verses the Sultan nursed his wrath against him, and husbanded his rancour, until he brought about his end, and effected his assassination.

The son of Wanshireeshee was a man of varied knowledge, a majestic poet, and a linguist unrivalled by any of his generation; as well as a pious, learned and eloquent man, and especially apt in the drawing up of state documents. He conducted a special course which was attended only by the most eminent of the fakeehs, such as the son of Zakkák, and the muftee Muhammad the son of Abd er Rahman, and others like them. He is the author of a commentary upon the Traditions of the Prophet collected by the imám Malik in the eighth century, in which the shaikh put on his father's shoes, and added to what he had done.

Many of his sayings were treasured up among his disciples, even as the miser treasures his gold. It is related that in the course of one of his lectures, mention was made of the miracles of the saints.

"Only an atheist," said the shaikh, "questions the miracles of the saints. Once I prayed to God on the spot where Aboo

Yaaza was martyred in Taghyah, and begged of Him, by the holiness of that saint, that He would grant me three requests, and I have already received two of them, and am now hoping for the third."

"And what were these three requests?" his disciples asked him.

"The first of them," the shaikh replied, "was knowledge; the second, money, as ye see; and the third, for which I am hoping, is martyrdom."

And so his third request also was granted, as we have related.

When his father married him, while still young, the marriage-contract was drawn up, and signed by the kadee and muftee Yefranee of Meknes. At the marriage-feast, the kadee laid his hand upon the document. "This is my present to this bridegroom," said he—meaning the contract, which he had himself written; for, for this kadee to write the contract with his own hand was a rare matter and a great favour; so much so, indeed, that he had been heard to say, "If anyone ask me to do such a thing, it is as if he were to ask me for the hand of my daughter."

Soon the son of Wanshireeshee was pro-

moted to be kadee of Fez, and eighteen years later he succeeded the muftee Ibn Haroon. Although an elegant poet, he also composed popular songs and ballads, and took delight in listening to the music of the streets.

It is related that one day when he was engaged in lecturing on one of the treatises of Ibn al Hajib, the grammarian, who flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a procession, with music of pipes, kettledrums and horns, passed underneath the window of the room in which he sat with his scholars. The shaikh at once put out his head to see what was to be seen. "Such a brave show," he remarked, when it had passed up the street, "cannot be displayed except after considerable expense, and we listen to it free of charge. And why should we not do the same?"

When his father died, people said that his son would not be able to fill his place. When, therefore, he sat in his father's place in the Misbaheeyah school, and began lecturing on the "Mudauwanah," one of the legal text-books in most common use in Morocco, people came in to make trial of this new teacher, and Ibn Ghazee also came

amongst the rest. The shaikh spoke well, as he was bound to do. Ibn Ghazee was pleased, and, going up to him, kissed him between the eyes.

"Even if thou wert not equal to thy father," he said, "I would have kept thy place for thee, until thou didst become his equal, and attain to the rank of thy father"—so great was the affection which had subsisted between Ibn Ghazee and the elder Wanshireeshee.

It was the younger Wanshireeshee who composed the lines on the Bridge which connects Old and New Fez, which give the date of its restoration by the Wattásee Sultan Aboo 'l Abbas Ahmad:

"The Bridge of the Raseef, Aboo 'l Abbas restored it;
The glory of Sultans, of the sons of Wattás,
In wonderful beauty once more erected,
It carries the folk 'twixt the quarters of Fez,
Its date is the year 951,
From the Flight of the Chosen One, sent to our race."[1]

The two brothers Ahmad the Lame and Muhammad the Shaikh worked harmoniously together, the younger submitting to the authority of the elder, and the elder consult-

[1] That is, 951 of the Hijrah, or 1544 A.D.

ing the younger in his difficulties, and receiving the light of his opinion in darkness. But before long the mischief-makers sowed distrust and dissension, and whisperers caused discord between them, their hearts changed and their relation altered, until at length the flames of war burst forth. They fought, and in the end Muhammad the Shaikh defeated his elder brother Ahmad the Lame, took from his hand the signet-ring of power, and possessed himself of all his resources and treasure. Finally, he arrested and imprisoned him in the city of Morocco, along with all his children, giving him, however, a liberal pension, and treating him in other respects with the utmost kindness. This happened in the year 1539.

The deposed Sultan remained a prisoner in the hands of his younger brother until the murder of the latter by Turks in the Soos in the month of October 1557. No sooner had news of this event reached the city of Morocco than the viceroy Alee the son of Aboo Bekr Azeekee gave orders to cut the throats of Ahmad and his whole house, both men, women and little children, for fear lest the citizens should liberate them and give to



them their oath of allegiance, for the son and heir of the Sultan Muhammad was absent in Fez, where he was acting as viceroy to his father.

It is related that the shaikh Aboo Amar the Kastalee went in one day to the Sultan Ahmad the Lame, before the kingdom was taken from him, and spoke roughly to him, saying things which he would not care to hear. When he came out from his presence one of his near relatives chid him for his folly, asking how he could speak so to a Sultan, and warning him against the reprisals of kings.

"And why should I fear a slaughtered man?" demanded the shaikh Aboo Amar. "By Allah, I could see the cut across his throat stretching from ear to ear. By Allah, if I do not bury his carcase, no one else will bury it!"

And so it fell out; for when the ex-Sultan was put to death with his children and his whole house, none dared to bury them, and the shaikh Aboo Amar buried them not far from the tomb of Jezoolee. The cupola erected over their graves goes by the name of the "Tombs of the Shereefs."

The Khalifate of the Sultan Ahmad the Lame lasted twenty-two years. His execution took place three days after the assassination of his brother Muhammad the Shaikh.

The shaikh Aboo Amar, just referred to, was a famous man in his time, both in the city of Morocco and in the other towns of the West, the people even coming to blows about him, for he made large claims in the ranks of sainthood, and in the unveiling of the Secret, aspiring even to the degree of 'Polehood,' and asserting that he was the 'master of the age.'

For some would say that he was one whose eyes the Lord had opened, and others would say the contrary. Among the former was the shaikh Aboo Abdallah the Zerwálee, who had travelled to the country of the Hijáz in Arabia and sojourned in the sacred city of Mecca. And he was wont to assert that he had many a time seen the shaikh Aboo Amar there, making the circuit of the Kaabah in the procession of worshippers, and had met him face to face; whereas the shaikh Aboo Amar had never been in Mecca in his life, nor anywhere else, for the matter of that, outside of Morocco. Yet Zerwálee would

relate how he had seen him there, in his own presence, and Aboo Amar would not contradict him.

One of the masters under whom the shaikh Aboo Amar studied was the shaikh Abd el Kareem 'the Peasant.' Abd el Kareem was distinguished for his boundless hospitality, and Aboo Amar was like his master in that respect. He never lost a moment in pressing food upon his visitors, so that a guest had no sooner entered his cell than the servant, whom he kept, would at once set food before him, as much as the tray would hold.

His hospitality, however, was not indiscriminate, for he separated his guests into three grades, and served them according to their station. The common people were served with barley bread and any kind of fruit which happened to be in season, and in the morning porridge, and in the evening kooskoos; he who was of higher degree was given wheaten bread, with the best dates and honey, as well as meat, soup and chicken; but he whose degree was highest of all received the doughy part from the inside of newly-baked bread, with the yolks

of eggs seasoned with cinnamon and saffron, and sheep's flesh cooked in broth, with turnips and cabbage, as well as different kinds of fruits such are not to be found in the storerooms of kings.

Even the wealthy people of Morocco were struck with wonder at his prodigious hospitality; and his generosity was such as none could rival. And whosoever thinks of it will acknowledge that none other could live in such a manner save one who has at his command the public treasure-houses or the revenues of a king. When Death presented himself to him, he gave his last charge to his sons. "Build the gate of the frontier fort," he said, "and interfere not with that with which I was interfering, for it is a divine secret at which none can come save he who has a permit."

"I was in the habit of meeting with him frequently," says Ibn Askar, "and listening to his talk; but I entrusted his case to God, for I could, on my own responsibility, neither receive nor reject him. He survived until as late as the seventh decade of the century. His shrine is an object of pious pilgrimage in the city of Morocco, and over it is erected

a cupola in the extreme of solemnity. It is situated not far from the resting-place of the great saint of the fifteenth century, Jezoolee."

In the town of Meknes there lived during the first quarter of the century a shaikh whose name was Aboo 'l Fadl. He was one of the shaikhs who belonged to a religious society, which went by the name of the Mulámateeyah, a school which answered in some respects to that of the Cynics among the Greeks, at least in their contempt for public opinion.

The outstanding characteristic of this shaikh was fidelity. A curious weakness of his was that at times an ecstasy would come over him, and he would begin to cry out, "Give me to eat," and however much might be brought to him, he would swallow all without mastication, gulping it down: and it might be that he would consume in this manner sufficient for a hundred men. And yet no one knew what became of it all, for it made no perceptible difference in his bodily frame. But when he came to himself he would not eat one hundredth part of that; and it was commonly believed that he pos-





sessed the power of conveying that food to the children of destitution in some far-off land.

He was wont to tell his disciples of events before they came to pass. He would be present in spirit with the raiders in their raids; and then he would inform his companions of what had befallen, many days before the news arrived.

When his death drew near he confided secretly to one of his disciples that he should die a martyr's death; and uncovering his body he exposed to view some green wounds from which the blood was still flowing, which he had received in a battle between the Muslims and the Christians in a distant part of the country; and when he was taken away shortly afterwards, then all the people beheld these wounds. And so the subject of this notice passed away, and was buried in the spot where he had lived, not far from the cell of Aboo Othman, who will be found mentioned in what follows. This befell in the end of the fourth decade of the century.



CHAPTER III.

THE REIGN OF MUHAMMAD THE SHAIKH TO HIS DEATH IN 1557.

MUHAMMAD the Shaikh, the younger son of Muhammad Kaim, was born in the year 1488. He was surnamed 'Amghar,' which is the Berber equivalent of the Arabic word 'shaikh.' He grew up in temperance, modesty, and the love of learning and of its folk, studying under many masters, until he could even criticise the decisions of the professional lawyers, and the latter often admitted that his criticisms were well-founded. He knew by heart an immense number of lines of poetry. One couplet which was often on his lips was the following:

> "Folk are like folk, and all days are one,
> Fortune is like fortune, and the world is his who takes it."

He knew the whole of the Korán by heart,

as well as the poems of Mutanebbee, the famous poet of the tenth century, and would frequently quote the lines,

> "Whose soul sees not his own worth,
> Others see in him, what he sees not."

A favourite saying of his was:—"Kings must be men of long hopes, to lay plans for the future, for even if that be not desirable in others it is proper in kings, for their subjects reap the benefit of it;" and he was often heard to say, "It was by long foresight that I captured Tilimsan and Ceuta and the other towns."

One of the fakeehs under whom the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh and his brother Ahmad the Lame studied, was the fakeeh Abdallah the son of Omar, of the district of the Oasis of Medaghah, not far from Sijilmása, where he became shaikh of Islám; but he was originally from the Soos country. He was devotedly attached to both his pupils, and was one of the first to promote their cause, and aid them in their struggle for the supremacy in Morocco.

The son of this shaikh relates that when his father first came from the Soos, he was

asked by a certain person, in what condition he had left that country.

"I left it," he replied, as is their wont, in rhyme, "with the common people guilty of every sin of omission and commission; and the fakeehs deciding with the feeblest decision; and the princes falling one by one into the pit of perdition!"

One of the jingling maxims most frequently upon his lips was: "Leave mankind, and all that they are driven to do, for to cultivate the truth is not what they have striven after!"

The grand wazeer Muhammad, the son of the ameer Abd al Kadir, one of the sons of the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh, informed Ibn Askar that the Sultan's admiration for the poems of Mutanebbee arose on the following occasion.

"The tribe of the Munábahah," he said, "rebelled against my grandfather, but God delivered him from their treachery and rescued him from their hand. When the Sultan afterwards informed the shaikh Abdallah the son of Omar of the circumstance, the latter replied by letter, and in his letter he asked my grandfather, 'Where dost thou

stand in regard to the line of the poet Mutanebbee?—

> 'Good faith is scarce, thou findest it in none;
> And truth is rare, in tidings or in oaths.'"

The Sultan was so delighted, that he set himself to learn all the poems of Mutanebbee by heart, until he could repeat the whole deewán, not omitting a single verse.

The shaikh Abdallah the son of Omar died during the third decade of the century, but others say, in the sixth—God knoweth best. His grave is in Medaghah, where also his cell had been.

Abdallah the son of Omar left two sons, who were shaikhs, like their father. The name of the one was Muhammad, that of the other Aboo Zaid. The former was, indeed, one of the good servants of God.

"I met him twice in the city of Morocco," says Ibn Askar, "and I found him to be one of the best of men in disposition, and the most excellent of them in learning and religion. He had come on a deputation to the Sultan Abdallah. That was in the year 1562. He took occasion to exhort the Sultan to virtue, and urged upon him the culti-



vation of justice and the practice of clemency in regard to his subjects. One of the chamberlains, however, who was present opposed him and took the side of the Sultan, laying stress on the insubordination of the subjects in the first instance, and declaring that their affairs would never be straight, unless with the use of coercion and repression, and he called up the stock-in-trade stories of worldly wisdom in support of his contention.

"'I take refuge in God,' replied the shaikh, 'from the wicked, who knows the traditions, and forsakes them for wisdom.'"

Muhammad survived until the eighth decade of the century. He was buried by the side of his father.

As for his brother Aboo Zaid, "I met him," says Ibn Askar, "in Fez, in the midsummer of the year 1564, and we had many interesting discussions with one another. I remember, on one occasion our talk happened upon the question of the softening of the letter *k* and pronouncing it like *g*. Is such a pronunciation original in the dialects of Arabic or not? Aboo Zaid held that it is original.

"'I remember,' said he, 'my shaikhs used

to quote a verse as the classical example of the softening of the *k*, exactly as the Arabs of our time in Morocco sound it now. This verse is relied on by the grammarians. It is:

> "Then dig not a pit, thou wishest a brother in it,
> For thou into it, thou, not he, shalt fall,"

in which they pronounce the last word *yagaa* instead of *yakaa*.'"

Aboo Zaid died not long after this, and is buried beside his father and his brother.

Allegiance was sworn to the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh in the city of Morocco in the year 1544, when he was acknowledged lord of the whole country from Tedla to the river Noon. He did not, however, long rest satisfied with such limitations, but sought to extend his boundaries, and, breaking the peace with the Benee Wattás, he waged implacable war upon them. The first of their towns which he took by storm was Meknes in the year 1548. And he immediately turned his attention to the city of Fez; and this brings us to the story of Aboo Rawain.

The shaikh Aboo Rawain has already been mentioned in the account of the shaikh



Ibn Eesa. He was one of the wonders of the age and the marvel of his generation after the way of the school of the Mulámateeyah or Cynics mentioned above. His words were the words of the covetous, and his talk the talk of the miser, yet he would rise in the morning rich, and go to bed a beggar. All he had he gave to the poor, and distributed his goods to the needy. He passed his days in ecstasy, and walked the world as in a dream. If he chanced to meet a prince, or happened upon any of the great ones of the earth, "Buy thine office of me," he would say to him, "for so much!" And if the prince gave heed to his words, and paid the price he asked, "Thou art secure," he would tell him; but if he disregarded his demand and refused his price, he would tell him, "Thou are deposed." And his word would come to pass as if by the predestination of God.

Now when the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh had conquered the town of Meknes, and was making persistent efforts to take by storm the city of Fez, one day Aboo Rawain appeared before him, and stood in his presence.

"Buy Fez of me for five hundred deenárs," said Aboo Rawain to the Sultan.

But the Sultan scorned his demand and refused his price. "God has never laid such a condition upon any sultan," quoth he, "neither is there anything like it in the Law."

"By Allah," swore Aboo Rawain, "thou shalt not enter Fez this year!"

Weeks passed and months slipped by, and the Sultan made no progress with the siege of Fez, nor any advance except into deeper despair of ever taking the town.

At last the prince Abd el Kadir gave good counsel to his father, and spoke before him wise words.

"O my father," said he, "do as the shaikh Aboo Rawain has bid thee, and pay him the price he has asked, for he is indeed a mighty shaikh, and a holy one of the saints of God." And he slacked not to urge his father, nor ceased to goad him on, until he yielded to his importunity and gave him leave to make terms with the shaikh.

"Pay the money!" was all the shaikh would say, and he abated not a dirhem of his price; so the prince Abd el Kadir

yielded him the bargain, and paid him the money.

"By the end of the year," said Aboo Rawain, as he received the money, and closed the transaction, "By the end of the year, God will finish the matter; and my affair is in the hand of God—exalted be His name!" And forthwith the shaikh scattered the money amongst the poor, and distributed it to all who were in want, and did not keep for himself so much as a dirhem. And from that very day the Sultan began to have the upper and not the under hand, until when the year had passed, and its months had come to an end, he took possession of Fez, and entered the city in triumph.

Many are the anecdotes related of Aboo Rawain, and the tales told concerning him. To pick one berry from the cluster, and choose one grain out of the bushel, it is related by more than one of the fakeehs of Al Kasr how, when the government of that town was in the hand of the kaid Abd el Wahid the Aroosee, and he shared it with a company of his relatives of the Benee Hameed, then Aboo Rawain arrived in the town, and abode in it one night. But no





sooner had he entered its gates, and set his foot within its walls, than he went straightway into the mosque, and gat him up to the top of the minaret. There he stood looking down upon the town, and the people in the streets could see him standing. Then he called at the pitch of his voice, and cried aloud so that all could hear: "O Benee Hameed, buy of me Al Kasr—or get you gone from it this very year!" And the people heard the shaikh's words, and spoke them in the ears of the kaid Abd el Wahid.

"If Al Kasr belonged to him," said the kaid when he heard them, "and if the town were in his hand, he might deprive us of it, or drive us forth from it. When we have no other matter to think of, nor ought better to distract our attention, we will attend to the words of an imbecile, and obey the commands of a madman."

The next day the shaikh left the country, and as he left he said: "The kaid Abd el Wahid will go out of this town, and the Benee Hameed will be driven forth from it, and they will not return to it again forever," — and the event befell as the

shaikh foretold, even so it came to pass in the providence of God — whose name be exalted.

There was in Meknes a famous fakeeh and preacher, Harzooz by name, and to him the shaikh Aboo Rawain one day sent a message by a messenger. "Buy thy soul of me!" wrote Aboo Rawain; but the fakeeh Harzooz closed his ears and steeled his heart, and the shaikh's messenger returned to his master, and told him.

"Go back to him once more," said Aboo Rawain, "and say to him, 'Thou wilt be slaughtered like a beast, thou and thy son, and ye both will be hanged over the door of your own house in the Gharb.'"

When the fakeeh heard these words, he was seized with panic, and his heart became like wax. He girded up his skirts and ran forth, going like an ostrich; and he neither stayed to rest nor stopped to drink, until he came to the shaikh's house, and stood before Aboo Rawain.

"O my Master," said he, "what is this that thou sayest, and what are these ill-boding words?"

"Some error hath occurred," quoth Aboo

Rawain, but he spake in bitter jest, and the fakeeh knew it.

"O sir," cried he, "we will do all that thou layest upon us."

"There will not be but what has been," answered Aboo Rawain.

Time went on until three months had passed, and the matter delayed and the shaikh's words had not come to pass. But when three months had come and gone, the prophecy was fulfilled, and the threat was executed, as we shall show when we come to the story of the fakeeh and preacher Harzooz of Meknes, if God will—exalted be His name!

To the son also of this fakeeh and preacher Harzooz did the shaikh Aboo Rawain foretell their dreadful end. For as he sat one day at the door of his house, and the street before it ran with mud and mire, Aboo Rawain passed by, clad in his finest clothes and decked in his best attire, for he was on his way to the mosque, and was proceeding to the place of prayer.

Then the soul of the son of Harzooz was smitten with envy, and he thought to spoil the shaikh's fine raiment. "If thou love

God," quoth he, "roll in this mud," and he pointed to the street before him, and indicated the flowing mire.

And Aboo Rawain rolled in that mud, even as a mule rolls in the sand, and all because the other had adjured him by the name of God.

"Art content now?" asked Aboo Rawain.

"Content," returned the son of the fakeeh Harzooz.

Then said the shaikh Aboo Rawain: "Even thus shalt thou roll, thou and thy father, in chains!" And the thing fell out as he had said, and the event occurred as he had predicted.

Many a similar story is told of the shaikh Aboo Rawain, and many a like tale is handed down concerning him.

To give but one sample from the bale, and to pluck but one flower from the garden, we are told on the authority of many of the most reliable persons in the town of Meknes, and of the most trustworthy among its citizens, how, on a season, the rain had failed in the district of Meknes, and the land was parched with drought, the trees withered and the cattle died, and men came near to perish.



Then the citizens repaired to the shaikh, and the principal men stood before him; and they begged of him that he would help them in their need, and besought of him that he would pray for them for rain.

"Grant me some delay, and give me a little time," said Aboo Rawain, "and wait for me here, and I will return to you betimes." And he went back to his house and entered into his dwelling; and everything which was in it he gave away in charity, and all that was upon himself and his children he distributed in alms; and he left not in the house so much as a morsel of bread, nor did there remain therein so much as one grain of corn. Then he clothed himself in palm leaves and went forth to the people.

"Arise and come with us," said he, "for the request is good, and the prayer is granted."

And or ever they could reach their homes, or attain to the shelter of their dwellings, the clouds began to pour down rain, and the heavens showered upon them, as it had been from the mouths of water-skins.

And to sum up the matter and end the discourse, the virtues of Aboo Rawain were



more than can be numbered, and his mighty deeds more than can be counted. He died at the end of the sixth decade of the century, and was buried by the burying-place of his shaikh Ibn Eesa.

The shaikh Aboo Rawain was, as we have said, the knife which cut the thread of the Wattásee dynasty in Fez, and the hammer which fastened the dynasty of the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh, the first Sultan of the Hasanee Shereefs, in their place. For when he saw the desperate estate of the Muslims, and the onslaughts of the Christians on the home-land of Islám, he would go out into the streets and cry aloud:

"O Harrán come, and I will give thee the Gharb"—that is, the kingdom of Fez.

Now Harrán was the eldest son of the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh. He ever led the van of his armies, and all his father's victories were due to his leadership.

Some time after this the shaikh Aboo Rawain saw one of the shaikhs of his time give his hand to the Benee Wattás—some say that it was the shaikh Abd el Wahid of the Draah country, other some that it was the shaikh Ahmad the Misbáhee. Which-

ever of the two it was, Aboo Rawain saddled his mule, and rode away to where the shaikh lived. On his arrival, he found one of the shaikh's boys playing at the door.

"O uncle Aboo Rawain," cried the child, "give me that mule."

"There it is," answered the shaikh at once; and he dismounted and gave him it.

The child went in and told his father that master Aboo Rawain had given him a mule. His father came out, and saluted the shaikh.

"What is the price of the mule?" he asked.

"That thou withdraw thy hand from these folk," answered Aboo Rawain—meaning the Wattásee dynasty.

"I withdraw it," replied the other at once.

It is related of the shaikh Alee the Sanhájee that on a day of the days in the year 1549, he took his stand on the Bridge of the Dyers in Fez, and began to call aloud so that all could hear: "Begone, O Benee Wattás, we will not have you in our country any more forever." And shortly after the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh entered Fez in the same year.

This shaikh was one whose sainthood was

clear as the breaking of dawn. Yet he, too, walked in the way of the Mulámateeyah. He had neither house nor home, and passed his days in one continued state of ecstasy. Turning aside neither for praise nor for blame, when he entered the palaces of the kings of the Benee Wattás, the women and children would come to him, kissing his hands and feet, and bringing him valuable gifts and rich treasure, the Sultan himself clothing him in gorgeous apparel. But he would go out straightway into the streets, and passing by the shops of the oilmen, would let the long sleeves of his tunic fall into the oil and grease, and stalk on shouting, "In the name of the True Glory." None ever knew him to have any dwelling-place; but the people of Fez magnified him, because they saw of him miracles, such as it does not enter into the heart of man to conceive. When he died, the people broke up the wood of his bier, and tore up his praying-carpet and clothes, and kept the rags and fragments, for the blessing that was in them. This was in the fifth decade of the century. He was buried outside the Futooh Gate of Fez, in the presence of the Sultan and the fakeehs.

The Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh did not long rest content with the capture of Fez, but marched with large forces as far as the city of Tilimsan, out of which he drove the Turks, entering it on Monday the 10th of June 1550. Thereafter he extended his conquests as far as the river Shlif.

At last, the whole country having submitted, and all the tribes having been reduced to subjection, he returned to Fez in order to set about the business of his enlarged dominions, and to arrange for the carrying on of his government. When he and his companions rode into Fez, they were clothed in long yellow cloaks and travel-stained; but they set themselves immediately to acquire the habits of civilised life and the fashions of the city.

It is commonly said, indeed, that the Hasanee dynasty owed its continued existence to two persons—a man and a woman. The man's name was Kasim of Mount Zarhoon; for he it was who acted as lord chamberlain at the levees held by the Sultan, and master of ceremonies at all public functions: he superintended his going out and coming in, and the audiences which he

granted to his subjects, as well as the dress and equipment of his suite.

The name of the woman was Areefah, daughter of Nejjoo. She was superintendent of the private life of the Sultan in his home, besides being set over the kitchen and wardrobe, and the hareem, and so forth. In this way the Sultan won the respect of his subjects, by seeming familiar with the customs and usages of city life.

One of the shaikhs of Morocco who flourished about this time was named Abd el Warith, and he belonged to one of the tribes of Ghomárah, in the neighbourhood of the town of Shefsháwan. He was the author of a number of books on religious subjects. He had many teachers, and many disciples. These rendered him literal obedience. One day he had occasion to chide one of them for talking, and bade him desist, and the obedient scholar did not utter another word all the rest of his life.

Many miracles were wrought by his hands, but the most wonderful thing about him was his simplicity. In the year 1549, when he was nearly ninety years of age, the Sultan invited him to visit him, along with a number

of other shaikhs and fakeehs and fakeers, but he dropped behind the rest and slipped away. And so, all his life, he took pains to avoid meeting with ameers and princes, and never brought any affair of his own or of anyone else before them for decision, believing the harm incurred by the meeting with them to be greater than the advantage to be gained.

When he did come to Fez, he sought concealment in the houses of his companions among the fakeers, until he had finished his business, after which he would go away quietly to his own country again. He died about the year 1560, at the age of over ninety years, and his grave is on the banks of the River Warghah.

A more illustrious shaikh of this period was the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook of Fez. He placed himself for instruction in the hands of the blind shaikh Muhammad the Zeetoonee, into the love of whom he penetrated deeply, until he could claim therein the victor's palm. His shaikh put his affection to various tests, of which the following was one.

It fell on a day that the shaikh Zarrook came to visit his master, and knocking at

the door, he heard a voice bid him enter. He went in, therefore, but found no one. Going up the stairs, he came to a room at the top of the house, and, lo, there was his shaikh, sitting in the middle of the room, and on his right hand a woman in gorgeous attire, and on his left another like her.

"Verily, this man is no better than a freethinker," exclaimed Zarrook, and he retired backwards.

But the shaikh Zeetoonee called out to him, "O Ahmad, the liar, return!"

He came back accordingly, and, lo, there was no one with the shaikh; and he knew that he had been tried.

Then said Zeetoonee, "The woman whom thou sawest on my right hand was the next life, and she whom thou sawest on my left hand was the present life; and thou hast lied in the claims of progress thou has made, and thou shall not continue in the West another hour."

So the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook went out straightway, and set his face towards the East, condoling with himself for what had befallen him, and bewailing the mishap which had overtaken him, until he arrived in the

province of Egypt, and alighted on the banks of the Nile.

In Egypt he found the disciples of the shaikh Ibn Okbah the Hadramee awaiting him upon the bank of the Nile; for so their shaikh had commanded them, and warned them of his coming. They welcomed him, and carried him back with them to their master, and ushered him into his presence. Ahmad Zarrook saluted the shaikh Ibn Okbah, and the shaikh returned his salutation.

"O Ahmad, O my child," cried he, "what has befallen thee with that blind viper? Verily, I have been sorrowing for thee here in regard to it."

Therewith he carried him to a house near to his own, and bidding him make much mention of God, left him to himself.

But three days had not passed when the shaikh Ibn Okbah heard a low rumbling noise, and, putting up his hand as if to protect himself, he shouted "Allah!" Then, turning to his disciples, "Come along with us," said he.

They went, and they found that the house in which the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook was lodged had become level with the ground.

"Dig for your companion," shouted Ibn Okbah; and they dug until they found him in a corner of the ruins where the timbers had fallen over him first, and had protected him from the debris, so that he escaped unhurt.

"Praise be to God, O Ahmad, who hath preserved thee," cried Ibn Okbah.

"This will be the concluding act of Zeetoonee's punishment of thee, and the last stroke of his rod. He hath dealt thee a blow from the farthest West, but I put up my hand and warded it off from thee; and, see, my hand is broken with his blow,"—and he drew forth his hand from under him broken.

After this event Ahmad Zarrook clave to the shaikh Ibn Okbah, until he was parted from him. As he bade his master farewell, Ahmad Zarrook asked him to give him his last charge, and Ibn Okbah—may God have mercy upon him, and bless us in him—replied in rhyme:

"Submit to the wind of the South, and journey when it journeys.
Follow the winds of decision, and turn where they turn."

"I was told the following anecdote," writes

Ibn Askar, "by Aboo Abdallah Muhammad, who became kadee of Tetuan, in which town he died, at the age of ninety, in the year 1556, and where he is buried in the burying-place beside the Rabooz Gate.

"When Ahmad Zarrook returned with the caravan from the East and entered Fez once more, the fakeehs went out to meet him, and I too went along with them. Then when I had saluted him, and we had sat down in his tent, he began asking the fakeehs concerning the sources of their livelihood, and their means of support.

"'Most of them are derived from bequests left by the dead,' replied the fakeehs.

"'God is most Great!' exclaimed the shaikh Zarrook; 'doth He make you to prey upon the dead?'

"But they held their peace.

"Then up and spake Ibn el Habbák. 'Praise be to God,' quoth he, 'for that He makes us to prey upon the dead, for the Law permits the dead to be used for food upon necessity; and he has not made us to prey upon the living; for the Law does not permit people to eat what is living, under any circumstances.'

"At that the shaikh Zarrook shrieked, and fell down in a swoon. So we went out and left him lying there."

The shaikh Ibn Ghazee besought of the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook that he would visit him in his house, and bring as many as he would of his companions with him; and he promised that he would prepare food for them all. The shaikh Ahmad Zarrook gave him leave to do so. "Look for us after the last evening prayer," said he. But when time passed and the hour was gone by, and Ibn Ghazee stood at the door of his house expecting his guests, lo, the shaikh Zarrook arrived by himself alone.

"O sir," Ibn Ghazee said to him, "where are thy disciples? We have prepared much food, and we fear it will be spoiled."

"It will be all right, please God," replied Ahmad Zarook, "and will not be spoiled. Let us see what you have got."

Ibn Ghazee therefore ordered the food to be brought in and placed before him.

"Dismiss those servants," said Ahmad Zarrook, "and let us two be by ourselves, thou and I."

The servants were dismissed accordingly, and Ahmad Zarrook tucked up his sleeves, and began lifting the food with both hands at once and passing it behind him, and with every handful of the meal a piece of meat. Then Ibn Ghazee heard a sound as of many voices behind Ahmad Zarrook, and he looked, and, lo, a great multitude of sick persons and little children and women in an open court; each one of whom was stretching forth both his hands, and crying, "Give me some, sir!"

When the viands were exhausted, and the dishes were emptied, the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook demanded of Ibn Ghazee, "Is there yet any of thy food left?"

"No, sir," he replied. So the shaikh washed his hands, and said, "Praise be to God—exalted be His name!" But Ibn Ghazee was astonished.

"Sir," said he, "this is surely a miracle of the miracles of the saints, and a sign of the signs of God."

"Praise God, who hath permitted thee to witness it," replied the other, "and allowed thee to behold it."

"I ask thee, by Allah, sir," questioned Ibn

Ghazee, "what was that multitude, and what was yonder open court?"

"The multitude," replied Ahmad Zarrook, "was of the feeble and helpless ones in the city of Tunis; and the court was the court of the Zaitoonah mosque there."

It was the shaikh Ibn Ghazee himself who related the incident to Ibn Askar.

The shaikh Ahmad Zarrook was the author of works innumerable as they are excellent, many of them being commentaries upon works by earlier authors, the greater part of them being upon mysticism. And, in short, he was an imám in guidance, and an authority of the authorities of God Most High, and a sign of His signs. He died in the third decade of the century—but God knoweth best—and is buried in Tunis, and his grave is a place of much resort.

The shaikh Aboo Abdallah Muhammad the Zeetoonee, mentioned above, was a great traveller, and a worker of miracles. He was, as we have said, one of the teachers of the shaikh Ahmad Zarrook. He was black of colour, and blind; and one whose prayers were always answered. Some of the mystics,

indeed, used to call him "the blind serpent" (which does not bite those whom it stings), on account of the rapidity with which the answers to his prayers came.

He it was who escorted the caravans from the West, in the pilgrimages to the Holy House of God in Mecca, and to the grave of His prophet. And even the Arabs of Angad and the Zab and of Tunis, for all their courage and rebellious spirit, dared not attack the caravans led by the shaikh Zeetoonee, for they saw the wonderful things which God brought to pass at his hands, and experienced the extent of his power.

One of the excellent among those who travelled with him, a man of worth and veracity, gives the following description of an incident which befell their caravan, and an adventure which they met with.

"In one of the shaikh Zeetoonee's journeys with the pilgrims," he says, "no sooner had we alighted on one occasion in the Zab, than we found ourselves surrounded by the horsemen of the wild Arabs on every side, intent on plunder, bent on spoil. In our distress, we begged the shaikh for aid, and told him of what had befallen us.

"'And from which side did they come?' he asked.

"'From every side,' we replied.

"The shaikh thereupon took up a handful of dust, and threw it towards his right side, and then another which he threw to his left, then a third handful which he threw before him, and a fourth which he threw behind his back. And immediately there came forth from that dust as it had been an inundation of bees, which scared the horses of the Arabs, and they vanished from our sight, as a mist vanishes before the sun; and the people were astonished, and marvelled greatly.

"When the day was over the Arabs appeared once more on foot, bringing with them their wives and children, and driving before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats, being desirous to be reconciled to the shaikh and to obtain of him his blessing, such was their terror of those bees. And the Arabs of those parts relate how, on coming for plunder to a caravan in which the shaikh Zeetoonee was, they would find it surrounded by a wall which none could scale, nor any dig through."

The following is the shaikh Zeetoonee's recipe for rendering an encampment impregnable, as it is given by his pupil Ahmad Zarrook. He would commence by saying, "I take refuge in God from Satan accursed." Next he would begin to march round the encampment, reciting as he did so the ninety-seventh chapter of the Korán,[1] until he sealed the circuit at the point where he had begun. Then, verily, the camp would be safe and secure from robber and thief, and God would indeed build around the encampment a wall which no thief could either scale or dig through. This is of the things as to which there is no doubt, and a fact which is beyond question.

The Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh held the mystic saints in high esteem. There was one of these whose name was Hamzah the son of Abdallah, who lived in the city of Morocco. This man went to the last extreme of asceticism and piety, and of resting in God.

[1] "Verily we have sent it down on the night of Al Kadr. And what will teach thee what the night of Al Kadr is? The night of Al Kadr is better than a thousand months. On it the angels and the spirits descend, by permission of their Lord, concerning every matter. It is peace until the going up of the dawn."

He was a bright and shining light, and he spent his time teaching children the Book of God Most High. Kings and princes resorted to his cell, in order to come by a blessing at his hands. When they saluted him, he would return the word of peace only, and not speak with any one of them until the children had finished their lesson; but, when they had been dismissed, he would turn to those who had come to visit him, and enter into conversation with them, and ask them how they did. He would receive nothing from any man, keeping to the highway in the matter of asceticism and piety and seclusion from the world; and when he departed from it, nothing of it clave to him.

When the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh learned that the shaikh Hamzah was at the point of death, he said to his sons: "Go and witness the death of this saint." So the princes Abd al Kadir and Muhammad, known as Harrán, went, and, says the poet Aboo Zaid, who related the incident to Ibn Askar, "I went with them. We entered the house of the shaikh Hamzah, only to find that his soul had overflowed, and his spirit departed. There was no furniture in his

house save some worn-out matting and a tray, upon which about a measure of the barley, which was his only sustenance, was spread in the sun.

"'To-day,' said the prince Abd al Kadir, 'we have beheld a man of the saints, who lived in the world, though he had gone out from it, and nothing of it clave to him.'

"Then we wept for ourselves, and we were present at his burying, and the people assembled from every direction.

"I had besought of him," Aboo Zaid continued, "at every opportunity to pray for me, that it would please God to cause me to die in the holy war in the way of God, and he would answer each time, 'If it be the will of God'; until, on a day of the days, I came to him according to my wont.

"'Enough,' said he; 'the prayer has been answered, and, verily, God will cause thee to attain to thy desire in the matter of fighting in the way of God.'

"Then was I glad at that saying, and from that day I rejoiced in that which he had promised me."

After that, the Sultan invested the poet Aboo Zaid with the government of the Hibt

territories, and there came of his affair what is known to all, of raids and of battles and of harrying of the unbelievers.

The shaikh Hamzah was taken away about the year 1535, and was buried by the tomb of the saint Aboo Faris, and his tomb is visited of all.

The Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh continued to make progress in the settlement of the country, retaining Fez as his capital, until he was attacked by Aboo Hassoon, aided by the Turks, and driven out of that city.

This Aboo Hassoon, known as the Badisee, was the son of the first Wattásee Sultan Muhammad, who is called 'the Shaikh,' and the brother of his successor, Muhammad the Portugálee, whose immediate successor he was, allegiance having been sworn to him in the city of Fez in the year 1526. Very shortly after this he was deposed and imprisoned by his nephew Ahmad the son of Muhammad the Portugálee. The Sultan Ahmad continued to reign in Fez until that city was taken by the Hasanee Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh in the year 1549.

There lived in Fez during the reign of the

Sultan Ahmad two brothers named Aboo Zaid and Aboo 'l Hasan. They were lineal descendants of that greatest of Moorish saints seedee Abd es Salém, whose shrine stands near the town of Shefsháwan.

Aboo Zaid was pious, learned, ascetic. His chief characteristics were the love of solitude and devotion to the service of God; and the ameers of the Benee Rashid used to bring to him their daughters to be married without ceremony. He received nothing from any man; but people would leave things in the court of his house, and he did not hinder their bringing them, any more than their taking them away. Latterly, he became so absorbed in the study of the Unity of God as to become like a wild beast to all his kind, and none saw him, either far or near. His house was always locked upon him; and his carpet was the bark of the oak-trees.

But one night in summer the wind rose, and the darkness became intense, the thunder pealed, and on all sides lightning flashed and thunderbolts fell, and men feared in Tazroot. Then the villagers went out to the place of prayer.

"We must needs look after the shaikh,"

said they; "it may be that mischief hath befallen him."

They came to the house and found it locked, and they called, but none answered. Then they tried to open the door, but could not. At last they broke it open, and found him lying upon his right side, dead, with his face turned towards Mecca, as if he were asleep—may God have mercy upon him. But no sooner had they entered the house, than the winds fell, and the noise of the thunder was stilled. He died about the year 1543, and is buried in the cemetery of Tazroot near the town of Shefsháwan.

Now, as to the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan:—during the lifetime of his brother he was engaged in trade and merchandise, and in buying and selling in the markets; but when his brother died, he forsook the world, and girded himself to worship, and attached himself to the pious. He was an excellent good gentleman, of naturally kind disposition, of generous nature and a quiet mind.

When the Wattásee Sultan Aboo Hassoon entered Fez in the beginning of the year 1553 he arrested the kaid Muhammad Ibn Rashid, who was one of the descendants of

Idrees, the great-grandson of Alee. Zeal for such sacred lineage impelled the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan to go and intercede for him; but Aboo Hassoon would not listen to him. Then the shaikh went up to the mosque of the Karaweeyeen.

"By Allah," cried he, uncovering his head, "may Aboo Hassoon not continue here at all, whether Ibn Rashid, through the blessing of the people of the House, comes out safe and sound, or not."

And so the matter fell out, even as he had said. For Aboo Hassoon died a month later, and Ibn Rashid got free and was restored to what he had been before. The shaikh died in the year 1556, and was buried by the side of his brother.

Some years before the capture of Fez, there lived there a shaikh called Yahya the son of Allán. His cell was in a place called Teezaaza in the country of Azghar. He had dug for himself in the niche of his mosque a grave, and whenever he became faint in his soul he would lie down in it and rest. And when he saw that his appointed time had come, he called to him his disciples.

"O assembly of the fakeehs," said he,

"verily, we have made up our minds to a journey, if God will."

And they all began to be busy with getting ready to carry their burdens, and with preparing the litters, thinking that he spoke of an earthly journey, with wives and children, to some other place. But his appointed time came in that hour, and he charged them to bury him beside the Futooh Gate of the city of Fez, and not to build a cupola over his grave. So, when he was dead, his companions carried him to Fez, where they arrived at night; and, when morning was about to break, they went to the Futooh Gate, and set about digging his grave, and burying him out of their sight, and they did not trouble to let anyone know what they were about. But they heard a voice in the city of Fez crying: "Seedee Yahya the son of Allán is being buried to-day by the Futooh Gate;" and the people went out in crowds, both women and men. And when the Wattásee Sultan Ahmad heard it, he rode in haste, he and all his princes, with the fakeehs, and the pious, and they were present at his burial. And the people thronged to his funeral, until they trod one upon another,

and they broke up and kept the wood of his bier, to obtain a blessing by it, for what they knew of his excellence and piety.

When the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh had taken Fez in the year 1549, he sent the members of the Wattásee house, including the Sultan Ahmad, to the city of Morocco in chains. It is said that at first he treated them with clemency, even letting the ex-Sultan go free, but that in the end he caused them all to be executed.

There was one member of the dynasty, however, who survived—Aboo Hassoon, who, on the fall of Fez, escaped from prison and made his way to Algiers. There he appealed to the Turks for help, protesting that he had been robbed of the kingdom of his ancestors by the Hasanee invaders of his country; and partly by glowing descriptions of the richness of the country, partly by promises of money, he succeeded in obtaining their assistance. The Turks sent an army under Salih Pasha, who drove the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh out of Fez, and reinstated Aboo Hassoon in the month of January 1553.

The citizens of Fez received Aboo

Hassoon with shouts of joy, and he, dismounting from his horse, embraced great and small, high and low, weeping over the misfortunes which his house had sustained at the hands of the Hasanee Shereefs. Before long, however, the people began to complain to him of the excesses of the Turks, so he lost no time in paying them the money which he had promised them and sent them home, only a small number remaining behind in Fez.

Meantime the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh was not idle. No sooner had he arrived at the city of Morocco than he set about collecting troops and stores, and marched upon Fez once more. The battle went against Aboo Hassoon, who shut himself up in Fez, prepared to stand a siege. In a fight which occurred shortly after, he was killed, and the Hasanee Sultan entered Fez for the second time in the month of October 1553.

It was on the occasion of the second conquest of Fez by the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh that he gave orders for the execution of the shaikh Zakkák, who had succeeded the son of Wanshireeshee in the two offices

of kadee and muftee in Fez. He had been deprived of these offices, however, by the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh when he entered Fez on the former occasion, but was restored to them when that Sultan was forced to retire before the Wattásee Aboo Hassoon and his Turkish allies. But once again, when the Hasanee Sultan recaptured Fez, and there befell Aboo Hassoon what befell him, the Sultan Muhammad gave orders to have the shaikh put to death, because of the part he had taken in the restoration of Aboo Hassoon.

This shaikh, therefore, died the death of a martyr, one month after the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh re-entered Fez. He did not utter a word at his death, save that, as he was about to be executed in the presence of the Sultan, the latter said to him, "Choose with what instrument thou shalt die."

"Choose thou for thyself," the shaikh retorted, "for a man dies by that with which he kills."

"Cut off his head with an axe," said the Sultan; and, in the providence of God, that was the instrument by which the Sultan perished also, as will be related presently.

This fakeeh Zakkák had a famous controversy with the muftee Muhammad the Yestathnee upon the question of the non-fulfilment of divine threats, the fakeeh asserting that God might threaten without fulfilling the threat, and the other denying it. Each of them composed a treatise on the subject; but the right was said to lie with the muftee.

The execution of the shaikh took place in the month of December 1553.

The fakeeh Zakkák was a capacious storehouse of the storehouses of learning and knowledge.

"I often met with him," writes Ibn Askar, "and attended his lectures and studied under him, and held many and long discussions concerning various questions with him. He had a very high opinion of my shaikh Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee, as, to be sure, had everyone, so much so, indeed, that if all mankind are agreed that the sun rises in the east, and it were given out by him that it rises in the west, contentions would immediately break out among men, and they would forget to use their eyes."

The shaikh Zakkák took the bit in his

teeth in issuing his verdicts in the courts, not fearing, in what concerned God, the blame of a blamer; and that was the cause of the breaking out of bitterness between him and the Sultan who killed him.

It was on the occasion of the recapture of Fez by the Sultan Muhammad that the prediction of the shaikh Aboo Rawain was fulfilled, and the shaikh Harzooz, the preacher of Meknes, was put to death. It is said that the immediate cause of his attainder was a sermon which he had preached in the mosque, warning the people against helping the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh, or supporting his cause.

"There has come to you from farthest Soos," he said, rhyming as is their wont, "after being far, vengeance from God upon the land, and the people with celerity; one who is neither priest nor lord, nor follows the straight path of sincerity. Whithersoever he comes, he hastens in the land to do ill therein; making an end of tillage and prosperity; and God loveth not base temerity. Bid him 'Fear God,' pride in sin seizes him, and Gehenna will be his sufficiency: an ill abode it is in verity."

For these daring words the shaikh was put to death. He was arrested, by the Sultan's command, at the door of his house, he and his son. And as he went first to his 'wrestling-place' he sought to comfort and encourage his son.

"Be patient, my child," he said, "for, by Allah, ours is a martyrdom like the martyrdom of the martyr of the house," meaning the Khalif Othman, the third khalif after the Prophet.

Accordingly, he died the death of a martyr, he and his son; and they were both hanged upon the door of their house, as the shaikh Aboo Rawain had foretold—may God have mercy upon all three.

The preacher Harzooz was a well-read fakeeh, and an elegant and polished writer; nor was there seen in Morocco a more eloquent preacher than he, yet he never preached a sermon twice. He journeyed to the East and met there with many shaikhs, and studied under many famous teachers there.

Now when the Sultan Muhammad had occupied Fez, and held it as his capital in 1549, his kingdom had extended from the

gates of Tilimsan to the frontiers of the Sahára. Yet he was not satisfied with these limits, but widened his boundaries still further, and pushed them as far as the river Shlif. This involved a nine months' siege of the city of Tilimsan, which he captured, as we have said, on the 10th of June 1550, but at the cost of the death of his eldest son, Harrán, who perished during the siege.

Then the Turks in turn drove him out of Tilimsan, but only to return to it now when its citizens, after these few years, rose against the Turks, and besieged them in the citadel. But on this occasion the Sultan Muhammad only encamped against it; he returned to Morocco without entering it.

The Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh, says one historian of the dynasty, was a man of swift decision, firm resolution and lofty purpose; of imposing aspect, and great vigour and energy. He set in order the constitution of the kingdom, and revived the past glories of the Khalifate, and restored it to its former state. He was one of the favoured of fortune, devoted to the holy war, possessor of a white hand in Islám.

He had many noble sons, but the noblest

of them all was Harrán, the eldest. It was he for whom the shaikh Aboo Rawain used to call, before there was any talk of the Hasanee Shereefs in Fez. "O Harrán, come, and I will give thee Morocco," he would cry; and none understood what he meant until Harrán appeared.

The Sultan's other sons were the wazeer Abd al Kadir, who perished in the year 1552; Abdallah, who succeeded his father; Abd el Melik and Mansoor, each of whom in turn became Sultan; and Othman, who was put to death by his brother Abdallah; and there were others besides.

One of the taxes which the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh imposed was called the *naibah*, or 'substitute.' It was, indeed, a tax of old standing, leviable upon conquered countries, and was first imposed in Morocco by Abd el Mumin, the first Almohad Sultan, in the twelfth century. It is said that, when the shaikh Muhammad Kaim, the founder of the Hasanee dynasty, entered the country of the Soos, and saw the nakedness of the land, and the extreme poverty of the country, he commanded each person, by way of tax, to bring him an egg.



When they brought them in thousands, he ordered everyone who had brought an egg to bring a dirhem instead.

Now there was living in the Soos country a shaikh, whose name was Khalid, and who belonged to the same tribe as the shaikh Ibn Mubárak; and he made his home somewhere between the harbour of Masah and the river Draah.

He was one of the signs of the creation of God, and one of the wonders of His kingdom. He revived the miracles of the Apostle, and Islám was glorified in him.

"None can say again," writes Ibn Askar, "what was said to me once in the city of Morocco, in the year 1572. For the shaikh Khalid had been mentioned, in the course of conversation.

"'It is enough for his honour,' said one, 'that he bequeathed to Islám a strength that can never fade, and a glory which can never die.'

"'And how is that?' I demanded.

"'The shaikh Khalid,' he replied, 'was once journeying with a company of the fakeehs and fakeers, and their conversation turned upon the miracles of the Apostle.'

"'Would that a miracle had remained until the present day,' said one despondent disciple, 'in order that we might witness it.'

"'Why,' exclaimed the shaikh, 'God reneweth at the hands of His saints in every age, the miracles of the Apostle.'

"'In what way, sir?' asked the other.

"'Look at that flat surface,' was the shaikh's reply.

"Now there was over against them, a steep hill-side, forming a precipice, and in the precipice some smooth black stone at a height of fifty fathoms above the path. They looked, therefore, as the shaikh indicated, but saw nothing, until the shaikh raised his scymitar towards it, and made as though he were writing on it the words, 'There is no god but God: Muhammad is the Apostle of God;' and these two sentences of the creed appeared at once, engraved upon the flat surface in thick, clear letters; and not a letter of them all was dotted, as indeed they should not be. And there they remain to the present day. Neither can they be of mechanical contrivance, for they are traced in the substance of the rock, and the texture of its surface is like the face of a mirror. It

is not as if the letters had been engraved or painted. Therefore, praise be to God, who performeth what He will."

"What had recalled this story to his mind," continues Ibn Askar, "was the accidental mention of other rocks in Morocco, on which there is writing, not done by hand of man.

"The substance of the writing on all is the same, but my friend declared the one written by seedee Khalid to be much the most distinct.

"'One would wish, sir, for certitude in this matter,' I said.

"'By all means,' he replied; and on the next day he called together more than forty of the most reliable men of those parts, and the most trusted of that neighbourhood.

"'Tell our friend here,' he said, 'the incident of seedee Khalid.'

"And they did so, adding that the writing remained till the present day; and they told other wonderful things about him as well, amongst others the attempt of the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh to impose the tax called the ***naibah***, just referred to, upon the descendants of seedee Khalid.

"For when that Sultan hastily overran the

Soos country, he imposed upon it this tax, as has been said, and charged the assessment according to the heads of the people. In the course of registration, his secretaries came to the names of the sons of the shaikh Khalid.

"'Write them down as liable,' said the Sultan.

"'Sire,' said the secretary Muhammad the son of Hasan, 'do not do that. Are they not the children of the shaikh Khalid?'

"'And if they were the whole Muslim nation,' retorted the Sultan, 'it would make no difference in this business.'

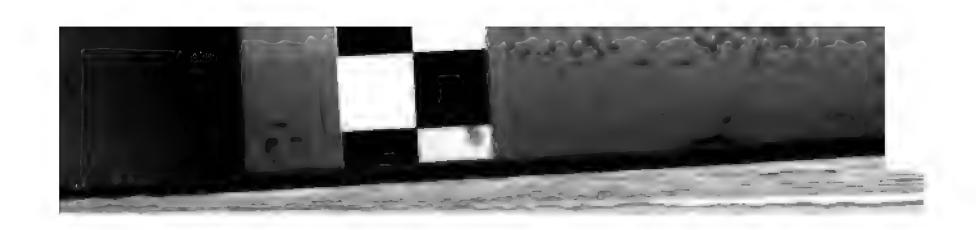
"Their names were inscribed accordingly.

"But when news of what the Sultan had done came to the ears of the sons of seedee Khalid, they had recourse to their father's grave, and besought his aid.

"'O sir,' said they, 'verily, the Sultan has put us in the halter of this tax; and how should we pay it, when thou art with us?'

"And in the same night the Sultan beheld, and, lo, one who set his foot upon his belly, saying: 'Because thou didst not refrain from me, I will, verily, tear out thine heart.'

"'And who art thou?' demanded the Sultan.



"The other replied: 'I am Khalid.'

"And with that, the Sultan awoke trembling, and his body swelled up, until it became like a sack. He sent in haste to the secretary mentioned above, commanding him to write to the sons of the shaikh Khalid, that no one would levy this tax upon them forever, so long as the sovereignty continued with his descendants; and bidding him send the letter to them without delay.

"'Did not I say to thee, sire,' replied the secretary, 'that seedee Khalid would preserve his immunity?'

"But the Sultan returned answer: 'Make haste with that which I have commanded thee to do.'

"The secretary, therefore, sent the Sultan's letter to the sons of the shaikh, and added: 'Bestir yourselves in praying for a blessing upon the Sultan, at the grave-side of the shaikh.' And they did so, and the Sultan was healed of his sickness. And the posterity of the shaikh continue in unassailable strength and high renown until this day."

Among the public works of the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh, it is said that he built the bridges over the river Seboo and

over the Umm er Rabeea; but others say that they were built by the Sultan Mansoor. He first surveyed the harbour of Agadeer in the Soos, after driving the Christians from the neighbourhood.

In the year 1551 the Sultan instituted an inquisition against the shaikhs, on political grounds, for it was through their influence that he had risen to power, and through their influence he feared to fall. One of those whom he persecuted, pulling down his cell in the city of Morocco, and compelling him to remove to Fez, was Al Koosh, whose story has been told already. Another, who has not yet been mentioned, was the shaikh Hasan the Misbáhee.

This shaikh was one of the good servants of God—one whose prayers were answered. He combined the performance of miracles, which none could gainsay, with humility and the lowering of the wing, and seclusion from the world and from its folk. When the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh was inspecting the saints-houses of Morocco, a certain person asked this shaikh, "Fearest thou not the Sultan?"

"Fear," the shaikh answered, "is for God

alone. Learning, and water for ablution, and the direction of prayer, none can take away. As for aught else, he who wishes to have it, let him have it."

But none dared stand by his side in this. Ibn Askar met with this shaikh only on one occasion, and he was astonished at his goodness and asceticism. He died in the seventh decade of the century. He had a son, whose name was Eesa, who came by a martyr's death, being killed in battle in the district round Tangier, and was buried beside his father.

The cells of the shaikhs were regarded as inviolable, and the Benee Wattás used them as banks. This was the chief reason for the Sultan's inspection of them; for he hoped to unearth deposits of treasure belonging to the rival dynasty, and to seize them for his own use.

One day, as the shaikh Aboo Othman, who is buried in Meknes, was sitting by the side of his cell, plaiting palm-fibre, the inspector of the Sultan arrived, with the object of searching his cell. At the same moment a stork flying past let fall some ordure upon the shaikh. The next instant it dropped to

the ground dead, its head shattered. The shaikh hardly raised his eyes, but the Sultan's messenger, terrified by the prodigy, fled back to his master in terror.

The shaikh Aboo Othman lived in the city of Meknes, where also he died, and was buried in the middle, or rather, the end of the sixth decade of the century. He was a saint endowed with evident blessing and shining miracles, one of the good servants of God and of His holy ones, pious, humble, self-denying, mortifying the flesh, very fearful, always mentioning the name of God, supporting the weak, and making himself responsible for the orphan, wearing only a coarse patched garment of wool and a cap like it, much given to silence and meditation, always sitting in the same spot in his cell, never being seen to stand up except to pray, having no visible means of support nor tillage. Yet deputations would arrive at his cell every day and every night, and the favours of God embraced them one and all.

One of his companions who assisted in the service of his cell, tells how the shaikh would charge the keeper of his storerooms and the herd of his flocks, that they should take no

count of what was under their hands, because all cometh from the Gate of Victory, and God will unfold a livelihood for whom He will. And sometimes one would go into the storehouse and find it empty, and the storekeeper would hasten to the shaikh to inform him.

"Go back and look again and more carefully," would be all the shaikh would reply; "peradventure the grain is still there."

And the storekeeper would go back and find it even so as the shaikh said. So, too, the cowherd, when all the cattle had been slaughtered, would go and tell the shaikh, and God would renew the flocks and herds on the selfsame day.

But the most widely known of all his miracles was what befell him, with the wazeer Muhammad, the son of the Wattásee Sultan Ahmad, when his father had appointed him wazeer and walee of Meknes, and he was living there.

One of the bodyguard, who had fallen into the bad grace of the wazeer, took refuge in the cell of the shaikh, and the wazeer sent to the shaikh with a safe-conduct, demanding that he should be given up.

Then the shaikh said to the guard: "If thou wishest to go to thy master, go."

"Sir," the guard replied, "I fear that he will kill me."

The shaikh answered: "If he kill thee, God will kill him."

So the guard went back to the wazeer and he remained with him two nights, but on the third night the wazeer killed him. But the thing was not known, until the mother of the murdered man came to the shaikh.

"O sir," she cried, "verily, my son—the wazeer has killed him."

The shaikh replied: "That befell him first in the providence of God, and as for the other (meaning the wazeer) it will overtake him now."

And that very night the wazeer fell sick, and an itch broke out in his body, and his flesh rent, and was cut off piece by piece, until his body was torn to shreds, and he died after a few days.

The people and the Sultan were astonished at what was done, and from that time forth the ameers and others increased their respect for the sanctuary of the shaikh, until, perchance, one might perpetrate what he

pleased of the most heinous crimes, and yet, if he took asylum in the court of the cell, he would not be pursued. The limit of the sanctuary in the direction of the town was the little stream of running water, which is nearer to the town than it is to the cell.

"I have many a time seen the officers," writes Ibn Askar, "chasing a criminal, until he reached this streamlet, when they would turn back, warned by constant experience that if they too crossed the brook, some dire calamity would befall them.

"And I never saw," he goes on, "among all the sanctuaries of Morocco, and among all the wrestling-places of its saints, a sanctuary like the sanctuary and cell of seedee Aboo Othman. Even the ameers kept aloof from its taboo altogether, so great was their dread of the consequences of infringing it."

Another shaikh who lived near the town of Meknes, and with whom Ibn Askar was personally acquainted, was the shaikh Ibn Omar. He was a very pious person, and frequently overcome by ecstasy, and he was besides an enthusiast in hunting.

"I once heard the kaid Ibn Ghudaifah,"

writes Ibn Askar, "speaking about this shaikh.

" 'By Allah," said he, 'I never saw the like of master Ibn Omar. He would reveal to me things which none could know save God Most High—praise be to Him. I once did a deed of which neither man nor jinn knew aught, and shortly afterwards I went to visit him.

" 'If this man were of the saints,' I said to myself as I drew near, 'he would put me to shame on account of what I have done.'

" 'But when I came in, he took me by the hand and led me to a place where no one else was, save we two.

" ' "My brother," he said to me, "counsel is good and repentance is necessary. Yet thou art not receiving instruction, but hast done such and such a thing," and he described to me the matter as if he had been present.

" 'I repent unto God,' I said—'to whom be praise.'

" ' "Veil what thou hast heard, and tell it to none," was his reply.'

"I met this shaikh twice," Ibn Askar adds, "once in Tamsna, where the Sultan



Abdallah happened to be encamped; and a second time in Fez in the year 1562, where I used to see him every night by the space of a month, in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, in company with the shaikh Ibn Mansoor."

Not a few of the shaikhs of Morocco were devoted, like Ibn Omar, to the love of hunting and the pleasures of the chase. Naturally people remarked upon such conduct, as unbecoming in a saint. There lived in the town of Figuig one of these hunting shaikhs, who, when impeached, defended the practice by composing an ode in praise of hunting. It began:

"They blame me for hunting, yet hunting gives
Men things, which make life better!"

In the year 1552 there arrived in Fez the fakeeh Muhammad, a native of the town of Sfax in Tripoli, but resident in Algiers. He came on an embassy to the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh from the Turkish Sultan Suleiman in Constantinople, with the purpose of concluding an armistice between the two powers, and for the delimitation of the frontier.

On his arrival in Fez one of the first

things which the ambassador did was to find fault with the shaikh Aboo Amar, because he divided the hair of his moustaches.

"It is heresy," the ambassador declared.

It was pointed out to him that the great Jezoolee did it.

"Perhaps he did it by special permission," he retorted, "but that does not apply to you. A special permission granted to a prophet may extend to his followers, but a permission granted to a saint does not extend to his followers."

And on many other points he found fault with Aboo Amar, and when he returned to Algiers he sent him a tractate, directed against himself. Muhammad died in Algiers in 1556, and was buried without the wall.

He was the author of a considerable number of valuable works, both original and by way of commentary upon the works of earlier authors. He visited Fez on two occasions, and he did not leave the city of Morocco without taking with him a quantity of valuable books, when he returned to Algiers. Indeed his hobby, and his chief pleasure in life, was that of the book-collector.

The love of books and the desire to collect them were very great amongst the shaikhs. Ibn Askar considers the fact of having been presented with a book, as not a little worthy to be recorded. Thus he mentions how one shaikh gave to him a copy of the "Treatise" of Ibn Abee Zaid, and a copy of one of Ghazálee's works.

"The best gifts which a man can give to his sons are books of learning," said the shaikh, as he presented them to him.

Many shaikhs made their living by copying manuscripts, such as the shaikh Moosa of Wezzán, who is credited with having copied with his own hand three hundred deewáns, all of them of considerable length; besides composing works of his own, and engaging in controversy with other fakeehs such as the muftee Muhammad the Yestathnee.

Another shaikh with whom Muhammad of Tripoli had dealings was the shaikh Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee. He was a peerless one in his time, and the wonder of his generation. None dared vie with him in the racecourse of knowledge, and none dared fly beneath his wing. He is called Hibtee

from the Hibt, the district overlooking the straits of Gibraltar. He studied under Ghazwánee, of whom he used to say: "All the knowledge which God Most High has bestowed upon me, and all the victory with which He has sustained me, are due to the blessing of my master Abdallah the Ghazwánee."

This was in mystical science; but he had many other famous teachers also, for theology and law. He was very strict in the matter of asceticism and withdrawal from the world; nor would he allow any of his family, or of his sons, or of his companions, to depart from a life of self-denial and seclusion from the world. Neither was there to be seen in his cell man or woman, who was not reciting the Book of God, or mentioning His names, or learning to know Him, until he or she met with God there.

This saint was always riding over the rough places of life. He took no thought what he should eat, or wherewith he should be clothed, or whereon he should ride. He was a great admirer of that greatest of mystic poets, Ibn al Farid, and was himself also no mean poet and author.

Of this Aboo Muhammad it has been said: "Verily, God (blessed and exalted be His name) sends to this nation, at the beginning of every hundred years, one who will renew to them their faith, and it is not much that one of these should be the shaikh Aboo Muhammad." And many a one of the learned has said this saying.

And another was wont to say of him: "He is the Ghazálee of this age." And, indeed, his excellences are more than can be numbered and his virtues past recounting.

When the Sultan, the prince of believers, became ruler of the kindgom of Morocco, and seized the throne of the kingdom in the city of Fez, he sent to the shaikh in order that he might confer with him on matters of state, and affairs of the faith. So the shaikh came to Fez for this purpose, and the Sultan magnified his worth, and accepted his counsels.

Now there came to hand at that time a letter from the afore-mentioned Muhammad of Tripoli, who was then resident in Algiers. To this pamphlet he gave the title, "The Letter of the Child of Penury to the Chief Men of the City of Fez." In it he discussed

the cardinal points of the Muslim faith, and in speaking of the first of these—"There is no god but God"—he fell into a slight error; for he interpreted the formula as denying the existence of the gods of the polytheists and affirming the existence of God Most High. The shaikh Aboo Muhammad observed this slip, and bade his amanuensis write a letter to the shaikh Muhammad of Tripoli. This he did in the mildest terms possible, describing the error as a mere slip of the pen, and craving his pardon for attempting to put him right.

Before the shaikh's letter, however, was despatched, it was submitted to the muftee Muhammad the Yestathnee [Yasseetinee], out of respect for his official position. The muftee having read it, wrote remarks of his own upon the margin, preaching at the shaikh Muhammad of Tripoli, reviling him and glorying over his error; pointing out that, although in one sense it might be said that the gods of the polytheists did not exist, yet in another sense they had a very real existence.

"God is most great!" exclaimed the shaikh Aboo Abdallah when he read these

notes of the muftee. "This muftee has tried to convince this man of error, and he has fallen into a more serious error himself, or one as bad. For how can anything both be and not be at one and the same time? It is evident that the formula denies *divinity* merely to the gods of the polytheists, and predicates it of God,"—and he ordered his amanuensis to carry the letter back to the muftee to correct, but the latter maintained that he was right, and refused to alter anything; and shortly afterwards the shaikh Aboo Muhammad left Fez and returned home.

The muftee persisted in his contention, and published a pamphlet, directed against the shaikh, in which he offered no proofs, beyond an irrelevant quotation from the shaikh Senoosee; and the only witnesses he called were the empty futilities of logic. And he closed by asking of the shaikh the benefit of his prayers, adding, "and for all this I acknowledge your virtue and your worth."

Now when this story came to the ears of the Sultan, he sought to inquire concerning the truth in regard to this question, and wrote

to the shaikh Aboo Muhammad, desiring his presence. But when the muftee was notified of that, his love of superiority and greed of pre-eminence and honour, and want of fairness, drove him to make an agreement with Ibn Rashid, at that time kaid of Shefsháwan. Now Ibn Rashid had a grudge against the shaikh on his own behalf, because he was time and again disapproving of his actions, and, as the poet says:

> "Sometimes the giver of good counsel is not paid with thanks."

The muftee and Ibn Rashid took in a third person, the secretary Ibn Eesa, as partner in this business, and these three maligned the shaikh before the Sultan, warning him that he had cause to fear for his throne by reason of the shaikh, and so they got at him by this door.

When, therefore, the shaikh arrived in Fez, in obedience to the Sultan's command, and alighted at the cell of the shaikh Muhammad, who is commonly known as 'the Student,' Ibn Rashid and Ibn Eesa at once betook themselves to the houses of the fakeehs.

"The Sultan's desire," they informed them, "is that this man"—meaning the shaikh Aboo

Muhammad—"should perish. Do not ye, therefore, indorse his words, nor aid him by your approval;" and they went their way to the palace of the Sultan.

"The disciples of this man," they told him, "say that the shaikh—he is the Sultan;" in order that they might stir up his jealousy, and excite his fear.

So when the shaikh and the Sultan came face to face, the muftee and his party were present also, whereas the shaikhs of the fakeehs — such as Zakkák and the two brothers Aboo Zaid and Aboo 'l Kasim, and the rest—refrained from presenting themselves.

Then the muftee arose and sat before the Sultan.

"O my master," he began, "verily, this heretic—his blood is not sacred—slay him."

"You say nothing about that question of yours," the Sultan retorted.

"What is his opinion?" the muftee said, putting off. "What does he say?"

But the shaikh said never a word, nay, his thoughts were far away. All at once he awoke from his reverie, and roused himself from his trance.

"Recite the first chapter of the Korán," said he, lifting up his hands. "It may be that God will cause the truth to shine forth;" and he arose forthwith, and went up to the mosque which is in the citadel.

"It is a good thing for you," said the Sultan, when the shaikh had departed, "that he refuses to dispute with you about this matter."

"Let us draw up a declaration," was Ibn Rashid's next proposal, "to the effect that he has given in to us, and let him sign it." Which also they did, and Ibn Rashid carried it to him to the mosque.

"I ask thee by the Mighty God," said he, "and by His Noble Prophet, that thou place thy signature upon this declaration, for it is the Sultan who has sent it to thee."

"Give it to me," the shaikh replied, and he wrote upon it: "I submit to the authority of the Sultan and of the muftee in this matter."

Ibn Rashid carried the document to the Sultan; but when the latter saw it, "Verily," said he, "the shaikh has not given in to you, for the mere submitting to the authority of another is nothing." So they fell short of their goal, and missed their aim.

Then the Sultan himself went up to the mosque, and took the shaikh by the hand, and leading him into the palace, set about excusing himself to him, seeking to make it up with him, and to justify his own conduct in relation to what the muftee had done. Then, when the shaikh bade him good-bye and departed, as he went out, he cursed that muftee, and at the same time prayed God that He would grant to himself some ground of excuse, which should prevent himself from meeting with kings henceforth. And these two requests—the curse and the prayer—were answered.

For that muftee did not remain after that but about a month before he entered his grave. That excellent shaikh Muhammad, generally known as 'the Student,' relates the circumstances :—" I entered the Andalus mosque, and prayed therein the afternoon prayer," he said, "on the seventh day after the day of the trial. And when I had finished praying, I was on the point of going out, when I found myself face to face with the muftee Muhammad. I saluted him, and his countenance bore traces of tears, and his back was bent nearly double.



"'I have somewhat to say to thee,' said he, and he took me by the hand, and led me to a corner of the corners of the mosque, and sat down, and I sat down by him. And he began to weep.

"'O sir,' I said, 'what maketh thee weep?'

"'Verily,' he answered, 'I have been smitten with a corroding ulcer in the small of my back in these last days, which goes near to cut my back and my belly in sunder. And this has befallen me wholly by means of thy companion Aboo Muhammad, and I beseech of thee in God's name, and implore of thee for the love of God and of His saints, that thou write to him to set me free, and to pray for me for good.'

"So I promised that I would do so, and he went away, and I never saw him again alive."

"I related this story," Ibn Askar continues, "to that excellent shaikh Muhammad, the son of the shaikh and saint Yahya the son of Bekkár—may God sheathe him with His mercy.

"'And I also will tell thee what I know,' replied he, when he had heard it, 'and that is, that the Sultan went out with his army to Tazah in those days, and commanded the

muftee to accompany him according to his wont, and I also went with him, and the muftee generally pitched his tent close to mine. And he was sick of that sickness of his, and one night in the course of the journey his condition became critical, and he was seized with great pain ; and, about the going up of the dawn, he sent for me, and I came at once.

" ' " Have the kindness to go to this man," he said (meaning the Sultan), "and tell him the state I am in, so that he may let me return home and die among my children, for I am perishing beyond a doubt."

" ' I went to the Sultan, and found him sitting down, after having prayed the early morning prayer, and before him was a brasier with fire.

" ' " What has brought thee here," asked he, "in this early darkness?" So I gave him my message.

" ' " God forbid!" he said, and added, smiling: " Bid him cheer up; lest people should say that you have made short work of him."

" ' " O sire," I replied, " the matter is more serious than that."

" ' " Then let him go," he said at last,

"There is none can turn aside the decree of God."

"'So the muftee's companions carried him home, but he died as soon as he came to his house. Next, his sons died, and his posterity were cut off in that same year, till not a descendant of his was left. And God is conqueror in His affair.'

"One day I related this story," Ibn Askar goes on, "to the fakeeh Zakkák."

"'The muftee Muhammad's stubbornness,' he replied, 'and his refusal to acknowledge the truth, and his persistence in quarrelling, only injured himself. For his humour was such that if he had said, for example, that the sun rises in the west, and all mankind said that it rises in the east, he would not turn from what he had said, such was his nature, and there is no power nor strength but in God, the High, the Strong.'

"And now as to the fulfilment of the shaikh's prayer. The shaikh Aboo Muhammad—the mercy of God be upon him—returned to his cell and remained as long as it pleased God that he should remain, until he fell sick. And he only rose up from his sickness with his feet cramped,

so that he was unable to walk, or to ride any beast.

"'This is a miracle,' he was wont to say, 'from God Most High, with which He has honoured me, and surely it is a mighty act of grace.'

"And so he did not after that meet with a Sultan again."

The shaikh Aboo Muhammad was the most forward of men to teach God's creatures, and he would urge upon those with whom he came in contact to instruct their families, children, slaves, menservants and women-servants, in accordance with the saying of the Prophet: "Verily, if God should guide by thy means one soul, it is better for thee than the choice of the flock."

He insisted above all upon the study of the creed: "There is no god but God, and Muhammad is the apostle of God;" for he perceived that ignorance prevailed over mankind. On the first part—"There is no god but God"—he composed a number of tractates, the longest and best of which is called the "Book of Direction."

Thus was his life an example and an admonition, and a lavishing of counsel to all

mankind; but the subject on which he preferred to speak with his most intimate disciples was the Vision of God.

One day he was in the company of that divine fakeeh Moosa of Wezzán, who was one of the greatest of his disciples, and that luminous inquirer Hasan the son of Alee, who never desisted from blessing the Prophet day nor night, and that ascetic fakeeh and famous saint Muhammad the Ghazáwee, who abandoned the world, with what is in it.

"And I also myself," writes Ibn Askar, "was at the same time in a neighbouring room, in which was a case of books, some of which I was studying about a question of law. Now, as I was so engaged, Hasan the son of Alee entered.

"'Come to the shaikh,' said he.

"I replied, 'Very well,' and he went out; but immediately he was there again.

"'Verily,' said he, 'the shaikh says to thee, "Leave the books and come, that the veils may be rent."'

"Then I hastened to him, and found him with them, and I saw there what tongue cannot tell, nor words express."

Indeed, the shaikh Aboo Muhammad

could find none with whom he could converse, so profound was his knowledge, so lofty were his attainments. And when he did converse with men about the sciences with which they were familiar, they supposed that that was the utmost of his powers. He was wont to rebuke those who based their faith upon authority, and were satisfied with that. The learned among the Soofees say, that the perfect shaikh is he about whom there is no doubt that, if all the learned men died until he was left alone, and if all the books were lost until there remained no knowledge, save what was locked up in his breast, he would be able to revive for mankind religion, and to restore the sciences as they were. And such was the shaikh Aboo Muhammad.

He died in the year 1555, at over eighty years of age, and was buried by his cell in a place called Mawáhib [gifts]—but its name at the first was Maátib [reproaches], only the shaikh changed its name—in the country of the Benee Zejel, the tribe of the town of Shefsháwan, in the country of Ghomárah, about three miles from it in an easterly direction. His grave is well known in that

district. "And were it not for the cares of this world, and the uncertainties of fortune," says Ibn Askar, in conclusion, "I should have devoted an independent book to him alone, dealing with his miracles and wonderful gifts, by which God Most High distinguished him so highly."

One of the companions of Aboo Muhammad was the shaikh Ibn Khajjoo. He was a very studious fakeeh. He knew the Korán by heart and was very pious, and he held the reins with a firm hand in the matter of commanding men to do what is legal and abstain from what is illegal. He never pretended to understand a thing which he did not understand, but if there were any question which he could not answer, he would carry it to the shaikh Aboo Muhammad. He studied in Fez under many of the shaikhs there, such as the shaikh Ibn Ghazee, and seedee Ahmad Zakkák, and Ibn Haroon. The shaikh Aboo Muhammad had a very high opinion of him, and allowed himself to be guided by his legal knowledge, whilst at the same time Aboo Muhammad acted as his instructor in the Path of the Soofees. The shaikh Ibn Khajjoo was the author of

several religious works, such as "Good Counsels," "The Light of Day," and others.

"I met with him," writes Ibn Askar, "and visited him in his home in a place called Saádah at the summit of the mountain of the Benee Hassán in the country of Ghomárah, and studied under him more than one science. For when I was quite young he had put a test question to me, and, when I answered it discreetly, had said to those who were present, 'This youth is of keen perception: he will not be content with the trade of those who merely submit to authority in their religion.'"

When the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh became master of Morocco, he sent to the fakeehs, requiring their presence. And when Ibn Khajjoo went to the court, to Fez, he carried his shroud with him; for he had desired of God that He would bring about his departure from this world in Fez, and had seen, as the sleeper sees, and beheld one saying to him, "The prayer is answered": so when he came to Fez he made sure he was to die there. When the Sultan met him, he was delighted with the shaikh.

"I have not seen," said he, "of all I

have seen, a more excellent than this man in knowledge and virtue."

He, therefore, begged of him that he would remain some time in Fez, that he might have the advantage of his company, and the benefit of his conversation. The shaikh accordingly stayed, and his appointed time came upon him, and he was taken away in the year 1549. The Sultan and all classes were present at his funeral, and the people broke up the wood of his bier, to keep for a blessing, and carried him to his grave without one. He is buried in the burying-place of Ibn Obbád, on the inside of the Futooh Gate of Fez.

Another instance of how the prayers of the shaikh Aboo Muhammad were answered, besides those mentioned above, occurred in connection with a shaikh whose name was Yoosuf the Teleedee, that is, belonging to the Benee Teleed, one of the tribes of Ghomárah, in whose country his tomb stands, at the distance of half a day's journey in a westerly direction from the town of Shefsháwan. He counted those who resorted to him, and other inquirers, by thousands, and he would feed them all to the fulness of their desire,

and that every night. He had a wonderful acceptance in the hearts of all creatures.

Now this shaikh was in the habit of writing letters to different regions commanding the people everywhere to repent, and urging them to have respect to the miracles of the saints; and he would single out the saints by name.

But the shaikh Aboo Muhammad sternly denied to him such powers, and forbade his claiming them; and when he still continued to do so, Aboo Muhammad cursed him. Then the Teleedee's tongue became dumb, and his hand could no longer write, and he remained in that state until his death. Yet would not Aboo Muhammad have him evil spoken of.

He had travelled far on the mystic Path, and good and great men among his own companions bore witness to his miracles. He left behind him thousands of disciples, but no children, and he bequeathed his property to the poor and needy.

Another shaikh of note, who is also connected with the shaikh Aboo Muhammad, was the shaikh Aboo Abdallah of Tazah.

He was an excellent learned shaikh, and an elegant poet, besides being one of the

greatest of the mystics, endowed with qualities which are not attained to.

The shaikh Aboo Muhammad once told Ibn Askar of a curious interview which he had with this shaikh Aboo Abdallah.

"Once," said he, "I went into the shaikh Aboo Abdallah of Tazah, when he was in his house there, and he had been sick. I found him sitting on his bed, and I saluted him, and began to put to him some questions, hoping for one pearl from his mine, one drop from his well.

"'What, sir,' I asked, 'is the meaning of the Atonement?'

"'AT—ONE—MENT,' he answered loudly; and he ceased not to prolong its syllables upon his tongue until he fell to the ground senseless.

"I, therefore, went away, and left him like that."

A convert of the shaikh Aboo Muhammad was Haddád the Ziyátee. He became, under him, an honest man, separated unto God Most High. He went to the utmost length in the 'eye-witness,' until he saw nought save the TRUTH—God forfend.

But in the beginning of his affair he was a

quick-witted, thievish fellow, until, in his early manhood, he made the acquaintance of the shaikh Aboo Muhammad. And when there was of the affair of that shaikh what was, and from the city of Fez he had returned to the country of Ghomárah, and he had reached the tribe of the Benee Ziyát in the province of Targhah, Haddád heard about him, and came to him saluting him, although he was the readiest of men to flee from the people of religion.

When he saw, therefore, what manner of men the shaikh and his companions were, he sought to escape, but the shaikh stopped him.

"There is no way for it," said he, "but thou must lodge with us this night."

"I will, on one condition," he replied—"that nothing shall be put upon me of all that these fellows practise, of the mention of God, and praying and not sleeping o' nights, and of making a show of being melancholy."

To this the shaikh agreed. "Very well," he said, "we will not require of thee save to look on at what these others do."

But when the middle of the night had come, Haddád was seized with trembling and palpitation, and rushed out, and fled. Before

long, however, he returned to the shaikh, and continued with him, and became one of his most attached disciples. He so remained, a recluse from the world, until his death in 1557 at over eighty years of age.

"I used to meet with him," Ibn Askar writes, "at the house of my shaikh Aboo Muhammad.

"'I do not speak with anyone,' he would say to me, 'save this man who *knows*'— meaning the shaikh. 'And should he die before me, no one will hear word of mine again forever, in order that he may not make me an unbeliever.'

"Then he would recite:

'There knows not love, save he who fights against it;
Nor longing, save he who struggles with it.'

"Even with the shaikh he would not sit, unless he were alone, or if there were with him one of wide knowledge from among the most intimate of his companions, whom he knew."

After conquering Morocco, the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh turned his thoughts eastwards, and nothing would satisfy him less than the expulsion of the Turks from Egypt. Then the Ottoman Sultan Suleiman

was afraid; whereas the Sultan Muhammad never spoke of the Ottoman Sultan by any other title than the 'Sultan of the fisher-folk'; because the chief characteristics of these Turks is their love of riding upon the sea. When the Turkish Sultan heard of that, he sent to him ambassadors; but the Sultan Muhammad treated them with scant courtesy.

"Tell your master," said he, "that I am coming to invade his country."

When Suleiman received this reply, he sent to the Turks in Algiers, commanding them to bring him the Sultan Muhammad's head. They sent, therefore, one of their desperadoes called Salih, together with a small party, who pretended that they were deserters from the Turks, who wished to enter his service; and the Sultan Muhammad received them gladly.

For when he had entered Fez for the second time, he had found a company of Turks who had come over from the army which Aboo Hassoon had brought back with him from Algiers. So he took these over also and set them by themselves in his army, calling them the Ingashareeyah or Janissaries, and he went to the city of Morocco. He would ride immediately in front of them with-



out fear, not knowing that the Turks are even as the poet says:

> "Lean not on a Turk, however great
> His service, though he fly in the clouds.
> If he be generous one day, his generosity is an error.
> And if he betray thee, it comes of a mother of his and a father."

So when Salih arrived, they rejoiced in him and inclined to him, since every stranger is to a stranger related, and a stranger pleases every stranger. And they did not cease devising stratagems and weaving plots, until opportunity favoured them, and fortune turned to their side.

For when they were on an expedition in a place in the mountains called Aglagal, some of them entered the Sultan's tent when he was unguarded, and struck him but a single blow with an axe, severing his head from his body. Then they put the head in a nose-bag and went away with it, wading in the bowels of the darkness, and riding the camel of terror and dread.

And they went forth taking the direction of Sijilmása, as though they were messengers going to Tilimsan, so as to avoid attracting attention. And some were murdered by the



way, but a few escaped and came with the head to the Sultan in Constantinople, and it continued to hang there until it rotted away. The date of the assassination was the 23rd day of October 1557.

The Sultan's headless trunk was carried to the city of Morocco, and buried on the east of the mosque of Mansoor, among the tombs of the shereefs there. The following verses are engraved upon the marble of his tomb :—

"See here a tomb which mercies sheathe,
And their white clouds do shade its niche.
Do thou its holy fragrance breathe,
Which its breezes waft from the home of each.
When he died, the sun no longer burned;
The seven earths in darkness mourned.
O Beauty, which the ghost of evil blighted,
Which Fate rove through with her arrow fell,
The mountains quaked, at thy fall affrighted,
And seven heavens drooped at thy death-knell.
Voices and strains of angels escorted
To Eden thy bier, so cruelly contorted.
To ascend to the Pleiades, didst thou vow,
And now there is none so low as thou."

On the same occasion on which the Sultan perished, there perished also the fakeeh Alee the son of Aboo Bekr, muftee of the city of Morocco, as well as the secretary Aboo Imrán the Wejnee.

16

SHAIKHS OF TETUAN.

The town of Tetuan was celebrated as the home of many a famous shaikh. One of these was the poet Ahmad, a member of one of the tribes in the neighbourhood of that town. He was a blameless fakeeh, possessed of the knowledge of God, of deep piety and strict asceticism, a great student, especially devoted to history, and deeply versed in it, a man much given to contemplation and reflection.

Every Friday he used to go on foot to the city of Tetuan, to pray the Friday prayer, although his place of abode, Boo Khallád, was at a distance of about twelve miles.

He wrought in absolute dependence upon God, working at nothing as a means of making a living. There was a little open space beside his dwelling, which he trenched with an axe, and sowed in it a few seeds; and if any of the seeds came up, that was his sustenance, and the sustenance of his family, although anyone seeing it, would think it not enough for a single person. Yet would he give of it to feed any of the

sons of the road, who happened to alight at the mosque, which was opposite his house upon the highway.

He would receive nothing from anyone, but, when he went to Tetuan, he carried a straw bag in his hand to hold what he purchased in the market. He would carry it until it left a mark upon his left hand, and, if any of the passers-by offered to carry it for him, he declined with a frown.

"I studied history under him," Ibn Askar says, "and for all I met with him these many years he would converse on no other subject than history, and the stories of the learned, and the pious, and the kings, and others who had gone before us. Then when he had ended his tale, he would say, quoting the Korán, 'The rest is God's: unto God do not all things return? Everything is perishing except His face,' and the colour of his own face would become pale and an ecstasy would come upon him, and he would go away."

Many miracles appeared in him, and the people of his country are at one as to his saintship and virtue. He died in the year 1557, and was buried beside his mosque.

Yet another saint who haunted the town

[redacted]

of Tetuan was an unknown man, who went among the common people by the name of 'The Spy.' He belonged to the sect who received the name of the Mulámateeyah, to which Aboo Rawain also belonged.

The reason of this saint's bearing the name of Al Jasoos, or 'the Spy,' was this. A troop of Muslim horse having set out from Tetuan with the object of making a raid upon the Christians who were in Ceuta, came upon this man walking along the sea-shore in the neighbourhood of that city. Then they, supposing him to be one of the spies who were constantly deserting to the side of the unbelievers, ordered him to give an account of himself. But, when he replied in a language which they could not understand, they arrested him and carried him to Tetuan. This occurred in the governorship of Ibn Rashid, about the year 1543. So they bound this man and scourged him, but he uttered never a word. Wherefore they cast him into prison, and he remained there many days; but at last they let him go free.

He went, therefore, and found a refuge in one of the little rooms provided in the mosque out of funds bequeathed for the

support of the students. He had a habit, when he met with little children who could not talk, of speaking to them words of whichever he affected of the dialects of the Berbers. He would stroke their heads, and speak kindly with them, but should any grown-up person address him, he would move away without speaking.

He received nothing from any man, save from one man or two at most, to whom he taught the Faith, and that without speaking to them; neither from them did he receive aught but food and clothing. And, as for the dirhem and the deenár, he would not receive them at all, nor so much as touch them with his hand.

His way of receiving food was to walk along the street leading to the market-place, and, if either of these two men observed him, he would follow him with some bread or the like, until he overtook him. Then he would slip it into the hood of his cloak, without a word. And the shaikh would not permit anyone to do that to him, save these two, as we have said.

As to his clothes, another of his friends used to buy for him at the beginning of

every year a mantle and a hooded cloak and a cap. These he would carry into the mosque, and watch for the shaikh until he came in, when he would rise up and clothe him in them, carrying away the worn garments. And the shaikh would offer no resistance to anything he did.

A number of the students, who lived in the mosque, used to tell—and each of them would confirm the words of the others—how the shaikh lodged along with them in the little room mentioned above, keeping to one part of it, whereby they would not crowd upon him. And when all eyes were closed in sleep, and the voices were silent, the shaikh would arise and, fastening on him his blanket, and taking his spear in his hand, and buckling on his sword, would sally forth, though the doors were locked ; and none knew whither he went. But when morning broke, and the doorkeepers opened the doors, they would find him standing without, travel-stained, and with the dew-drops upon his feet and clothes. Such was his manner continually.

One known for speaking the truth without exaggeration, relates a curious encounter which he had with the saint.

"One day," he says, "having sworn upon my soul, that I would not return from following him, until I knew whither he went on these nightly excursions, I went out after him, through the Rabooz Gate to the cemetery. He ascended to the highest point of the burying-place, and I went up after him. Next he climbed the mountain which is above the cemetery, and I climbed it also, and, lo, I was walking in an unknown land. And I turned and looked towards the mountains which I knew, and they had vanished away. Then I was seized with bewilderment, and looked to the right and to the left, but saw nothing save a desert and a bewildering waste. When the shaikh became aware that he was being followed, he turned and came back to me.

"'What led thee to do this?' demanded he scaringly.

"'O sir,' I said, 'I followed thee only out of love to God Most High.'

"'By Allah,' he replied, 'but for the fear of God, I would leave thee here to perish of hunger and thirst; therefore repent unto God.'

"I said, 'I repent unto God.'

"Then he said, 'Go back,' and I went

back in fear and terror, and I had not walked but four paces, and, lo, I was on the top of the mountain which is above the cemetery. So I returned to the city, meditating what manner of man he was."

But when his miracles became known, the people thronged upon him and he fled away; and, sometime after, he was translated to God Most High, about the seventh decade of the century.

"I met with him one night," Ibn Askar relates, "before the last evening prayer, at the door of the great mosque of Tetuan, which faces towards the east.

"'I beg of thee,' I said, stopping him, 'by the Mighty God, who doth not turn away the prayer of the beggar, that thou give me a blessing.'

"'O shaikh Muhammad,' he answered at once, 'let me go to visit the grave of the shaikh Aboo Yaaza, and we will bless thee, I and he.'

"I let him go, therefore. And when it was the third night, in the same spot, at the same hour, I met him again.

"'O shaikh Muhammad,' he said, 'I have done that of which I spoke to thee. I have

prayed to God for thee, I and the shaikh Aboo Yaaza, and thou hast nothing but blessing.'

"Then I made as though I would speak to him, but he was parted from me, and I did not speak with him again. May God benefit us through him, and through saints like him!"

We will now mention three shaikhs of Morocco, who have no closer connection with one another or with the history than the similarity of their names. The first of these is Yahya, called the Wamoodee, after the name of his tribe.

He was a learned fakeeh, one who took the bit in his teeth in enjoining right and denouncing wrong. When unlawful practices began to prevail in his time, he sold his property, and emigrated, with household and friend, to Arabia, the holy land of God, and settled in noble Madeenah. And he swore upon his soul that he would not depart thence, but would die there, and be buried in its dust. And this came to pass in the middle of the fifth decade, and he was buried in Madeenah.



One of the shaikh's nephews gave Ibn Askar the following description of how they lived and felt in the strange land.

"After we had lived for some time in Madeenah," he said, "we began to long for home—such is the way of God with His servants; and we remembered Fez, and the country round about it. But when my uncle the shaikh gauged our thoughts, it cut him to the heart, and he ceased not to beseech of us to remain in Madeenah; and he would exhort us to commit to memory an ode in quatrains by one of the people of Yemen, in praise of that sacred city."

"And," Ibn Askar continues, "he recited it to me, and it was, indeed, of wondrous beauty, inspired with love of Madeenah, and of its people; but it has since dropped from my memory."

The shaikh's nephew went on: "The shaikh used to say of this ode, 'It is the duty of every Muslim to urge his household and children to get it by heart, for the love of the Prophet, and of his noble house.'

"But we still longed for home; and, when the shaikh died, we sold house and garden, and returned to the West. And now we



are here, we are become of those who repent."

"We pray the Mighty God," adds Ibn Askar, "that He would not forbid us from visiting Madeenah, or from taking pleasure in those noble sites, for the honour of the Prophet, and of the pious, and of every one of the saints, whom I have mentioned in this little book."

The name of the second of these three shaikhs is Aboo Zekareeya Yahya the son of Bekkár.

This shaikh lived in a place called Al Ghimd, situated at the distance of one day's journey from Fez.

The succession of his ancestors was an excellent good succession, even from the time of the shaikh Aboo Madyan—may God accept him—down to his own time. His son, the good shaikh Aboo Abdallah Muhammad, known as 'the younger,' relates the following anecdote concerning his ancestor.

"My grandfather Bekkár," he says, "was living with some Arabs in the neighbourhood of Tazah, along with his mother, who was a very old woman. He had no family, being

young and unmarried, and his possessions consisted of a single cow.

Now, when the shaikh Aboo Madyan—may God profit us with his virtues and the virtues of the like of him—directed his steps towards Tilimsan, he arrived one night in the hamlet in which Bekkár lived, and asked of the people of the place, where was the great-house. They advised him to lodge in the tent of Bekkár, taking him to be a person of little consequence. So to it he went, and stood at the door, and Bekkar's mother made him welcome, and caused him to sit down in the tent, until her son should return. In the evening Bekkár returned, and found the shaikh in his tent, and his mother told him how he had come there at the suggestion of the people of the place.

"Thou hast done well, O my mother," Bekkár replied, "but we have nothing which we can prepare for our guest save this cow."

And he arose straightway, and went out and killed the cow, and cooked the whole of her flesh, and invited all the people of the hamlet to come and eat before the shaikh Aboo Madyan, for his honour and out of respect for him. Afterwards he besought

the shaikh to remain with him, and he abode with him there three days.

And when he would depart he called his host, "O Bekkár," and Bekkár came, and stood before him. Then the shaikh laid his hand upon his head, and said to him, "May God bless thee, Bekkár, and bless thine offspring even to the end of the world." Then he added: "Get thee out from among this people, and encamp thou in Mount Weblán, for that shall be thy camping-ground, and the camping-ground of thy sons after thee." Then there was of Bekkár and of his descendants what was, from that time forth.

The shaikh Aboo Zekareeya Yahya, the son of Bekkár, was one of the great ones among the saints, in the knowledge of God and of His law, in self-denial and in humility towards God and towards His servants. He had a very great love for the people of the household of the Apostle of God, sharing with them his money and goods. He used to furnish the people of the frontiers with horses and supplies, and he spent himself for the good of the nation. Glorious miracles were wrought at his hands, and his worship

remained in the hearts of his familiar friends, and of mankind. His prayers were ever answered; and, with all this, he saw no superiority in himself over the meanest of the believers. People came to him with their alms from all the horizons, and he would divide them upon the palm of his hand to the different objects of piety, giving the most of them to the Holy War waged in the way of God, and to the redemption of the captives of the Muslims; keeping none of the money for his own use.

In short, his excellences are more than can be numbered, and his mighty works more glorious than can be fathomed. He was taken away — may God have mercy upon him—in the middle of the fifth decade of the century, and was buried in his cell by the side of his progenitors.

Muhammad the son of Yahya the son of Bekkár was a stronghold of good works, and a watering-place; a man of great mind, slow to anger, of easy manners, having an open face, in action pure, a fair superior, his kindness embraced all men. The kings of his generation magnified and obeyed him, for he captivated their hearts by his gentle-



ness and authority, and so they made him the medium between them and their subjects, in important questions, whether of religious or of worldly affairs; and he was truly marvellous therein.

One of his peculiarities was that he would never grow angry at any action, on account of the answer of the Apostle of God to the man who said to him, "Give me a charge, and make it short"; and the Prophet answered, "Be not angry."

"Once I asked my shaikh Aboo Muhammad," Ibn Askar says, "concerning the cause of this peculiarity of the shaikh's nature, and his answer was: 'His heart is leaning backwards, and so his anger is far away.'"

He died, it is said by poison, in the year 1567 and was buried in Fez.

One of Ibn Askar's teachers was the shaikh Aboo Zaid, a native of the province of Dukkálah, who removed to Fez, where he rose to be leader of the prayers in the mosque of the Karaweeyeen, and a preacher in its pulpit. He was a man to whom religion and science were one. He generally went by the name of the "Father of the

Treatise," meaning the treatise of Ibn Abee Zaid, a religious writer of Kairawan in the tenth century, because he was of all men the most versed in its abstractions, and the best acquainted with its intricacies.

"One day I fell in with him," says Ibn Askar, "when I was on my way to visit the Sultan. He took occasion to charge me with a quantity of good counsel, as to how I should demean myself in the presence of the Emperor.

"'And if the Sultan admire anything of thine,' said he, 'lose no time in making him a present of it, before he take it from thee without asking, for his admiration of it is a hint.'"

He died—may God have mercy upon him—in the year 1552 or 1553, and all the citizens crowded to his funeral, and they broke up the wood of his bier, to obtain a blessing from it.

The shaikh Aboo Zaid had a son called Aboo Shamah. He was an ascetic and a recluse. His abode was a closet in the mosque, where he spent the day in fasting and the night in watching, not ceasing for an hour from worshipping, or, if sleep over-

came him, he lay down in his clothes, on a piece of matting, with a stone for a pillow. He looked not towards the world nor its folk, nor received aught from any man, until Death came to him one year after his father, or thereby. The people came in crowds to his funeral, and they broke up the wood of his bier according to their wont. He was prone to tears, much in fear, slow of thought, one of the pious servants of God.

Aboo Zaid had also a brother called Aboo 'l Kasim. He was one of the most learned men of his time, and a trenchant critic of those who had composed commentaries on the Korán. He lived to a great age until, in fact, his body became decrepit, and, perchance, his intellect also gave way. He died in Fez in the middle of the seventh decade of the century.



CHAPTER IV.

THE REIGN OF ABDALLAH TO HIS DEATH IN 1574.

In Fez there lived a fakeeh called Aboo Abdallah the Mezwáree, who was the timekeeper in the minaret of the Karaweeyeen mosque, and was very proficient in the casting of horoscopes, and an adept in the prognosticating of events. It is said that on the night on which the Sultan Muhammad the Shaikh was assassinated by his Turkish bodyguard, whilst this shaikh was engaged in observing the rising and setting stars, the night became exceeding dark, and he saw the star of the Sultan fall. Being on terms of friendship and intimacy with the Sultan's son Abdallah, who was governor in Fez, he hastened to inform him of what he had seen. When he arrived at the gate of

New Fez, he found it locked for the night, and when he called upon the porters to open, they refused.

"I am on my way to the governor," said he, "on a matter of the utmost importance to him, and if ye do not inform him of my presence this instant, somewhat will cleave to you which ye will dislike. Therefore let him be warned."

One of the porters then carried a letter from the fakeeh to the governor, in which he informed him of what he had seen, and forewarned him of the death of his father.

The consequence was that, when, a few days later, he received the news of the murder of his father, at the very hour named by the fakeeh, the governor was fully prepared, and was not taken by surprise. The people of Fez swore allegiance to him, and the Empire of his father passed quietly into his hands. These events happened, as has been said, in the month of October 1557.

The Sultan Abdallah was born in Taroodant, sometime after the year 1514. In outward appearance, he was of medium height, with large and round face, and wide and black eyes. He was distinguished for

modesty and gentleness; and could repeat the Korán by heart. He made an excellent ruler.

So long as he acted as governor of Fez under his father, he lowered his wing, and behaved himself wisely, so that his subjects prospered, and the world was at peace.

"The 'eyes' of the time," people said, "are three men, and each of their names begins with the Arabic letter called an 'eye,' and one of these is the governor Abdallah."

"He is a saint, not a sultan," others said.

"Who is the Pole of the saints?" some one once asked the shaikh Ibn Moosa.

"I am," was the reply.

"And who comes next?"

"Such a one."

"And who next?"

"Our lord Abdallah!"

"And who after him?"

"You have asked quite enough," was the shaikh's reply to the pertinacious questioner.

This Ibn Moosa, who will be met with more than once in the sequel, belonged to the Jezoolah country in the Soos. In the beginning of his affair, he was a great traveller, visiting most of the known world,

and meeting with the saints. It is even said that he arrived at the mountains of Kaf, and beheld them with his eyes.

It is true that the Sultan Abdallah's nephew Zaidan, who also became Sultan, once wrote to the shaikh Aboo Zekareeya in the province of Hahah, in contradiction of these panegyrics upon his uncle, declaring that the Sultan Abdallah was no better than any of the other sultans of Morocco; but that was merely because Aboo Zekareeya had been interfering, as the Sultan Abdallah might have let him interfere, with politics, and criticising the government. And that certainly was an impertinence on the part of Aboo Zekareeya; for there were men who had been companions of the Prophet living in the time of the wicked Yazeed the second Umaiyad Khalif, yet none of them sought to depose him, neither did they rebel against his rule, nor interfere with him at all.

"And know," Zaidan added, "that thy father was a better man than thou, for fathers are ever better than sons, and will be to the day of Resurrection. Thy father was a subject of our uncle Abd el Melik,

and came to be presented to him. He did not think himself too good for that, nor value himself above his worth."

The question of the station to which virtue raises a prince has been the subject of many wise sayings; but perhaps the truest of them all is that of Ahmad the son of Hanbal, the great imám who flourished at the beginning of the ninth century.

"If the Sultan be virtuous," he said, "he is better than a private citizen; and, if he be vicious, a private citizen is better than he."

It is related that the Sultan Abdallah once came to the cell of the shaikh Ibn Moosa, of Jezoolah, and begged of him his assistance in governing his subjects, as he had no confidence in his own ability to rule, without the co-operation of the shaikh.

"Turks and Arabs, Plain and Mountain, obey ye the Sultan Abdallah," cried the shaikh aloud; and the kingdom prospered, and continued to prosper, until the Turks seized the harbours of Tangier and Badis. When that event occurred the Sultan at once sent a courier to inform the shaikh of his misfortune, but before the courier arrived

he heard the shaikh calling aloud within his cell.

"O Turks," he was saying, "return to your country: O lord Abdallah, God prosper thee in thine!" And the Turks went back to their own land in that very hour.

When this shaikh visited the city of Morocco, the Sultan invited him to his palace, and made a feast for him; but he refused to eat anything there.

"Whosoever eats the Sultan's meat," he said, "even if it be lawful, his heart is in darkness forty days; and whoever eats it when its lawfulness is uncertain, his heart is dead forty years."

The Sultan Abdallah is sometimes accused of having been too friendly with the Christians. When, for instance, he observed that the harbours of Tangier and of the Rock of Badis were always filled with Turkish ships from Algiers, he became alarmed and entered into an agreement with the Christians, promising to cede to them the Rock of Badis on condition that they should first capture it from the Turks. This the Spaniards effected in the year 1562, and the Rock remains in their possession still.

They are said to have dug up the bodies of the Muslims from their graves and to have burnt them, and otherwise ill-treated their enemies. But they put an effectual stop to the encroachments of the Turks upon Morocco, so that they never established themselves in that country.

It is told also how one of the Sultan Abdallah's kaids effected an entrance into Breejah, or the Little Keep (the original name of the present Mazagan), some two hours' ride from Azammoor, and swore that on the following day he would root out its stump and not leave a trace of the unbelievers. The Sultan, however, wrote to him forbidding him to do so. The result was that the Christians who, having made up their minds to evacuate the place, had embarked upon their ships, returned and re-occupied it.

But perhaps such stories as these are merely inventions of the enemies of the Saadee dynasty, fabricated with the purpose of throwing doubt upon their descent from the Prophet.

When Abdallah succeeded his father and sat upon his throne, he did not attempt to

extend his territories, or enlarge the bounds of his empire, but contented himself with consolidating what he already possessed, and rendering it more secure.

Among the noteworthy events of his reign, the chronicles record that after the Friday prayer on the 16th of June 1569 there was a violent earthquake; and in the middle of March 1571 a plague of locusts visited the land.

In the year 1573 there occurred an explosion of gunpowder, in which the great cupola of the mosque of Mansoor was demolished and the minaret split. This was a device of the Christian captives, who had dug a mine and filled it with powder, with the view of blowing up the mosque, when it was crowded with worshippers on the Friday. But God sheltered the Faithful from their purpose, and chance did not favour their evil design.

Among the public works of this Sultan, were the erection of the mosque of the Shereefs, the construction of the aqueduct adjoining, and the foundation of the hospital, which also he liberally endowed. He it was also who restored the college which is in the

neighbourhood of the mosque of Alee, but it was not he who founded it, as many seem to think, but the Sultan Aboo 'l Hasan, who lived two hundred years earlier, as his contemporary Ibn Batootah mentions in his "Voyages."

It is spread abroad upon men's tongues that the Sultan Abdallah erected these buildings by means of alchemy, which the shaikh Ibn Moosa had taught him, when he acted as his tutor. This also is a false as well as a foolish statement. For it is he who relates of the shaikh Ibn Moosa, how a man once came to him, requesting him to instruct him in practical alchemy.

"The letters of 'alchemy' (*kimya*) are five," the shaikh replied, "according to the number of the fingers on the hand. So, my brother, if thou desirest them, thou must first know agriculture and the tillage of the soil, for that is the alchemy for men, and not the alchemy of copper and lead." And, also, because the shaikh was one of the greatest saints, he was not the man to open a mighty door of the doors of sedition to a Muslim, nor supply him with an efficient means of stirring up mischief. The shaikh often

recited the following verse reflecting on occult studies, and warning against the practice of them :

> "Heed thou the things of common life;
> therein is safety.
> Ride not a spiritless horse nor a wild."

All the saints of God are at one in warning men against meddling with alchemy, or seeking after it, for three reasons; for, firstly, it is absurd, as Ibn Taimeeyah says, and he cites the words of the Korán, "there is no changing what God has created"; and as no created being can change a monkey into a man, or a wolf into a gazelle, no more is it in his power to change lead into gold, or copper into silver. Neither is alchemy like the process of dyeing, by which a red substance becomes yellow, or a white, black, for the process of dyeing will not change white wool into red or green cotton or silk. And so, when the brass becomes white like silver, it is still white brass.

Secondly, alchemy comes under the category of the possible, but it never has existed in fact. Accordingly, Ibn al Jauzee, who died in the year 1200, says that there are three things, the existence of which is gener-

ally accepted, but, at the same time, it is as generally admitted that no one either in the East or in the West has ever seen them—alchemy, the ghoul, and the phœnix. All we know of them is hearsay and report, and the stories about them are like the tales of animals and inanimate things that talk.

Thirdly, supposing alchemy existed and could be put in practice, the acquiring or buying and selling of alchemical knowledge would still be unlawful. Aboo Ishak of Tunis was once asked his opinion regarding the products of alchemy, whether they are legal tender, if quite pure.

"If silver or any other body be changed, until it become pure gold beyond a doubt," he replied, "then if the seller does not say to the buyer, 'This was silver (or whatever substance it was) and I changed it till it became gold, as thou seest,' he would be deceiving him, and selling him false goods; and when he does mention that, no one will buy from him, for anyone might convert it again to the original brass."

Ibn Abd al Barr reports that the kadee Aboo Yoosuf used to say: "He who seeks faith by scholasticism, becomes an atheist;

and he who seeks wealth by alchemy, becomes a beggar."

And Aboo Muhammad Salih used to say: "Leave three things alone, lest they draw you on to three others: the drinking of grape-juice, lest it lead to the drinking of wine; alchemy, because it leads to deceit and misrepresentation; and associating with old women, because it leads to associating with young."

It was said to one of the excellent: "Why dost thou never speak of the art of alchemy; for it diverts the mind?" He replied: "A donkey-driver was asked, 'Why dost thou not chew the cud?' and he answered: 'I hate chewing what comes to nothing.'" Then he recited:

"I said to my friends, it is the sun, its light is near,
But if you wish to obtain it, there is distance."

Thus the reports circulated as to the Sultan Abdallah practising the art of alchemy are proved to be without foundation; and if people long refrained from worshipping in the mosque of the Shereefs, which he built, that was only because it was said to be built upon a disused cemetery belonging to the Jews.

One of the Sultan Abdallah's tools and instruments of tyranny was Moosa the son of Makhloof, captain of the bodyguard, and a very learned man withal. On one occasion, when the people were thronging to visit the shaikh Ibn Moosa, the captain sought to disperse them.

"Whoever stays is a rebel against the king," cried he.

"Whoever slays is a rebel against the King," was the shaikh's retort, mocking the captain's words.

This was only one instance of the shaikh's daring opposition to the Sultan and his officers.

Now there lived about this time in one of the villages of the Sareef tribe a certain man named Aboo Bekr.

This good saint was a worker of miracles, and a source of influences, such as appear not save at the hands of one whose states are right with God.

He was a stranger of unknown origin. His calling was that of shepherd and goatherd in a place near a cave, in which he was in the habit of worshipping God, leaving his sheep and goats to browse by themselves,

no wolf harming them. On Fridays he would repair to the Castle of Ketámah, there to pray the Friday prayer in the mosque, leaving a wolf in charge of the sheep and goats. This is told on the authority of more than one of those who saw with their own eyes the wolf herding the sheep, so that they did not feed on the neighbours' corn-patches. He went round and round betwixt the flock and the corn, driving them to the richest pasture, and then, sitting down upon the highest point, would watch for his master's return. But when these things became known and noised abroad, God Most High took the saint to Himself, and he was buried in the same spot. "Wondrous miracles do not cease to be wrought at his grave until this day," Ibn Askar writes, "and folk resort to it from the Eastern quarters of the earth and from the West, to receive a blessing there—mostly such as are possessed by evil spirits or are bedridden, or the like; and none, who visits his grave, returns without God Most High healing him of whatsoever disease he has. And people visit his grave every day and all day, men, women and children."

Ibn Askar continues: "I was also a

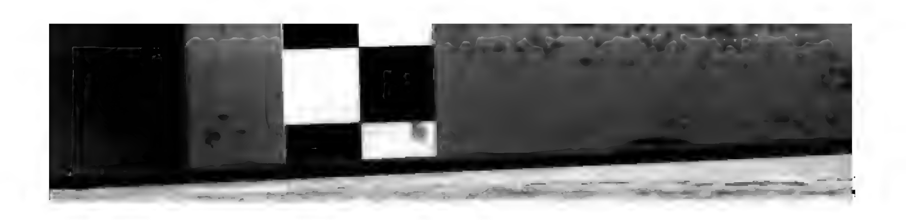
witness to the miracles wrought at this saint's resting-place. For I used to live in the Sareef country, until the Sultan Abdallah appointed his kaid Moosa the son of Makhloof to be walee of the Castle and the territories of the Hibt; and he continued to hold that office for the space of two years. Thereafter his thoughts became evil towards his Sultan, and he meditated flight; but his first thought was to expel us from the country, and to secure our removal from it, for he imagined that he would not obtain the accomplishment of his desires so long as I remained there. He, therefore, sent to me, informing me of his wishes.

"'How should I journey from my house and my property without a cause?' I demanded in reply.

"'The country is my country,' returned he, 'and two heads cannot be in one cap at the same time.'

"'I am a man of learning, and thou art a prince,' I answered, 'therefore, thou canst have nothing to do with me, nor I with thee.'

"But his orders became peremptory, so I said, 'The matter is of God;' and I left my



house and all that was in it, and taking household and children, I departed, journeying towards Fez by the route which passes by the tomb of the shaikh Aboo Bekr, and we visited it, I and some of the people of my house. And when our visit was over, I cursed Moosa the son of Makhloof, whilst a woman from among my people said 'Amen,' and I prayed to the dead shaikh, and said, 'O my lord Aboo Bekr, verily I seek access by thee unto God Most High, in the matter of Moosa the son of Makhloof, who hath driven me forth from my home in hatred and in oppression—and I have left all and come forth into the country of the Muslims—that God may drive him forth in haste into the land of the Christians, and that He may scatter what he hath gathered, and not leave him a remnant in this land.'

"After these things we remained quietly in Fez, but, by Allah, three months had not passed from that day before the states of Moosa the son of Makhloof became bad, and the earth grew strait upon him where it had been wide, and he fled away in the night, he and his children. And when he would have gone forth into a Muslim country, a way was

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not made for him, but he had to take refuge with the Christians, and he has been in their hands, living under their government, since five years ago until now. So the answer to that prayer came like the breaking of dawn.

"I am not sure of the date of the shaikh Aboo Bekr's death," Ibn Askar concludes, "beyond the fact that he died sometime during the sixteenth century."

The Sultan Abdallah died at the end of the month of Ramadan, worn out, it is said, by excessive fasting, on the 21st day of January 1574, and was buried beside his father.

The following verses are inscribed upon his tombstone:—

"O stranger breathe a passing prayer,
For I of prayer am sore in need,
The Muslim kingdom was my care,
Renown mine honourable meed.
Now prone in a pit I lie full low;
Nor wazeer nor kaid avails me now.
Store of fair thoughts of God was I earning,
Large was the fair store of thoughts I had thought.
If any, as I, of His gentleness were learning,
Such an one, surely His full pardon had bought.
For hath not God given us warning assuredly?—
'A man comes at last to what he has thought of Me.'"

It is said that the Sultan's son and

successor, Muhammad, when he read these verses, punished the poet who composed them, for using the word 'pit,' which he said he had used purposely in reference to one of the traditional sayings of the Prophet, "The grave is a garden of the gardens of Paradise, or else a pit of the pits of the Fire."

"Why," he demanded, "couldest thou not have said 'in a waste,' or some other word instead of *pit*?"

CHAPTER V.

THE RIVAL SULTANS MUHAMMAD THE SON OF ABDALLAH AND ABD EL MELIK, TO THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER MAKHAZIN IN THE YEAR 1578.

THE Sultan Abdallah had already, during his lifetime, named his son Muhammad as his successor, and allegiance was sworn to him at once upon the death of his father, in the city of Morocco and in Fez. His mother had been one of the Sultan Abdallah's slave-girls. The common people called him 'the Flayed,' for a reason which we shall relate in its place, if God will. As to character, he is described as supercilious, indifferent to everyone, not hesitating to shed blood, a violent oppressor of his subjects, but withal a learned man, and a poet to boot. Among his verses are these :—

"O my two friends, in me is love perforce restrained.
Therefore, loose my bond, the shackle pains me sore.
Mind not the blamer nor the blamed,
For the seas of blame—they have no shore."

His reign did not last long, for his uncle Abd el Melik deposed him in the year 1576.

On the death of the Sultan Muhammad II. in October 1557, and the accession of the Sultan Abdallah, Abd el Melik and Mansoor, Abdallah's brothers, who were at that moment in Sijilmása, had fled to Tilimsan, and, after remaining there some time, they continued their flight to Algiers, where they stayed until the death of their brother Abdallah, and the accession of his son Muhammad III. in January 1574. From Algiers Abd el Melik went to Constantinople to seek the support of the Turkish Sultan Murád III. in deposing his nephew and seizing Morocco. And although the Sultan Murád resolutely refused to have anything to do with the business, Abd el Melik, who was accompanied by his mother Sahábah the Rahmánee, remained in Constantinople, and continued to press their petition, until at last Murád yielded to their request.

It is stated that he was led to this change

of attitude and the alteration of his views by the reception of the news of the recapture of Tunis by the Christians under Don John of Austria.

It was on this occasion that Aboo Taiyib of Tunis, who was preacher in the Zaitoonah mosque there, migrated to Fez, where the kadee Ibn Haroon composed in his honour an address of welcome in verse.

The story runs that, as the Sultan Murád was sleeping one night in his palace, two men appeared to him.

"If thou help not the Moors," said they, "thou art no Muslim."

"I seek refuge in God from Satan accursed," cried the Sultan, awaking; but, no sooner had he gone to sleep again, than the two stood over him a second time, saying the same words.

"Who are ye?" demanded the Sultan in alarm.

"I am Ibn al Aroos," one of the two answered, "and my companion here is Kaláee; therefore beware."

When, on the following morning, the Sultan Murád related the incident to his courtiers, they informed him of what had

befallen in Tunis. The Sultan, therefore, sent reinforcements by sea with all speed. Four hundred and fifty ships are said to have left Constantinople alone, besides those from the African ports, carrying in all one hundred thousand men, and more.

Abd el Melik accompanied them; "and God worsted the unbelievers, and gave their necks to the sword, and the country was purified from the filth of them." This was in the year 1574.

The mother of Abd el Melik was the first to convey the good news to the Sultan Murád, and in return she begged of him that he would give her son a letter to the Turks in Algiers, requiring them to assist her son in the task of recovering from his nephew the kingdom of Morocco.

Thus furnished, Abd el Melik and his mother set out. They had not much difficulty in obtaining the assistance of the Turks in Algiers, who advanced Abd el Melik sufficient money for his immediate necessity, upon his agreeing to repay it, in the event of the affair turning out successful.

Abd el Melik, however, only required of the Turkish commander a very small body

[redacted]

of troops, who should place him on the frontier of his country; for the army was his father's army, and he was convinced that they would not fight against him, nor strike him in the face, on account of their reverence for his father.

The Turkish commander acceded to his request, and sent with him a few soldiers only. They went as far as a place called the "Corner" in the borders of the Benee Waritheen, in the deserts towards Fez. But when our lord Muhammad, his brother's child, heard of it, he went out to meet him in person, and the two armies encountered in that place.

Now Abd el Melik had taken the precaution of writing to his nephew's courtiers and captains with promises of amnesty and high reward to all who should desert his nephew and come over to his side, and threats against those who should continue to oppose his advance. Accordingly, no sooner had the battle begun, than the captains on the side of Muhammad III. began to desert to his uncle. When Muhammad saw what was happening, it bruised his arm, and his breeze fell, and he made sure that all was

lost. To crown all, he was falsely informed that one of his best and bravest leaders, Ibn Shogra, had turned traitor, and deserted to his uncle. Then Muhammad was confounded, and at once turned his back in flight, and his tents were plundered and set on fire, and the conflagration could be seen from the mountains. Muhammad entered New Fez, and, taking all he valued most of his treasures, continued his flight in the direction of the city of Morocco. But the kaid Ibn Shogra overtook him at the river Njá, not far from Fez, and angrily upbraided him for his want of resolution, and lack of endurance. "And the command of God was a fatal decree!"

So Abd el Melik entered Fez at the end of March 1576, and the people took the oath of allegiance to him. After a few days he set about continuing the pursuit of his nephew to the city of Morocco.

But when he was on the point of setting out, the Turkish soldiers insisted on being sent back to their country, and demanded that he should pay them the money which he had stipulated to give them, which they call in their own language 'backsheesh.'

So he payed four hundred ounces[1] to each one of them, borrowing the amount required from the principal citizens of Fez, the total being five hundred thousand. He gave them also ten of the cannon, including a very large one which had ten mouths, besides furnishing them with products and curios of Morocco. By this means he contented them, and he rode himself as far as the river Seboo to bid them good-bye.

Then Abd el Melik set out for the city of Morocco with forces which he raised himself and planted with his own hand, together with those which came over to him from his nephew. Muhammad set out also from the city to meet him, and the two armies encountered one another in a place called the Trench of Raihan, in the neighbourhood of Sharrat in the confines of Sallee. And again Muhammad lost, and fled according to his use and wont, and his uncle Mansoor, viceroy of Abd el Melik, was sent in pursuit of him. When Muhammad upon his arrival at the city of Morocco heard that, he continued his flight to the mountains of Dran, and Mansoor

[1] Between £3 and £4.

entered the city, as the representative of his brother, until he should arrive.

Abd el Melik, however, when he came did not remain long there, but set out immediately in pursuit of his nephew. Finding, however, no clue to his whereabouts, he returned to that capital. His nephew continued to roam up and down in the mountains of the Soos, having no fixed dwelling-place, until at last he succeeded in gathering a company of beggars, who stood him instead of an army, and with these he proceeded to attack the city of Morocco, and Abd el Melik marched out of the city to give him battle. Muhammad, however, managed to elude him, and, taking another route, made an arrangement with the citizens and entered the city, the people giving him assistance and inscribing to him their allegiance. The citadel alone proved too strong for him, Abd el Melik having left in it his sister the lady Meryam, together with three thousand musketeers to defend it. This was in the month of February 1578.

It was on the occasion of this occupation by Muhammad of the city of Morocco that

the fakeeh Muhammad the Andalusee was put to death. This shaikh was a man of great piety and asceticism, but he spoke evil of dignities, and churned them with the churning of Ibn Hazm the Zahiree. And when that was noised abroad, the fakeehs of the city issued decisions, proving him to be in the path of error. The Sultan being informed of it commanded that he should be imprisoned; but, shortly afterwards, he was set at liberty. Again the fakeehs laid things to his charge, declaring that he had taught, that "to be busy about praying for the Prophet, was to neglect the mention of God," and other extraordinary things. He was consequently imprisoned once more, but again a way was laid open for him.

Then his fame spread abroad, and his name was known far and near, and his followers increased. But there sprang up between him and the fakeehs hot disputes, and, by reason of them, schism broke out among the common people, and fanaticism spread, and the love of fighting and bloodshed prevailed. The followers of Muhammad the Andalusee were named the Muhammadeeyah, whilst they called their

opponents the Malikeeyah, after the imám Malik the son of Anas.

"I often met him and talked with him"—writes Ibn Askar—"and he cleared himself, and proved that he held to the tradition, but he rejected the orthodox belief in opinion and analogy as grounds of faith, and condemned the way of the fakeehs."

He held a large place in the hearts of the common people.

It was when matters had reached this stage that Muhammad entered the city of Morocco, whilst his uncle was absent in pursuit of him in the mountains, as we have mentioned. Muhammad sent one of his Turkish kaids, Ibn Kirmán by name, to arrest the shaikh, but the shaikh's disciples fell upon the kaid and killed him. The Sultan sent a second time to arrest him, and he was found in the house of the shaikh Aboo 'l Hasan the son of Aboo 'l Kasim; and, when he was brought out, the people fell upon him, and killed and crucified him at the door of his house in the olive gardens.

To return to the history, as soon as Abd el Melik heard that his nephew was in the city of Morocco, he returned with all speed, and

laid siege to the town; and he sent a letter to Fez to his brother Mansoor, bidding him join forces with him, with all speed.

Now Mansoor had begged his brother to appoint him his viceroy in Fez, and he had done so. The wazeer Abd el Azeez, generally called Azzooz, had been present when the request was made and granted, and had expressed his disapproval, protesting that it did not behove the two brothers to separate, until God had decided the matter between them and their nephew. At this Mansoor was furious, and the caldrons of his indignation boiled, believing that the wazeer was moved by jealousy, as well as by suspicion of his loyalty to his brother. The wazeer's advice, however, was rejected, and Mansoor went as viceroy to Fez; but when he now returned in haste with his army to the city of Morocco, and met with the wazeer, he confessed that his removing to Fez had been a mistake. "You were right," he said; "the first thought should be the last action."

On the arrival of Mansoor, Muhammad fled to the Soos country, and shortly after Abd el Melik entered the city. Meantime, Mansoor went in pursuit of Muhammad, and

some fierce fighting ensued. God ordained the victory to Mansoor, and Muhammad was routed, according to his wont, and took refuge again in the Dran mountains.

Near the summit of these mountains there lived an ancient saint, named Ibn Wesaroon. Visitors flocked to him in thousands, and he would furnish them all with as much food as they required, and that without delay; and yet in the spot where he lived there was neither earing nor harvest. In the cell of this shaikh the fugitive Sultan sought sanctuary, and the shaikh showed him no little kindness, taking his part with the Berbers, and assuring him that one day he would come into his own again.

"The shaikh," says Ibn Askar, "is still in the bond of life, but approaching his eightieth year; and God knoweth best," he tragically adds, "what will be the end of his affair."[1]

From the cell of the shaikh Ibn Wesaroon the ex-Sultan fled to the districts about Fez.

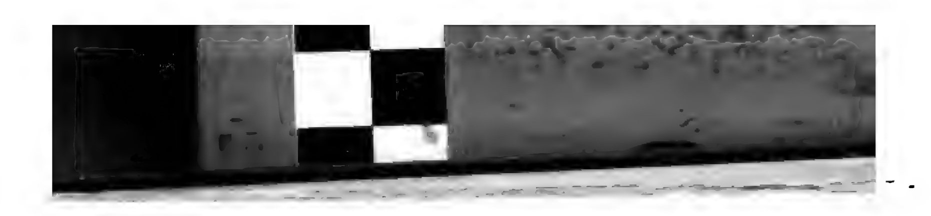
Thence he fled to Badis, where he stayed some time, but afterwards fled from it to Ceuta, from which he entered Tangier,

[1] He shared the fate of Ibn Askar himself.

crying for help to the chief of the Christians. "And to God belongeth success in affairs: He leadeth astray whom He will, and whom He will He guideth, nor is He asked concerning what He doth."

The Portuguese governor of the Christians in Tangier readily granted the unfortunate Muhammad help against his uncles. Muhammad, therefore, wrote a letter to the principal men of the country, charging them with breaking their oaths of allegiance without lawful cause, and with driving him to seek refuge with the Christians. Now the men of learning had declared that it was lawful for a person, who was being wronged, to seek help of anyone who would help him. So in his letter he censured, and thundered and lightened, and abused and threatened. "Then, if ye do it not," he wrote in the words of the Korán, "then hearken unto a war, which is of God and His Apostle"; and he called those whom he had asked for help 'the people of the coastland,' taking care not to speak of them as 'Christians.'

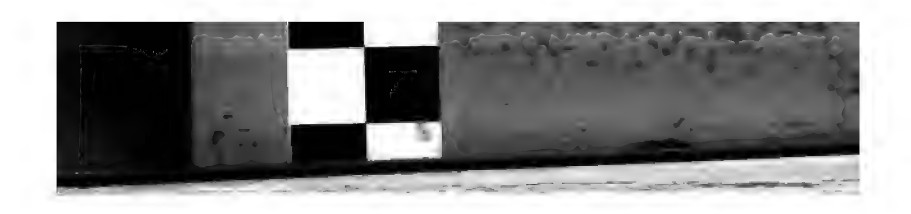
The fakeehs replied in a long letter, taunting him with running away from battle before it had begun, and so deserting his king-



dom, and leaving the subjects, whom he should have protected, to the mercy of the invader. They pointed out also that in the case of the Saadee dynasty, the succession was arranged to go by age, and therefore Abd el Melik, being the oldest of the family, was rightful monarch. They cited a saying of the Prophet, mentioned in the Traditions of Muslim, that there is no worse traitor than the prince who betrays his subjects to anarchy. In such a case the right devolves upon the people to elect a leader to themselves. And so they did in this case; and confidence was restored, the roads were reopened, and order established. In the city of Morocco the people had received him joyfully, and were ready to defend the town in his interest, but, as soon as his uncle had appeared, he had deserted them along with his daughters and women folk, his sisters and aunts, and had fled and left them once more to their fate, both Muslims and the protected people, regardless of the saying of the Prophet: "I will be an adversary on the day of Resurrection to him who wrongs the protected person." They charged him also with conniving at the taking of Aseela by the Chris-



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"And," continued the fakeehs in their letter, "as to thy quotation, 'But if ye do it not, hearken unto a war which is of God and His Apostle'—what hast thou to do with God, and what concern hast thou with His Apostle?"

Now befell one of the most famous battles ever fought in Morocco. It is said that the Christians numbered about 125,000 fighting men. Their purpose was to ruin Morocco, and grind the Muslims in the mill of subjection; and all hearts were filled with dismay, and all breasts with dread. And the cause of all this was Muhammad the son of Abdallah, who had come to Tangier, and besought aid of the Christians against his uncle Abd el Melik. And the Christian chief had made it a condition, that all the coastlands should belong to the Christians, and all the rest of the country to Muhammad. The name of the Christian chief was Sebastian of Portugal. The number of those who actually took part in the battle is variously estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000 men, and they carried with them about 200 cannon. Muhammad himself had no more than 300 followers.

Their first move was to attack and pillage

the sea-board. The Sultan Abd el Melik, being informed of it, wrote a letter to this effect: "Thy hostile intent is obvious from thy leaving thine own country, and crossing the sea to our coastland. Now, if thou wilt stand until we get to thee, thou wilt indeed be a true Christian, and a brave. But if not, then thou art a dog, the son of a dog."

And when the letter came to the hands of Dom Sebastian, he was filled with wrath.

"Shall we sit still here," he demanded of his council, "until our friends in the rear come up with us?"

"The best plan," answered Muhammad, "is that we advance and seize Tetuan and Al Kasr and Laraiche, and capture the stores and treasure in these towns." And this plan commended itself to the council of war, but it did not commend itself to Sebastian.

Now Abd el Melik had written to his brother Mansoor, bidding him advance with his troops from Fez in battle array, and he now wrote another letter to the Christian chief.

"I have journeyed to meet thee a distance of sixteen days," said he. "Canst thou not move one day's journey to meet me?"

So the Christians moved forward to the bank of the river Makházin near Al Kasr; and, falling into the trap set by Abd el Melik, they crossed by the bridge, and encamped on the enemy's side of the river. They had no sooner done so, than Abd el Melik sent a party of horse, who demolished the bridge; and there was no ford. Then Abd el Melik advanced with the armies of the Muslims and the picked horses of God, and companies of volunteers, even everyone who hungered for the reward and lusted after martyrdom. They pressed forward from all directions to take part in this glorious field. Yoosuf of Fez was but one of the famous men who had a share in it. It is said that the dead shaikh Aboo 'l Abbas of Ceuta was seen fighting there, riding upon a grey horse, and urging the men on to advance. Nor should a fact like this be disallowed, for the witnesses are living with their Lord.

The two armies turned and marched one against the other, and the fray waxed hot. The sky grew black with the dust from the hoofs of the chargers and the smoke of the cannon. And as the fight became fiercer and many a blow was struck, and many a

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thrust was dealt, and the reserves poured in, and the battle raged, and foot was entangled with foot, then died Abd el Melik, at the first shock, whilst the fire of battle burned. And by the foreordained decree of God and His abundant grace, no one was acquainted with the event of his death save his companion and freedman Ridwan the Renegade, for he kept his master's death secret, and he would come to the different tents, and say that the Ameer commands this one to go to this place, and that one to that place, and another to stay by the standard; this one to advance, and that one to retire, and so forth.

According to another account, the groom of the litter drove his team against the enemy, crying out to the soldiers: "The King commands you to advance against the enemy."

The only other person who knew of the death of Abd el Melik was his brother Mansoor, and he also kept the matter to himself. Thus they never ceased fighting, but continued to ply their swords, and to sip the cups of death, until there blew upon the Muslims the breeze of victory, and fortune befriended them, and turned to fruit the

flowers of their spears, the flowers of victory. But the idolaters turned their backs, and the circuit of hell encompassed them. The swords descended upon their necks, and they fled, and it was no time for flight. Their chief, Sebastian of Portugal, perished, drowned in the river Makházin. Most made for the bridge, but all trace of it was gone. And this was the chief source of their losses, and the best of the snares used in hunting them. There did not escape of the Christians save a very small number, yea, a mere handful of men. And when they searched among the dead for Muhammad the son of Abdallah, they found him too, drowned in the river Koos. And that was because, when he scented disaster, he threw himself into it, and strove to pass over, but was drowned in the passing. Divers dragged him out, and they flayed him and stuffed his skin with straw, and carried it round the towns of Morocco. And accordingly, he is known among the common people as Muhammad the Flayed.

Amongst the slain was found also Aboo Abdallah Muhammad Ibn Askar, the author of the preceding narratives; for he had fled away from Fez with the Flayed, being one of

his courtiers, and had migrated with him to the land of the Christians. He was found among the slain of the Christians, dead of his wounds. And the people talked of his case, until it was said that he was found, lying upon his left side, with his back turned towards Mecca.

Of this that learned fakeeh seedee Muhammad, son of the famous imám Aboo Muhammad the Hibtee, says in a poem, in which he strings together the names of the disciples of his father, excusing this Ibn Askar, and making light of what men said of him :—

"And among them the shaikh of whom men doubt,
Muhammad, misfortune's brother, Ibn Askar,
If, indeed, he committed an evident fault,
Yet his heart from doubts was free.
I have seen him in dreams, full of tidings good.
Fair of mien and form."

The date of this battle was Monday, 4th August 1578. The actual fighting lasted according to some three, according to others three and a half hours. The death of the Sultan Abd el Melik occurred as the day began to fall, and the people swore allegiance to his brother Mansoor forthwith.

Consider, then, writes one narrator of these events, the wisdom of the one God of victories, who brought to nought three kings on one day, and set another up. For Abd el Melik and Muhammad and Sebastian perished, and Mansoor reigned.

"May God be pleased with them," Ibn Askar writes at the close of these sketches of the shaikhs he had known, "and may He please them, and benefit us and you with blessing from them. Verily, He is over all things powerful and skilled to answer. O God, forgive the writer and the owner of this book, him who reads and him who listens to it, and all the Muslims, for their honour with Thee, O Thou most Merciful of the merciful. May God bless and save our lord Muhammad, his family and his companions; and the last word of our prayer is, Glory to God the Lord of the Worlds."

Finished with praise of God and His help.





APPENDIX

A.

PREACHERS IN THE KARAWEEYEEN MOSQUE DURING THE XVITH CENTURY.

1. Aboo Faris Abd el Azeez et Tebbaa, d. 1485.
2. Aboo 'l Hajjáj Yoosuf known as the Meknésee, d. 1508.
3. Aboo Abdallah Muhammad ibn Ahmad ibn Ghazee al Othmánee of Meknes, d. in Fez 1513.
4. The professor and fakeeh Aboo 'l Abbas Ahmad the Sanhajee, d. 1515.
5. Aboo Abdallah Muhammad, called Ghazee, son of Ibn Ghazee above, d. 1536. He acted as imám in the Andalus Mosque for more than twenty years, without once intermitting the duty.
6. The fakeeh and professor Aboo 'l Hasan Alee ibn Moosa ibn Haroon of Medaghah, d. 1544.
7. Aboo Zaid Abd er Rahman ibn Ibraheem al Mestatraee of Dukkálah, d. 1554.
8. His son Aboo Shamah, d. 1556.
9. The fakeeh Aboo Abdallah Muhammad ibn Abd er Rahman ibn Jalál of Tilimsan, d. 1573.
10. His son Muhammad the elder, for about six months, after which he went over to the Andalus Mosque, and the preacher in the Andalus came over to the Karaweeyeen, namely,
11. Aboo Zakareeya Yahya ibn Muhammad es Siráj en Nefezee al Hameedee, still living in 1594.

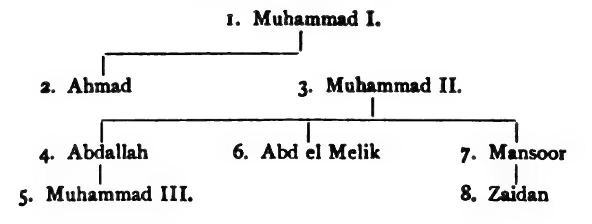
B.

SULTANS OF MOROCCO DURING THE XVITH CENTURY.

THE SAADEE SHEREEFS.

1. Muhammad al Kaim, d. 1517.
2. Ahmad the Lame, abdicates 1539.
3. Muhammad the Shaikh, d. 1557.
Al Harrán, d. 1550.
Abd el Kadir, d. 1552.
4. Abdallah al Ghalib, d. 1574.
5. Muhammad, deposed, 1576.
6. Abd el Melik, d. 1578.
7. Mansoor, d. 1603.
8. Zaidan.
Othman.

GENEALOGICAL TREE.



The Wattasee Sultans in Fez.

1. Muhammad who is called the "Shaikh," d. 1505.
2. Muhammad the Portugálee, d. 1526.
4. Ahmad, 1526–1549.
Muhammad.
3. Aboo Hassoon, 1526 and 1553.
An Nasir, d. 1524.
Mesaood.

Genealogical Tree.

1. Muhammad

2. Muhammad — 3. Aboo Hassoon

4. Ahmad (son of 2. Muhammad)

C.

Chronological Table of Principal Events.

1470. First Wattásee Sultan, Muhammad "the Shaikh," 1470–1505 (p. 5): Shereefs in the Draah.

1492. Fall of Granada: the Moors leave Spain (p. 20).

1505. The Wattásee Sultan Muhammad the Portugálee, 1505–1525 (p. 59).

1509. The Shereef Muhammad Kaim visits the Soos (p. 40).

1510. Christians driven out of the Soos (p. 46).

1512. The Shereefs occupy the Soos, Hahah and Shee-azmah (p. 46).

1517. The Shereef Muhammad Kaim succeeded by Ahmad the Lame, 1517–1539 (p. 47): Turks take Egypt, Algiers and Tilimsan.

1524. The Shereefs enter the city of Morocco (p. 59).

1525–6. The Wattásee Muhammad the Portugálee succeeded by his brother Aboo Hassoon, then by his (Muhammad's) son Ahmad, 1525–1549 (p. 190).

1529. Battle of Anmai between Wattásees and Shereefs (p. 134).

1536. Battle of Boo Okba (p. 134): partition of Morocco (p. 135).

1539. The Shereef Ahmad deposed: Muhammad the Shaikh, 1539–1557 (p. 151).

1544. Muhammad the Shaikh acknowledged Sultan of the West (p. 163).

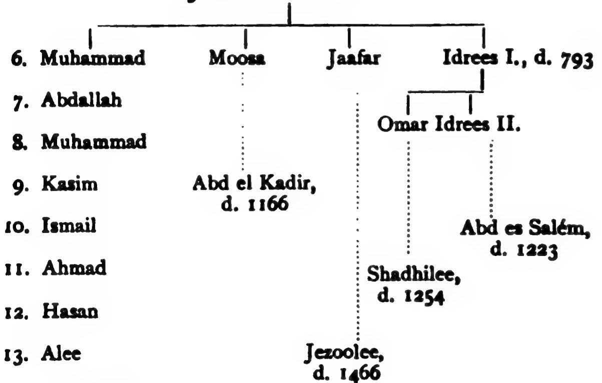
1548. The Shereefs take Meknes (p. 163).

1549. The Shereefs take Fez: end of Wattásee dynasty (p. 166).

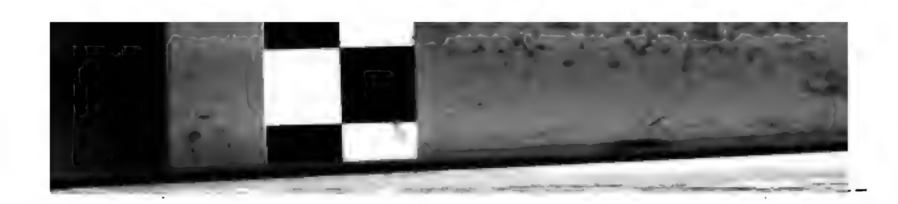
1550. The Shereefs take Tilimsan from the Turks (p. 175).
1551. Inquisition (p. 208).
1552–3. The Wattásee Aboo Hassoon seizes Fez (p. 195).
1553. The Shereefs recover Fez (p. 196).
1557. Assassination of Muhammad the Shaikh (p. 241) and Ahmad the Lame (p. 151): the Sultan Abdallah, 1557–1574 (p. 258).
1573. Christian captives attempt to blow up the mosque (p. 265).
1574. Abdallah succeeded by Muhammad, 1574–1576 (p. 277).
1576. Abd el Melik enters Fez: flight of Muhammad (p. 281).
1578. Battle of the River Makházin: death of Abd el Melik, Muhammad and Sebastian, King of Portugal: reign of Mansoor, 1578–1603.

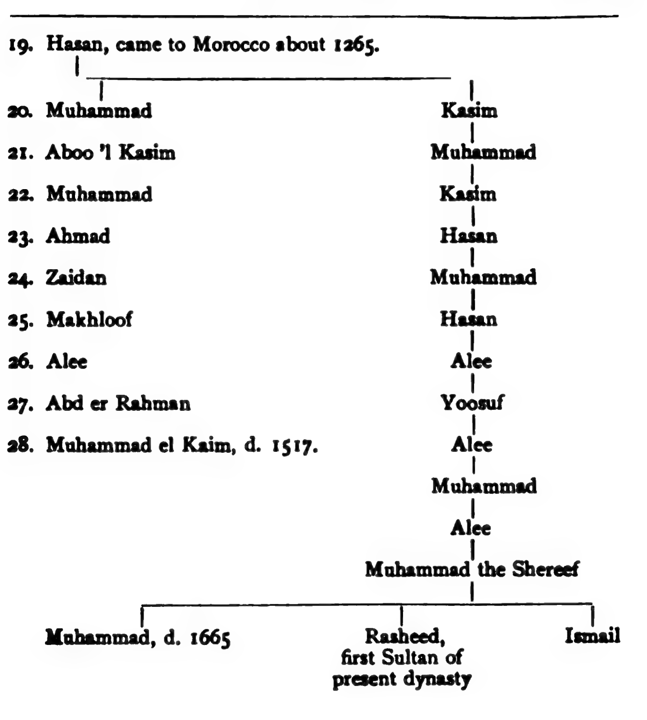
D.

Genealogy of the Shereefs.



14. Aboo Bekr
15. Hasan
16. Arafah
17. Aboo Muhammad
18. Abdallah




19. Hasan, came to Morocco about 1265.
20. Muhammad
21. Aboo 'l Kasim
22. Muhammad
23. Ahmad
24. Zaidan
25. Makhloof
26. Alee
27. Abd er Rahman
28. Muhammad el Kaim, d. 1517.
Kasim
Muhammad
Kasim
Hasan
Muhammad
Hasan
Alee
Yoosuf
Alee
Muhammad
Alee
Muhammad the Shereef
Muhammad, d. 1665
Rasheed, first Sultan of present dynasty
Ismail

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E.

Works on the History of Morocco in the XVIth Century printed in Fez.

Kitáb Mumtia el Asmáa, on Al Jezoolee and Et Tebbáa and their followers, by Muhammad the great-grandson of Yoosuf of Fez (1624–1698), lithographed in Fez, 1313 A.H. = 1895 A.D.

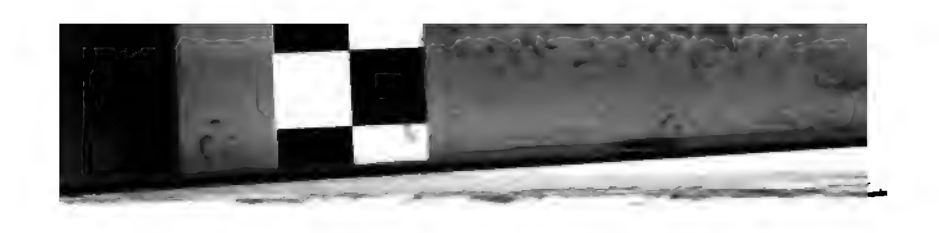
El Ishraf on the four Shereefian Poles, by Abd es Salém ibn et Taiyib the Kadiree (rhymed genealogies of Abd el Kadir, Abd es Salém, Shadhilee and Jezoolee, composed in the year 1677), and

Ed Durr es Senee on the descendants of Hasan in Fez, written by the same author in the year 1679, when he was thirty-one years of age, lithographed 1308 A.H. = 1890 A.D.

Dauhat en Nashir by Muhammad ibn Alee, generally called Ibn Askar, written about the year 1575, being a biographical list of all the shaikhs he had met, lithographed 1309 A.H. = 1891 A.D.

Nateejat et Tahkeek, on Abd el Kadir the Jeelánee and his descendants, by Aboo Abdallah Muhammad ed Diláee, written in the year 1716, lithographed along with the preceding.

Jedhwat al Iktibas, a biographical dictionary of famous Fezans, preceded by an account of the origin of the city, by Ahmad ibn Muhammad, generally known as Ibn al Kadee, written in the year 1595, lithographed in the year 1309 A.H.



Nuzhat al Hadee, a history of the Sultans of Morocco in the eleventh century of the Hijrah, from the coming of the Shereefs to the commencement of the present dynasty, by Aboo Abdallah Muhammad el Yefranee (d. about 1730).

Kitáb es Safwah, select biographies of the sixteenth–seventeenth century, by the same author: no date. He composed the book as a continuation of that of Ibn Askar, using as sources more than twenty recent works, of which he gives a list, including those of Muhammad of Fez and Ibn al Kadee mentioned above.

INDEX TO NAMES OF PERSONS
MENTIONED OR REFERRED TO

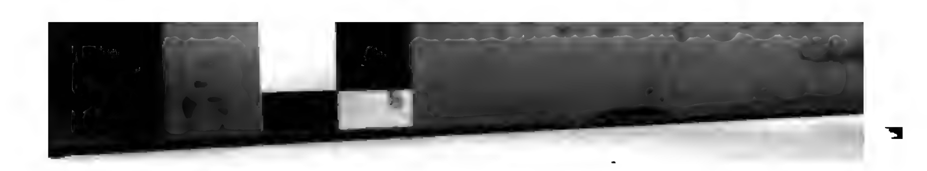
[The prefixes *el*, *'l*, etc. = 'the,' *ibn* = "the son of," and *aboo* = "the father of," are left out of account as far as the alphabetic arrangement is concerned. The spelling of the names is generally that given in the texts used.]

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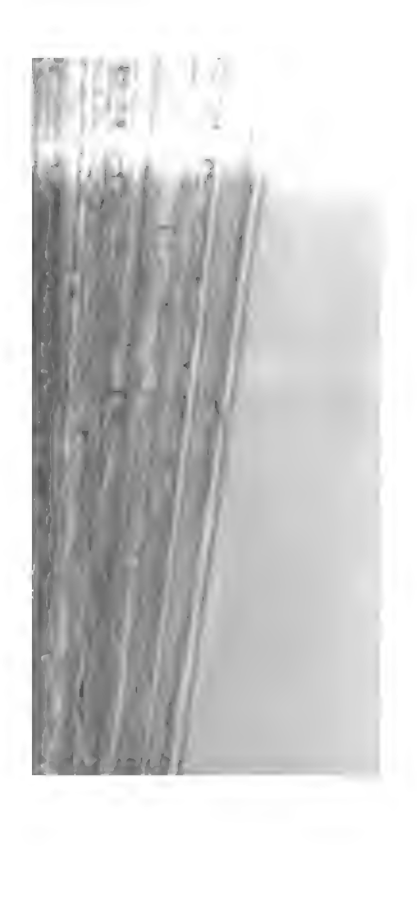


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